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... for
and development.

But it was Sherman who thought in terms of a continent. Jefferson Davis viewed the war in terms of holding a few cities and states. Sherman and Grant had the problem of logistics—supplying armies far from base.

The odd thing is, how much the South liked him for a time after war's end, a fact now largely unknown. He had opposed the Radical-Republicans and supported Andrew Johnson. He argued against granting suffrage to the newly freed slaves, saying they needed to be trained for citizenship.

He had refused them as soldiers. Southern papers praised him. Then his memoirs appeared and they included a bitter attack on Jefferson Davis. The ex-President replied. In the controversy the South's new affection for Sherman disappeared.

But, fate, which allowed him the chance to show his wares, makes it impossible to avoid him in weighing the best (most effective) generalship of that unhappy, needless war.

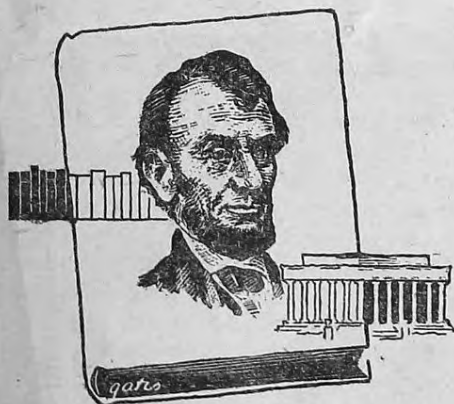
cion that was besetting their elders." There was unreality in what men believed and repeated, but this was itself a real factor. The air was blue with unfounded suspicion and false rumor. Much of the currency of popular thought was counterfeit. It was a period in which, as the author writes, a man "could be reasonable with only part of his mind."

In numerous glimpses, largely from soldiers' memoirs, we gather what manner of army it was—a noble army with usually high morale, but marred by jealousies, bombast, contempt toward "straw feet," disdain toward drafted men, curses, and bitter hatred among officers. It was to become in postwar oratory an "army of legend."

Catton's pages glow with pictorial details and sparkle with personalities. The book is largely a series of impressions: jolting caissons, clumsy wagon trains, careening horses, deeply mired mules, the red patch of flannel worn as a trademark by Kearny's men, scattered units trying to find their regiments, men who lacked fingers holding their fists clenched in order to pass the physical, and so on. There are unfavorable portraiture of Stanton, Hooker, Pope, Frémont, and Banks; friendly descriptions of McDowell (target of "treason" charges), Hancock, Kearny, and Fitz John Porter. There is a touching scene where Kearny and Howard talk of buying gloves together; one pair would serve for both.

In these chapters the whole war is not given and what lies behind printed sources may not always be critically indicated. But the book is well conceived (once you get the hang of it), the style is rapid and stirring, and in clear strokes "Lincoln's army," geared for all-out war, for "ugliness and dirt and pain and death," comes vividly to life.

J. G. Randall, professor emeritus of history at the University of Illinois, is author of "The Civil War and Reconstruction," "Lincoln the President," "Constitutional Problems Under Lincoln," and other books.



RALPH MCGILL

Miss Lottie Moon, Gen. Burnside

From Notes After a Visit to Miami University and Wittenberg College:

Oxford, Ohio, the pleasant and attractive college town where Miami University was chartered in 1809, has one of the unique stories a person is almost sure to find in any city which grew out of the American frontier.



McGILL

This one concerns a Miss Lottie Moon. She attained an early fame by leaving Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside waiting at the altar. Legend had it that the man she subsequently married held a pistol at her side throughout the ceremony for fear she might dash away and leave him humiliated and alone.

She likely was right to quit Ambrose Burnside. He was, as it turned out, not a very happy general and not at all suited to be spouse of so spirited a girl as Miss Moon. He was one of those sacked by President Abraham Lincoln after the general had the ill luck to be given command of the Army of the Potomac, succeeding Gen. McClellan, at a time when the star of Lee was rising. In November of 1862 he crossed the Rappahannock and engaged General Lee near Fredericksburg. The attack was shattered. Federal losses were near 10,000 men. He was removed from command. He served well, later, as a corps commander, but home-life with Gen. Burnside would likely have been unsuited to Miss Moon.

Had His Revenge

History and events permitted Gen Burnside to have his revenge. And he took it, though, in fairness it must be said Miss Moon was a problem. The Moon family had come to Oxford from Virginia and were Confederate sympathizers. During the war they became spies and Lottie was captured and taken before the Federal commander. Turned out this was none other than Gen. Burnside, her old beau, whom she had left at the altar.

He promptly sentenced her to prison, where she joined her mother and sister Lettie. They spent three months there before being released. History does not say if Gen. Burnside's heart softened and made possible their freedom. It seems likely that by this time even the general was happy Lottie had fled the church on their ill-fated wedding day.

General Burnside's broken romance was not nearly so bitter and tragic in its consequences as that of another general, whose



—From "Mr. Lincoln's Army."

McClellan Had His Problems

MR. LINCOLN'S ARMY. By Bruce Catton. New York: Doubleday & Co. 372 pp. \$3.75.

By J. G. RANDALL

A ROWBOAT slides "out on the Potomac in the hazy light of a hot August morning in 1862." With this novel-like start Bruce Catton sets out to give a dramatic treatment of the Army of the Potomac in the McClellan period—that is, until the ultimate removal of McClellan in late '62. He begins in the middle with the disastrous story of Second Bull Run, Pope being at the army's head and McClellan on a demoted level. As for that initial rowboat it carries Herman Haupt, able superintendent of military railroads, as he meets a transport bearing McClellan, whose army under orders from Washington has been pulled back from the Peninsula. We learn much of Haupt, a keen and forthright engineer, a colonel, moreover, who could tell a major general (not McClellan) where to get off. The battle of Second Bull Run is given in lively and elaborate narrative. After that the author goes back in order later to go forward. He carries the McClellan story up to date with a full treatment of the Peninsular campaign, does justice to McClellan's highly important Antietam operation, and brings his account to a close with that November day in 1862 when "the jaunty little man on the great black horse" said a

final good-by to his cheering army.

What about McClellan? Is the author pro or anti or detached? The answer is not to be given in a word. Catton honestly seeks to understand McClellan's problems, recognizing his merits and recording in lively passages the enthusiastic admiration of his troops. On the other hand there is plenty in the book to offer ammunition to the general's critics. One lays the book down with a realization that conditions in his year of command were not propitious for McClellan's military genius or his difficult and complex personality. There have been many anti-McClellan stereotypes, including an indirect and doubtful story supposedly traced to General W. F. ("Baldy") Smith and involving the politician Fernando Wood, which had significance only as a bit of the whispering campaign of 1864. But the author takes no stock in the accusations of "treason" against the general, accusations which were rejected by Lincoln, repudiated even by Nicolay and Hay, and have been discarded by historians.

The whole war had a preposterous quality. "It was stagy and overdone, and the least inhibited theatrical director nowadays would throw out large parts of the script." Soldiers believed that Hooker wore a fancy hat as a trick of traitorous communication with the enemy; in so believing "they were simply applying on their own level the same sort of panic suspi-

can frontier.

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General Burnside's broken romance was not nearly so bitter and tragic in its consequences as that of another general, whose stature is greater than Burnside's. Brilliant young Sam Houston, congressman, and Jackson's choice to succeed him as a candidate for the presidency, married Eliza Allen of Gallatin, Tenn. After a few days of marriage she returned to her father's home. Houston resigned and quit civilization to live with his friends, the Cherokee Indians, later, of course, becoming Texas' deliverer.

Ohio is one of the states most blessed by the Creator. Her resources are many and varied. She was settled by a sturdy stock which came largely from Pennsylvania, Kentucky and Virginia. The desire for education and worship was strong in them. They came with plows, rifles, books and preachers. Schools and churches were built along with the first log cabins. No other state has more excellent colleges and universities.

Kentucky Background

Springfield has a background of frontier Kentucky. Many settlers of the dark and bloody ground of early history followed Simon Kenton to the rich new lands of Ohio. They brought along native shrewdness and skills, as well as stills to produce the wine of Kentucky, corn whiskey. But education, thrift and industry supplanted the latter.

The Lutherans established Wittenberg College in 1845 and it annually has sent out young men and women from its schools of liberal arts, divinity and music.

"Made in Springfield, Ohio" is a phrase known to most farmers of America. They have seen it on much of their agricultural machinery. The first great farm revolution in America had much of its origin in Springfield. The first reapers and binders were invented there. This served early to make it an industrial city. As such it has known economic disasters, but has emerged from them all by courage and faith to continue growth.

Everywhere today, north, east, south and west, one encounters concern about education. A nation used to new models in cars, television sets, and appliances, suddenly is realizing that unless some tremendous efforts are made we will have a 1957 educational model in 1967. And a close look reveals that the 1957 model is really that of 1947 with a little chrome and a few decorative fins added to the corners.

MY ARMY LIFE.

BY GEORGE M. BUCK.

[Enlisted July 9, 1862
(Company C) Twentieth Michigan (regi-
ment) Infantry - of 3rd
Congressional District
enlisted at Battle
Creek, Michigan

Army of the Potomac
9th Corps

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FOREWORD.

I have debated with myself not a little over the title to be given to the work the writing of which I am beginning today. Only two out of the many that occur to me would seem to me to be sufficiently brief and expressive of the real character of the work to merit consideration. So that the choice lies between "My Army Life" and "My Army Service." And as the narrative will deal more with the life that I lived in the army than with the service that I rendered the Nation, I have decided that the former would be the better title.

Like "The Story of My Life," this will be an account of my personal experiences during the time of which no record is contained in the work just mentioned. And it will set forth, as accurately as I can now recall them, to my memory, aided by my diary and other records, the things which I did and the events in which I participated during the Civil War. In other words, it will be a strictly personal narrative.

But in order to make such a story accurate as well as intelligible, it will be necessary to mention many things in which I had no part but which are a part of the history of the war, together with my feelings and opinions concerning them. For the emotions and beliefs of a soldier are as much a part of his life as are his deeds, and the latter are often strongly influenced by the former.

I write this foreword before beginning the main part of the work, so that in case I should not live to finish the writing of this story of my army life, those for whom it is intended may be informed concerning my purposes in writing it. And I desire that it should be understood that no part of this book is to be made public in any way until after the lapse of many years after my death, if ever.

G.M.B.

June 30, 1917.

Despite his poor

health - he was small
and frail and thin

all the years I was privileged
to know him, Grandfather did
love his Army experience
(despite war starvation, too)
and in the account-transcribed
from his diary - of these days
and experience, I think him
far more human and far
less joyous than in the
record of his political life
- his judgeship. Perhaps it is
that his army life ^{was} more interesting to me.

MY ARMY LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.

In the month of December, 1860, the State of South Carolina adopted an ordinance declaring that that State had severed the relations theretofore existing between it and the other States of the Union and was then and thenceforth to be regarded as no longer one of the United States of America. This was followed by similar action on the part of other States, until eleven of the States in which slavery existed had seceded and formed what was known as the Southern Confederacy, elected national officers and established a de facto government over a considerable part of the territory of the United States.

These acts constituted one of the greatest crimes against civilization of which history furnishes any record. The secession movement was designed and intended to destroy the constitutional authority of the government of the United States over the several States of the Union, the result of which would have been ultimately to reduce the whole of this country to a state of anarchy similar to the condition of Mexico during the past few years. And the declared intention of the traitors who committed this crime was to establish a confederacy of which the corner stone should be human slavery, a denial of the cardinal principles of American democracy as set forth in the Declaration of Independence and in derogation of some of the unquestionable and invaluable rights of mankind. It is possible that some of those who were active in bringing about secession had argued themselves into the belief that any one of the States had a legal right to secede from the Union. But a legal right is not always a moral right; and had the legal right existed, as it did not, its assertion at that time, in that

way and for that purpose, would nevertheless have been a crime.

And the attempted secession of the southern States was wholly without excuse. Not one right of any of the inhabitants of those States had been denied or in any way abridged, nor was there any intention to do so on the part of any one in authority. Abraham Lincoln, while he was President elect and after he became President, and those who were to be associated with him in administering the government, had given every possible assurance that neither the right to hold slaves nor any other right of the southern people would be interfered with in any way, directly or indirectly. So that the pretended excuse that the election of Lincoln presaged the abolition of slavery in the south, was not only false but was known to be so by those who alleged it.

And the fact is that the secession of the southern States was not the intelligent choice of the people of those States. I have personally talked with a sufficient number of the people of the south who were living at that time, to be thoroughly convinced that, with the possible exception of South Carolina, a large majority of the people residing in the southern States were at heart for the Union and opposed to secession. But they were not as well informed as were the people of the north. Newspapers were not so plentiful nor so generally read as in the north, the southern people depending, to a great extent, on what was stated by public speakers for their knowledge of facts as well as for their political opinions. And the people of the south were told by the southern conspirators that Abraham Lincoln was a poor white who was filled with hatred of the south, that the Vice-President elect, Hannibal Hamlin, was a negro, that the Black Republican party was pledged to the abolition of slavery and that secession furnished the only means by which they could avoid becoming the vassals of the northern mud-sills and the loss of the greater part of their property. A respectable

minority of the southerners were not deceived by these mendacious assertions and vainly endeavored to prevent their people from indulging in the criminal folly of secession, but their voices were drowned in the clamor which was a part of the propaganda of the southern traitors, and State after State was swept into the vortex of the rebellion.

The real motives that lay behind the acts of the southern leaders in fomenting secession, rebellion and treason, were that with the election of Lincoln these leaders realized that the power which they had always possessed and exercised to dominate the political affairs of the nation was slipping from their grasp. They therefore formed the conspiracy to which reference has been made, having for its object the dissolution of the Union and the establishment of another government under which they would hold the offices and thus dominate the political affairs of a new nation. The fact that the carrying out of this program might, and probably would, plunge the country into civil war did not for a moment deter them from sacrificing the interests of civilization and humanity on the altar of their own diabolically selfish ambitions.

Had the conspirators stopped with the secession of their States and the organization of the Southern Confederacy, a difficult question would have arisen as to the right of the States to secede, with a division of sentiment in the north on that subject. But, happily for mankind, the traitors made that question of little practical importance by madly seizing the forts, arsenals and other property of the United States within the territorial limits of the seceding States and ~~and~~ assaulting and reducing Fort Sumter by force of arms. And no amount of sophistical reasoning could make it appear that these acts could be justified upon any reasonable theory. These forts and arsenals were the property of the United States, constructed by the United States on land purchased and paid for with the money of the Uni-

ted States, money furnished in part by every State in the Union, by Massachusetts and Michigan as well as by South Carolina and Georgia. And the dispossession of the United States by armed forces was an act of robbery, of land piracy, and was, moreover, "levying war against" ~~against~~ the United States, the first and principal act of treason as defined in the Constitution. This left the government no alternative but to raise armies and navies for the purpose of retaking the property of the United States and compelling the people of States in rebellion to submit to the authority of the government. And the treasonable and predatory acts of the southern conspirators which have been referred to, united the people of the north in defence of the Union as nothing else could have done. And I have taken all the foregoing space in setting forth the causes that led up to the war, in order that it may be clearly understood how and why I became a soldier.

When the war broke out I was, as stated in "The Story of My Life," residing in the city of Battle Creek, engaged in the study of the law and, incidentally, trying to acquire a knowledge of some of the subjects usually studied and taught in the educational institutions of the country. Like many of the boys and young men of that time, I had a strong inclination to take part in the war. In my political opinions I had been strongly opposed to depriving the people of the south of any of their constitutional rights or privileges, including that of holding slaves. But when that people wantonly assailed the government of the United States and attempted to dissolve the Union, I, with the great majority of northern democrats, was decidedly in favor of war for the preservation of the Union.

And from the time when I became able to understand what I read, I had a decided penchant for everything pertaining to the military. In studying history--especially American history--I was most interested in those parts relating to wars, sea and land battles, sieges and victo-

ries. I had read with avidity such works as "Washington and His Generals," "Napoleon and His Marshals," Abbott's "Life of Napoleon" and other works of that character, and in my boyhood sports none had been so enjoyable to me as those of a military character. And when the War of the Rebellion (as it was officially designated during its continuance and at its close) came I longed to share in its dangers and glories.

But from the time of the beginning of the war, in April, 1861, down to July 4, 1862, I did not feel that I could afford to leave my studies in order to take part in the conflict. There was no lack of men, as more were constantly being offered than could be accepted. Indeed for a time in the first half of 1862 all recruiting was stopped because it was supposed that the government had all the men that were needed for the overthrow of the rebellion. And I was anxious to make the best possible use of my time for my own improvement and advancement. I wanted to get on in the world as rapidly as possible, and I felt keenly the deficiencies in my education and knew that if I were to leave my legal and other studies at that time I should be seriously handicapped in the race of life. This truth which I then dimly apprehended, I was made to realize most sorely in later years. So I concluded to remain at home, pursue my studies diligently and leave others to do the work and win the honor and glory of engaging in the war. How I was led to change this determination involves a brief statement of the military operations of the Union armies in the early part of the war.

As was the case with the Entente Allies for months and years after the beginning of the present war in Europe, for two years or more after the Civil War began the campaigns of the Union armies were noted for nothing so much as for the blunders that were committed either in the strategy of the campaign, the tactics employed by the general in command during an important engagement or the failure of some mil-

itary authority to perform his or its part in the program of the campaign. It has been well said of the first battle of Bull Run that it ~~was~~ was one of the most skilfully planned and one of the most wretchedly managed of all the battles that were ever fought. But in spite of the miserable bungling by which, in that battle, the regiments composing the Union army were sent into the fight one by one instead of by brigades and divisions and were thus sacrificed one by one, the result would have been a victory for the Union arms had not General Patterson stupidly failed to perform the part assigned him--that of preventing Johnston's army from reinforcing that of Beauregard.

It has since been persistently claimed that the defeat of the Union forces at Bull Run was due to the fact that the Union soldiers had not had sufficient time for instruction and drill. But there is no truth in this claim and those who make it forget that the confederates were in no better condition than the Union soldiers so far as discipline and drill were concerned. General Lew Wallace once said to a group of men of whom I was one that American soldiers had never failed in any way when properly organized, properly officered and properly led. But the Union soldiers at Bull Run were neither properly organized, properly officered nor properly led. Had they been, although it is possible that they might have been defeated, there would have been no rout and no panic, but they would have retired from the field with at least some semblance of order, would have been reformed and put in shape to renew and win the battle on the following day, as was done at Shiloh, a battle fought by new and undisciplined troops.

Had Bull Run resulted in a Union victory the war would, in all human probability, have been ended within the succeeding three months. As the result was not only the defeat but the rout of the Union troops and the practical destruction of McDowell's army, it at once became evident that the overthrow of the rebellion

would be a work of years. So General George B. McClellan was given the command of the troops that had fled in disorder to Washington and, like the master of his profession that he was, General McClellan speedily created an army out of the armed mob that fought at Bull Run and had that army drilled and disciplined so thoroughly as to make it grandly efficient. And it ought always to be remembered of Gen. McClellan that had he not performed this service to the Union, of which no man then living was so capable as he, the armies of the Confederacy could never have been finally defeated as they were. Had the Army of the Potomac as McClellan created it, with the high martial spirit which he infused into it, been eliminated from the War of the Rebellion, no other possible army could by any possibility have finally defeated and caused the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia. In the language of one of the greatest military geniuses that America ever produced, "Had there been no McClellan there could never have been a Meade," and to this I add with confidence, "nor a Grant."

The organization and discipline of the eastern army was sufficiently accomplished by the first of October, 1861. But McClellan--who had the same distrust of volunteers that regular army officers have always shown--wasted the golden days of the autumn of 1861 in drills, parades and reviews of the army, upon the theory that has been advocated by too many in authority in the present war, namely, that raw troops are not fit for active service until after they have been drilled for a period of from six months to a year at the least.

But there is no substantial basis for this theory. I am not a professional soldier and have never had a technical military education except what I acquired in the service, but I have always been a student of military science as well as of military affairs and have had sufficient opportunities for observing troops in actual warfare and for testing theories by

observation and experience to make my opinion of as much or more value than that of some theorist who has never seen so much as a regiment in action. One of the more important minor engagements of the Civil War, that of South Mountain, Maryland, was decided by a charge of the 17th Michigan Infantry, a regiment the constituent parts of which had been assembled less than a month before and which had never had a regimental drill. On the other hand, I personally saw another Michigan regiment, made up of as good material as any regiment from that State, and which had been in camp doing nothing but drill for more than a year and a half, in its first battle break and scatter like a flock of frightened sheep before a force of the enemy that a small company of my regiment checked and withstood for nearly half an hour and until the breach made by the flight of the regiment I have referred to could be repaired. And these are only two incidents of many that could be cited, showing that a long period of probation and drill for new troops before taking an active part in war is wholly unnecessary. The 17th Michigan could have done no better than it did through the whole period of its service had it been drilled in camp for two whole years before going to the seat of war, and the other regiment would have done much better had it been sent to the front after no more than three months of drill in camp. It is true that at the close of the Civil War every soldier of the Union armies was worth at least three at the beginning of the conflict, but they did not become the splendid soldiers that they were by drill in camp. They acquired their efficiency by going to the field and fighting the enemy. And had McClellan launched a vigorous campaign early in October, 1861, there is every reason to believe that he would have been in Richmond before Christmas. And his failure to do this was an important factor in the loss to him of the confidence of the administration, which loss ultimately proved his undoing.

The campaign season of 1862 opened auspiciously with the victories won by the army of General Grant at Fort Henry, Fort Donelson and Shiloh. The field of Grant's military operations was too far removed from Washington to admit of any serious interference by the military incompetents who were attached to the War Department and who by their officious intermeddling during the first three years of the war succeeded in prolonging it for more than double the time it would have occupied had they not brought to naught the plans of every commander of the armies in the eastern departments of the country. But when McClellan was finally ready to take the field with what he aptly described as "the finest army on this planet," his well conceived plans for the defeat of the enemy and the capture of Richmond were summarily set aside by the aforesaid incompetents of the War Department in order that they might thus proclaim to the world that they had greater military knowledge and ability than any other man or men living. And it may be as well to say right here that the war could never by any possibility have been brought to a successful termination had not Gen. Grant when asked to take command of the armies of the United States, early in 1864, declined to do so unless he could be permitted to form and execute his plans without interference of any sort by the War Department or by any other authority whatsoever. Then and not until then was a successful prosecution of the war possible. McClellan could and doubtless would have captured Richmond and brought the war to an end more easily and speedily in 1862 than did Grant in 1864-5, had McClellan been given the same authority that was conferred on Grant.

But McClellan, like the skilful and able commander that he was, conducted his campaign with marked ability and success, pressing the enemy steadily back until his masterly management of his army and the splendid fighting qualities of the Army of the Potomac had brought his army to the very gates of Richmond. The time had then

arrived for the fulfillment of the promise solemnly made to McClellan at the beginning of the campaign that when requested by him the forces of McDowell at Fredericksburg should be sent to join the army under McClellan. Had this promise been kept it is as certain as anything could possibly be that Richmond would have been captured in a very short time. But the War Department perfidiously broke the promise made to McClellan and refused to allow McDowell's troops to join the army under McClellan, the lame excuse for this refusal forming another chapter in the history of the war which is exceedingly discreditable to the officials of the War Department.

When McClellan took the field in command of the Army of the Potomac, in the spring of 1862, General Henry W. Halleck, who had been in command of one of the Union armies in the west, where he had accomplished nothing of importance or value, was brought to Washington and made general-in-chief of the armies of the United States. A more unfortunate selection could not well have been made. Whatever his defenders or apologists may say, Halleck never had a spark of military genius and very little military ability or judgment. Like Jeff Davis, he knew just enough of military science to make him dangerous to the cause he attempted to serve, and, like Davis, he was so foolishly vain as to believe himself to possess great military ability. Instead of accompanying the army to the field as Grant did in 1864, Halleck remained in his office in Washington, studying how to display the superiority of his military skill over that of any of the commanders of the armies in the field by disapproving of their plans and substituting his own, always to the detriment of the cause of the Union. During all the time that he held the position named he was obsessed by the fear that Washington was in great danger of capture and insisted on such a disposition of the eastern armies as would make them at all times immediately available for the protection of the capital, without regard to the question

whether they could be used effectively for the carrying on of the war. The effect of this policy was, as has been stated, to make the success of the Union arms impossible as long as such policy was pursued.

Halleck undertook not only to assign to each one of the three armies in the Shenandoah valley the position it should occupy but also to direct its movements in the field, in spite of the dissatisfaction of the commanders of those armies. Had Halleck been consciously working in the interest of Stonewall Jackson he could not have arranged matters more to Jackson's liking, who proceeded to beat the three armies in detail, to the great discouragement of the people of the north. Halleck was thereupon seized with mortal dread lest Jackson should attempt the capture of Washington and imperil Halleck's personal safety. And this apprehension of danger to the capital Halleck made the excuse for his failure to perform the promise made to McClellan. This excuse was no better than the act, as the forces under McDowell could have been of no possible use had Jackson moved on Washington. But Jackson had not the remotest intention of attacking Washington, but hurried to join his forces to those of Lee and hurl them like a thunderbolt on the right of McClellan's army at the very point where McDowell's men would have been to repel Jackson's onslaught had the administration kept faith with McClellan. But after a heroic and stubborn resistance as was ever made in the history of modern warfare (as appears, inferentially, in Mary Johnston's "The Long Roll") Porter's gallant men were compelled to give way before overwhelmingly superior numbers and the pressure of the Union army on Richmond was relieved.

As this is to be the story of my individual experiences in the army and not a history of the military operations of the Civil War, I shall not, as a rule, take the time or space necessary to answer questions that may arise concerning my statements in regard to such operations, or to adduce any facts in support of such

statements. I shall endeavor to make no statements nor draw any conclusions not abundantly supported by the facts in the case, but shall content myself with stating truths without defending them with arguments or with corroborating facts. But I shall depart from this rule at this place in order to answer some of McClellan's detractors (mostly political and non-military) who have asserted that had the left wing of McClellan's army attacked the works in its front while the fighting on the right was going on, Richmond would have been captured. That is possible, indeed from what we now know it may be said to have been probable, just as Longstreet's assault at Knoxville and Grant's at Cold Harbor had strong probabilities in favor of their success. But I have taken part in too many assaults on fortifications not to have learned, as Longstreet learned to his sorrow at Knoxville and Grant at Cold Harbor, that it is easy to assail a strongly fortified position with a greatly superior force, but not always so easy to compel the defenders to relinquish the position. And there is no man living or dead who can or could positively affirm that Magruder's eighteen thousand (at the least and more probably twenty-five thousand) might not have been able to repel an assault by all of McClellan's fifty thousand that could have been ~~brought~~ brought against them. In no case could the disparity of numbers have been so great as it was between the attacking and the defending forces at Knoxville.

And those who make this criticism of McClellan might do well to remember and consider how and why it was that McClellan was compelled either to abandon the siege, temporarily, or adopt the desperate alternative of making an assault on strong fortifications, when no such alternative would have been presented but the city could have been taken (as is now known beyond a question) with little loss of life had it not been for the perfidy of the officials in the War Department at Washington. And it ought further to be considered that the knowledge we

now have of Magruder's forces was not available at the time. That was before the invention of the aeroplane and there was no possible way by which McClellan could know with any degree of certainty whether the forces in his front consisted of eighteen thousand or eighty thousand men. So he took the course that any wise and prudent general would have adopted under the circumstances. He decided to abandon the investment of Richmond for a time and change the base of operations from the York river to the James. The latter river was the one that McClellan wished at the beginning of the campaign to make the line of the advance against Richmond, as it would be a protection to the army on the left, would secure the co-operation of the navy, and by that river the army could at all times easily be supplied with everything necessary for the campaign. But this plan was overruled by the Department on account of the nightmare from which Halleck would suffer if the army of the Potomac should for a moment be too far from Washington, Halleck not having military sense enough to know that the most effectual way to defend Washington would be by compelling the rebel army to defend Richmond and that the fortifications that McClellan had caused to be constructed around Washington in the autumn of 1861 were of such great strength that a handful of men could defend the city against an army, as was demonstrated in 1864.

The movement decided upon by McClellan was executed with wonderful skill, courage and success, the brave boys of the army of the Potomac fighting by day and marching by night for seven consecutive days and at the end winning one of the most important and decisive victories of the war at the battle of Malvern Hill.

McClellan has been justly criticised for not following up his victory at Malvern Hill by an immediate advance on Richmond while the soldiers of the Confederate army were demoralized by their defeat. But it is due to McClellan to say in extenuation of this error that he was personally eager to make such a movement and

strongly urged that it be made. But almost every one of his corps commanders was decidedly opposed to it and hopeless of its success. And McClellan knew, as was demonstrated again and again during the war, that no commander of an army could succeed in any enterprise unless his subordinates were not only thoroughly in favor of his project but were also confident of its success. The only apparent exception --and that was hardly an exception--was when Grant ordered a forward movement of the army after the battle of the Wilderness, when his corps commanders advised a retirement. But what it was comparatively easy for Grant to do at that stage of the contest, would have been a much more difficult undertaking by any army commander at an earlier period of the war.

The failure of the Peninsular campaign against Richmond brought another period of great depression to the people of the north. So confident of success had the government as well as the people been that, as has been stated, all recruiting had been suspended for several months. But the repeated disasters that had befallen the Union arms, owing chiefly, almost wholly, to the officious intermeddling of the incompetent officials of the War Department, had so reduced the number under arms and made it evident that the war was to be greatly prolonged, that on the first day of July, 1862, President Lincoln issued a call for three hundred thousand more troops. And in process of time I became one of the three hundred thousand who responded to that call.

CHAPTER II.

ENLISTMENT.

On the day following the one on which President Lincoln issued the call before mentioned, it occurred to a few young men connected with the Methodist church at Battle Creek, that it would be a pleasant thing for some of the young people of that church to have a picnic party at Goguac Lake, a mile or two from the city, on the coming Fourth of July. I was then --as has been stated in another work--living in Battle Creek and usually attended the Methodist church and was a member of the choir but not a member of the church. I was also a member of the local lodge of the Order of Good Templars and was acquainted with many of the young people of the city. One of my most intimate friends was a young man named Simmons, a teacher by profession. On the evening of the second day of July he came to my lodgings and informed me of the projected picnic, gave me the names of the young men who were going and the names of the young ladies who were assigned to the said young men and told me that I was to accompany a Miss Libbie Parker, a girl whom I had never met. We at once called on Miss Parker, I was introduced to her and she agreed to the arrangement that had been made by the young men that I was to be her escort.

The picnic was held as projected and was one of the happiest occasions I ever enjoyed. The company was a small one--only seven boys and as many girls--but they were among the choice and congenial spirits of the young people of the city so there was not a dull moment to any member of the party during the day.

I give this account of the picnic somewhat in detail because it was so inseparably connected with my enlistment that whenever I think of my entry into the service my mind unconsciously reverts to the picnic. Otherwise it had no significance, either social or military, as not one of the boys of the party married

the girl who accompanied him, although every one of the party afterwards married and one of the young men married one of the young women of the party, but neither their acquaintance nor their marriage had any relation to the picnic. But for reasons which I cannot make clear to others and which I do not myself clearly comprehend, that Fourth of July picnic is so closely interwoven in my mind with my enlistment that I cannot make it seem otherwise than that the two were so inseparably connected that each was an integral part of the other.

While the merriment of the picnic party was at its height a young man came out of the city and quietly communicated to one or two of the young men of the party the intelligence that had just come over the wire to the effect that the army in front of Richmond had been badly defeated and had retreated to the James and that the President had called for three hundred thousand men. The battle of Malvern Hill had been fought on the first day of July, but so slowly did news travel in those days that the latest intelligence that went over the wires on the morning of the fourth did not include any reference to that engagement. When the news of the check to the army operations before Richmond and of the President's proclamation came to me I at once said to myself, "That means me." This was not so much a decision as it was an expression of belief as to what I should decide to do, but that belief never wavered for a moment until the time when it became no longer a belief but a fact. A few days after the Fourth of July nearly or quite all the boys of the picnic party chanced to meet and five of the number agreed to enlist, the other two being incapable of performing military service. But only two of the five, a young dentist and myself, redeemed this promise, a fact that shows that "slackers" are not peculiar to this day and generation.

My determination to enter the army was not formed hastily but was the result of much

thought and consideration. Until July 4, 1862, I had not thought that my services in the war were needed or desired. But the failure of the campaign on the peninsula made it evident to all thinking people that the government would need and require the services of the greater part of the able-bodied men of the country and I could allege no reason to myself why I should be excused. And, besides, the peril in which the Nation then stood filled me with the patriotic ardor which was felt by nearly everybody in the North at that time and made me more than willing to enroll myself with those whose entry into the service was celebrated at about that time in lines which I quote from memory and of which I have, unfortunately, forgotten the title and also the name of the author.

Again our skies are overcast;
 Again we hear the battle-blast
 Of God's own trumpet, and the song
 Of God's own reapers on their way
 To the great harvest of the day,
 Three hundred thousand strong.

The land is all astir once more,
 From sea to sea, from shore to shore;
 From every hill-top and along
 Through all our valleys, lo! they come
 With neigh of steed and roll of drum,
 Three hundred thousand strong.

With banners blazing to the sky,
 With foreheads lifted calm and high,
 To battle with a giant wrong,
 They're treading, as their fathers trod,
 Under the leadership of God,
 Three hundred thousand strong.

But for more than a month after the Fourth of July I took no active steps to enter the service, as there were for some time no facilities for enlisting and I knew that such facilities would soon be afforded and until then I wished to use my time in pursuing my studies. But in

my mind I have always dated my army service from July 4, 1862. And therefore I shall include in this narrative all the events occurring after that date in which I took part. And in order to relieve somewhat the prosiness of this part of the story I will here relate an incident which was far from being military in its character although it fell within the period of my service as reckoned by me.

In the spring of 1862 a young man named Larkin, who was my senior in age by some months, came into the office as a student. One morning in the latter part of July he and I, moved by a sudden impulse, put on the most indifferent clothes we possessed and went on foot into the country to find work in the harvest field for the day. About two or three miles from the city we saw a large, fine looking farm house and there we stopped. Our ring was answered by a young lady whom neither of us had ever met, but both recognized her as the daughter of a wealthy banker in the city who was also the owner of a fine farm, the daughter being one of the brightest social luminaries of the city. We hastily explained our errand. Something in our appearance probably indicated to her that we were not ordinary harvest hands, so she asked who we were and where we were from and we told her. She was very sorry, but the wheat harvest was finished on the preceding day and the extra hands discharged. But if we would come in the house she would see if she could find any work for us to do. In the house she introduced us to two of her young lady friends who were visiting her, one the daughter of a wealthy farmer on Climax prairie, the other the daughter of a prominent business man in the city. The young lady then explained to us that her father and mother were in the city for the day but if the party would accompany her she would see if there was any farm work that we could be employed at. The four accompanied her and she showed us over a large part of the farm, explained how water was procured for domestic and farm purposes from a brook flowing

through the farm and many other things pertaining to the farm which were quite interesting to us. Returning to the house, the hostess announced that she could think of no farm work that needed to be done just then, but that luncheon would soon be ready and we would greatly oblige her by remaining and partaking of it with her and her friends.

So a very fine luncheon was enjoyed and soon after it was over the horses were hitched to the carriage and our entertainer, who was an expert driver, drove the party all about that part of the country and then to the family boathouse on Goguac Lake, where two or more hours were enjoyed in rowing and soon afterwards my companion and I returned to the city. Not many evenings afterward my law preceptor and I were out driving and chanced to meet the carriage of the banker containing him and his family and the daughter of the house gave me a smile and bow of pleased and friendly recognition. Whereat my companion turned and asked me in a tone and manner that betrayed astonishment, "How did you become acquainted with Miss F.?" "O, I met her out at the farm a few days ago," was all the explanation I made.

On the 4th day of August, 1862, I had a call from Austin George, then a student in the Normal School at Ypsilanti, and later superintendent of the public schools of Kalamazoo. I had met George at a musical convention in Battle Creek and knew him slightly. He had enlisted in Company B of the 17th Michigan Infantry and learning that I intended to go into the army, he came to try to persuade me to enlist in the company of which he was a member. But I had fully decided to go in the Battle Creek company and so declined to accede to George's request. While we were talking the matter over in the law office where I belonged, we were aware that a furious storm of wind and rain was raging outside, but neither of us realized its severity until after it was over. It was probably the most destructive storm that ever visited that part of Michigan. The wind blew a

hurricane, demolishing almost everything in its path. One man at Galesburg was killed outright and there and at other places many were injured, and at Battle Creek trees were blown down, many buildings were demolished or injured and the spire of the Methodist church, which stood where the present church edifice stands, was blown into the street. In the midst of the storm great forest trees, torn up by the roots, were carried over the city by the gale at a height of four hundred to five hundred feet or more above the earth.

On the 17th day of July, 1862, Governor Blair of Michigan gave to George C. Barnes of Battle Creek a commission as second lieutenant of volunteers, with authority to raise a company for the Twentieth Michigan Infantry, a regiment to be raised within the territorial limits of the then Third Congressional District of Michigan, consisting of the counties of Washtenaw, Jackson, Calhoun, Eaton and Ingham. This commission and authority were linked with an assurance that if Barnes should succeed in enlisting a sufficient number of men to form a company, he would be commissioned as its captain.

At that time I did not know Barnes well, having seen him only once or twice when he came to the house where I was boarding to call on Maria Stafford, the daughter of the boarding house keeper, Mrs. Kingsley, whose boarding house was on the west side of Jefferson Street, Battle Creek, immediately north of where the Thomas building now stands. Barnes was a machinist by occupation, working for a manufacturing concern in Battle Creek and had been a sergeant in a Battle Creek company which was raised in the autumn of 1861 for service in a cavalry regiment known as "Merrill's Horse," which afterwards became a part of the 2nd Mo. Cavalry. And I well remember seeing that company on drill and noting Barnes' soldierly bearing. The company went to Missouri but owing to some misunderstanding a large majority of the members of the company refused to be mustered into the service and returned home. Barnes made no

further effort to enter the service until the call of the President of July 1, 1862. He was then twenty-six years of age.

For the raising of the company Barnes chose as his associates Joseph H. Weeks and Charles J. Brown, with the understanding that the former was to be first lieutenant and the latter second lieutenant of the company when organized. Both Weeks and Brown lived in Battle Creek. Weeks was the son-in-law of Mrs. Kingsley so I had a slight acquaintance with him. Brown was the son of a very estimable pair of Quakers living just outside the city. The three were very active in securing recruits by personal solicitation, while what were known as "war meetings" were frequently held in the city and at different places in the surrounding country, with patriotic speeches, martial music and other incitements to volunteer, in much the same manner that recruiting has been stimulated since the beginning of the present war with Germany.

As the Battle Creek company was being rapidly filled, Larkin and I talked the matter over on the 8th of August and concluded to enlist on the following day. But later in the day Larkin planned to be out of the city on the following day, so in the evening of the 8th we went to the office of Moses B. Russell, a Justice of the Peace of the city and signed the roll of members of the company. The oath was administered to Larkin that evening, but for want of sufficient blanks I was not able to be sworn into the service until the following morning. So according to my record I enlisted on the 8th day of August, 1862; the official record fixes the date on the 9th.

I have never been able to convince myself that my entering the army was a mistake, although the time spent in the service was wholly lost to me so far as it had any educational value. But I have many times thought that my entry into the service at the time I did was a mistake. Only a few months later L. C. Rhines concluded to enter the army, obtained a commis-

sion from the Governor, raised a company and entered the service as Captain of Company A of the First Michigan Sharpshooters and was subsequently promoted to Major and Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment. He said to me several times afterward that he ought to have dissuaded Larkin and me from going when we did and to wait until he should raise his company, although when we enlisted he had no definite intention of entering the service. Had I waited until the First Sharpshooters was organized I should have gone into the army as a sergeant, would have escaped much of the field service which our regiment rendered and the Sharpshooters did not, would unquestionably have been rapidly advanced to the grade of a commissioned officer and would have had a much easier time and better pay than I did in the Twentieth. On the other hand the fact that I was a private soldier in the war was in later years a strong recommendation for political preferment. Candidates who had been commissioned officers were plentiful enough, but the private soldiers -- who had the most votes to give -- usually gave the preference to one of their own number whenever this was reasonably possible.

The time for the company to go into camp was fixed for the 13th day of August and in the forenoon of that day the members assembled for that purpose. But before leaving the city an election was held for the purpose of choosing the commissioned and non-commissioned officers of the company. Former Lieutenant Barnes had received his commission as Captain on the 29th day of July, but stated to the men that he would not accept the commission unless he should be elected to the position by the members of the company. The method of choosing the officers of the company by an election was not a wise one as the members were in no way qualified by acquaintance with other members to make a judicious choice of officers. And in the case of our company it would have been much better had the usual method been adopted and the officers appointed by the captain.

It had been suggested by Austin George, and the suggestion supported by some of my friends in the company, that I should be a candidate for the office of sergeant of the company and this suggestion was quite agreeable to me as that position would give me less work and more pay than that of a private soldier and would put me in the line of promotion to a higher place. But there was never a possibility of my election. As has been stated elsewhere, I was quite well known in the city, but not by the boys and young men who formed the great bulk of the company. They were largely laboring men and naturally favored those of their own class in preference to the few members of the professions and the students in the company. And as I was not in a situation to be of any service to myself in the matter, I put forth no effort to secure the place, while the other candidates for the various offices were, with few exceptions, busy almost night and day laboring for their own election. Barnes was elected captain by acclamation. A few votes were cast for Willard S. Cook for 1st lieutenant, but Weeks was chosen 1st and Brown 2nd lieutenant according to program. Hicks, White and Bidwell were elected first, second and third sergeants with practical unanimity. Albert Barney was elected fourth sergeant over Eugene T. Freeman by a majority of one vote. I received seventeen votes for fifth sergeant and my opponent about three times as many as nearly as I can now remember. The election of corporals was deferred until the following day.

In the afternoon of August 13, 1862, the company left Battle Creek and went by rail to Jackson, Michigan, and went into camp a little more than half a mile from the city, where some of the other companies of the regiment had preceded ours. Our quarters were in what was known as Sibley tents, conical in shape, each tent giving sleeping room for twenty to thirty men. No provision had been made for food, but after some hours a small piece of raw salt pork and a few pieces of hard bread were issued to each man

of the company. So that my first meal in camp consisted of a few pieces of hard bread and two small slices of salt pork broiled by me over an open fire on a forked stick.

Later in this narrative I shall doubtless make mention of the food we had during campaigns like the one in East Tennessee, but it may be as well that I should at the outset state the kind, quantity and quality of the food on which we had generally to subsist. A full ration--composed of bread, meat, vegetables, coffee and sugar--would have been sufficient for the comfortable sustenance of each man. But of the thirty-four months that I was in the service, it is quite safe to say that we did not receive full rations during thirty days at the most. On a few days when we were in camp and near to the base of supplies, we received full rations. But nearly all the time, and especially while engaged in campaigns, when the toil was hardest and the exposure greatest, we had only a part of some of the articles composing the ration--bread and meat--and of other articles--vegetables, coffee and sugar--very little or none. These amounts varied with circumstances. Sometimes we had two-thirds rations of bread and meat, sometimes half rations and sometimes--as in East Tennessee--much less than quarter rations. The only vegetables issued to us were beans and rice and these we did not receive on one day in five of our service. Of potatoes and other fresh vegetables none were issued more than once or twice during all the time I was in the army, and if the days of our service could be aggregated, on not one-fourth of them did we have enough to eat of even the severely plain food that was given us.

And much of this food was bad in quality. Hard bread--the staple diet of the soldier--was made of flour and water only, without a particle of yeast or salt, mixed, kneaded, rolled to a thickness of about a quarter of an inch, cut into squares of about three inches, perforated and then baked very slowly. It was so hard that it was very difficult to break with the teeth, and

was generally broken with the fingers, moistened in the mouth and then masticated. This part of the ration, though not appetizing, was nourishing and satisfactory. But at times, by exposure to rain, it would be mouldy when issued and at other times it would harbor any number of small bugs. The salt pork was generally of an inferior quality and sometimes tainted and the corned beef the same. The cattle killed for our fresh beef were almost invariably thin in flesh and there would be times when the beef before it reached us would be swarming with maggots. The beans and rice--when we had any--were generally good and the coffee and sugar invariably so. The coffee was of prime quality and the full ration greater than was necessary. But, as I have stated, we were for so much of the time on half rations or less of coffee as well as of other things that it was seldom indeed that there was more than enough. Of sugar there was never enough even for the coffee, so most of the soldiers soon formed the habit of drinking coffee without sugar. Of milk none was ever issued in any form.

I have gone into this matter of rations so much in detail because the comfort, or want of it, during my army life was closely related to the question of food. And, in a few words, I was nearly always hungry and the food that I had was such that very few of this generation would consent to eat it under any circumstances. And during the Spanish-American war, when the plutocrats of New York were assailing Secretary Alger because some army contracts had been ^{given} to Chicago and St. Louis and great use was made of the complaints of a few of the soldiers because the food with which they were supplied was not equal to that served at first class hotels, I confess that I had a feeling approaching contempt for the whimperers who made these complaints and I indicated my opinion, in a small degree, in an interview furnished the Kalamazoo Telegraph, mentioned in "The Story of My Life." The soldiers in that war

lived like princes compared with the treatment given by the government to the soldiers of the Civil War. Hardships are an inseparable part of the life of a soldier in the field, and to "endure hardness as a good soldier" according to the apostolic injunction ought to be expected of a soldier as a matter of course. And after we were fairly habituated to the service, no complaints were heard from the boys of the Twentieth Michigan of the lack of sufficient and proper food, nor of other and greater hardships that they had to endure. To complain was regarded by them as an evidence of effeminacy and want of manly courage.

In the morning of the day after our going into camp I was detailed for guard duty, my name being near the head of the list. Those detailed for guard assembled at regimental headquarters in the morning where an imposing military ceremonial called "guard mounting" was performed, the new detail taking the place of the guard of the preceding day. The private soldiers of the guard were then divided into three equal divisions called "reliefs", each relief containing a sufficient number of men to form a cordon around the entire camp. Each relief was on duty two hours and off duty four hours, but all were expected to be at the guard tent during the entire twenty-four hours. The duty of each soldier of the guard was to walk what was termed his "beat", being a segment of the circle extending entirely around the camp, and to prevent any unauthorized persons from entering or leaving the camp. Each relief was under the immediate charge of a corporal and the entire guard was under the command of a lieutenant, assisted by a sergeant. In every camp each day an officer was detailed who was designated as the Officer of the Day and who had the general oversight of the camp guard, the pickets, when there were any, and the good order of the camp and the general welfare of its inmates.

As I was a member of the guard during the day, I was not present at the election of the eight corporals of our company, which election

took place in the afternoon of that day. There was no dearth of candidates and the contest for each office was a lively one. Larkin was a candidate for the first place, but was beaten by about the same majority and for the same reasons that prevented my election as sergeant. Some of my friends, without my knowledge, tried to have me elected sixth corporal and on the first ballot I had nearly enough votes to elect me and I would probably have been chosen on the next ballot had it not been claimed that the office belonged to Ellsworth as representing a certain section of Calhoun county which had contributed a considerable number of men in the formation of the company. This brought about his election over me.

On the following day, August 15, I was examined by the surgeon and passed without serious difficulty, and on the next day August 16, the examinations being concluded, our company was mustered into the service. The names and rank of the members of the company were as follows:

Captain,	George C. Barnes.
First Lieutenant,	Joseph H. Weeks.
Second	" Charles J. Brown.
First Sergeant,	George B. Hicks.
Second	" Adrian C. White.
Third	" David Bidwell.
Fourth	" Albert G. Barney.
Fifth	" Walton H. Chadwick.
First Corporal,	Ira W. Hulburt.
2nd.	" Andrew Knight.
3d.	" Aaron L. Stiles.
4th.	" Eugene T. Freeman.
5th.	" George M. Knowles.
6th.	" Alfred A. Ellsworth.
7th.	" Chas. B. Williams.
8th.	" Chas. A. Barber.

Privates.

Truman F. Andrews,	Charles Bevier,
Ira W. Austin,	Russell B. Bevier,
William H. Barber,	Athalaber A. Blanck,
Thomas H. Barker,	John Booth,
James A. Barnum,	Dr. Isaac M. Brown,

Stephen O. Bryant,
 Robert Buchanan,
 George M. Buck,
 Henry S. Bushnell,
 George Carr,
 Chester Casey,
 Milo Chamberlain,
 Charles S. Clark,
 Willard S. Cook,
 Jabez P. Davis,
 Wyman Deitzel,
 Harmon Demorest,
 David DeMott,
 John W. DeMott,
 Charles Dunton,
 Richard Elliston,
 Schuyler V. Fish,
 William French,
 Homer Geer,
 Thomas Green,
 Mark N. Haney,
 Charles H. Hicks,
 George H. Hodge,
 Joseph M. Holcomb,
 Frank M. Howe,
 James A. Howe,
 Daniel J. Hubbard,
 John W. Hulce,
 Abram O. Hunt,
 Dexter E. Hunt,
 Albert L. Isham,
 William E. Jackson,
 Julius Kimble,
 Henry E. Knox,
 John P. Larkin,
 Sylvester Lewis,
 William J. Lewis,

Perry H. Manchester,
 Hugh Matthews,
 Henry Maud,
 William Maynard,
 Iva Messinger,
 James B. Monk,
 William Moore,
 William Moran,
 Henry Mulheron,
 John Nickerson,
 Samuel W. Orwig,
 Edwin H. Owen,
 James M. Parsons,
 Henry Pier,
 George Powles,
 James O. Riley,
 Peter Roche,
 John Romig,
 David S. Russell,
 Philip Ryan,
 Charles Scaates,
 Edgar H. Scotford,
 Henry O. Shaver,
 Joel Stevens,
 Oliver J. Stevenson,
 Stephen Swarthout,
 George M. Tertill,
 George W. Thomas,
 William Traut,
 Landon Warren,
 Daniel Welch,
 Hiram E. Wilbur,
 Germane J. Williams,
 Ray G. Williams,
 Cyrus L. Witter,
 James Sweet,
 Chas. L. Yerrington.

I record these names because the men who bore them had much to do with my life in the army. For the life of a soldier does not consist wholly of the battles, sieges and marches in which he takes part, but is made up largely of his environment and companionships. And those who were associated with me in the war have a

larger place in my memories of those days than the things that I did individually.

The company thus mustered into the service numbered exactly one hundred souls--one captain, two lieutenants, five sergeants, eight corporals and eighty-four private soldiers. Of that number thirteen, Captain Barnes, Sergeants Hicks, Bidwell and Barney and Privates Andrews, Geer, Sylvester Lewis, Maud, Maynard, Owen, Russell, Ryan and Terrill were killed or mortally wounded; sixteen, Sergeant Chadwick, Corporal Knight and Privates Chas. Bevier, Dr. Brown, Bryant, Demorest, Holcomb, Frank M. Howe, Hulce, Knox, Wm. J. Lewis, Manchester, Mulheron, Stevenson, Traut and Germaine J. Williams were wounded; twenty--Lieut. Brown and Privates Austin, Barker, Barnum, Chamberlain, Cook, David DeMott, Fish, French, Haney, Hubbard, Abram O. Hunt, Messinger, Monk, Nickerson, Parsons, Stevens, Sweet, Welch and Ray G. Williams died of disease; fifteen--Lieut. Weeks, Corporals Hulburt, Ellsworth and Williams and Privates Dunton, Green, Hodge, Dexter E. Hunt, Jackson, Pier, Roche, Scaates, Shaver, Thomas and Yerrington were discharged for disability; two--Orwig and Witter were starved to death in rebel prisons; one--Moran, deserted; and one--James A. Howe, was dishonorably dismissed by the sentence of a court-martial. Of the wounded eleven received disqualifying wounds and five temporary ones, so that of the one hundred who were members of the company when it was mustered into the service only thirty-seven remained in the army until the close of the war.

Fairly good likenesses of Captain Barnes, Lieutenant Brown and Sergeants Hicks and Barney appear in the volume entitled "History of the Twentieth Michigan Infantry."

The officers of the company were of different degrees of merit. Captain Barnes was a model officer in every way, one of the best I ever knew, and had he lived until the close of the war it is morally certain that he would have received the star and rank of a brigadier general of volunteers "for gallant and meritorious services" in the war. Lieutenant Weeks was not

a success as an officer and remained with the company but a short time. Lieut. Brown was a very excellent man and officer and his early death was greatly deplored by all who knew him. Of the sergeants the more able were White, Barney and the one who was elected over me--Chadwick. White was a finely educated young man and though he lived but a few years after the close of the war, those years were very successful ones for him in his work--that of a civil engineer. Among the corporals Hulburt was a good enough young man but totally unfit to be a soldier in any capacity. Knight was a model soldier, one of the best in the regiment and one of the best friends I ever had, both in the army and afterwards until his death in 1913. Freeman was a fine soldier and early in 1864 was promoted to a lieutenancy in a New York battery. Ellsworth and Williams were well educated boys but neither was of sufficiently sturdy material to bear the hardships of military life, although each was stronger and in better health than I. The private soldiers were, with few exceptions, of a good sort, but those who by education, refinement and manly qualities were most worthy of special mention were Barnum, Booth, Dr. Brown, Bushnell, Dunton, Chas. H. Hicks, Frank M. Howe, Hubbard, Larkin, Manchester, Maynard, Owen, Parsons, Scottford and Warren. Warren was the son of Joseph Warren, for many years one of the leading editors of Detroit, and much might be said concerning each of the others just mentioned, did time and space and the interest of the reader permit.

When I first entered the service, my most intimate friend was, naturally, John Larkin, my fellow student in the office. But in process of time I became on very friendly terms with some and on intimately friendly terms with others. My more particular friends, as I now recall them, were, first, the commissioned officers of the company. I do not mean that these were better friends or even as good friends of mine as some of the others I shall name, but from the first all three were kindness itself to me at

all times. Captain Barnes took especial pains to favor me, more than once asking the first sergeant to excuse me from duty so that I could help him--the Captain--in some unimportant matter of writing. It did not occur to me then that this was the case but I have since been satisfied that he thought me too frail to endure the harder parts of a soldier's duty and wished to save me from them as much as possible. And lest I should forget it later, I will record that there was never an officer of my company or regiment (with a single exception that will be referred to later) who was not quite friendly to me, and that I never received a reproof from any officer of any grade. To those who are acquainted with military service this would seem to be almost incredible, but it is true.

But my more intimate friends in the company from time to time were sergeants Hicks, White and Barney, corporals Knight, Freeman and Williams, and privates Dr. Brown, Frank Howe and Larkin. More will probably be said in this work concerning my association with each of these.

On the same day that the company was mustered into the service I participated for the first time in a company drill. This drill was according to Hardee's Infantry Tactics, then the latest but now obsolete for years. As I now remember, we had then neither uniforms nor arms so the drill consisted of company formations, facings and marching. The hours of drill were usually from five to six and from nine to eleven o'clock in the forenoon and from two to five o'clock in the afternoon. After uniforms and arms had been issued to us the drill usually consisted of a company drill of from three to four hours in the forenoon and a battalion (regimental) drill of two or three hours in the afternoon and a dress parade shortly before sunset.

General Cutcheon in his "History of the Twentieth Michigan Infantry," states that the regiment was mustered into the service of the United States on the 19th of August; but according

to my diary this ceremony took place four days later--on the 23d. When mustered we had been supplied with uniforms, arms and equipment but two or three days previous to that time and had had but one battalion drill. And on the day that the regiment was mustered, or on the preceding day, each of the ten companies had received from the colonel of the regiment its alphabetical designation and rank, these letters being intended, primarily, to indicate the rank of the several captains and the order in which they would be promoted should vacancies occur in the higher regimental offices. As the home of the colonel was in Lansing, he naturally gave the first place to Captain Smith and his company, which thus became Company A. To Captain Cutcheon of Ypsilanti and his company were given the second place--Company B. As Captain Barnes was, in the estimation of the colonel, the third of the captains in the order of merit, our company was made Company C. Company D--Captain Grant--was from Ann Arbor, Company E from Parma, Company F from Grass Lake, Company G from Eaton Rapids, Company H from Ann Arbor, Company I from Marshall and Company K from Chelsea.

The arms and equipment which have been referred to and with which we were supplied just prior to the muster of the regiment, consisted of, first, the then new Springfield rifle, a decidedly better weapon than the old Enfield musket with which most of the troops had before then been furnished. Besides the rifle, weighing a little more than nine pounds, the equipment of each man consisted of a belt from which were suspended a bayonet, a cartridge box containing forty rounds of cartridges and a box of percussion caps, the whole weighing about six pounds. At times we were required to carry sixty, at times eighty rounds of ammunition, in which case the extra rounds were carried in the knapsack or elsewhere. The knapsack contained a suit of underwear, a pair of stockings and whatever else the soldier chose to carry or could carry. On the outside of the knapsack

were strapped, in a large roll, an overcoat, a woolen blanket, a rubber blanket--or poncho, rather--and a piece of shelter tent, the knapsack with only the required articles, weighing not less than twelve to fifteen pounds and being quite bulky as well as heavy. The food was carried in a haversack, a bag of oiled ~~stout~~ cloth, the opening to which was closed by a flap fastened with a button or buckle. In this haversack were carried never less than three and sometimes five days rations, consisting of hard bread, salt pork or salt beef, coffee and sugar, with a knife, fork, spoon, tin plate and tin cup. If rations for three days were carried, the knapsack weighed about seven pounds; if for five days it weighed about ten pounds, which was about the limit that any soldier would consent to carry in the shape of food. Water was carried in a canteen which, when full, weighed about three pounds. Thus the total weight of arms and equipment which each infantry soldier was required to carry, rifle, ammunition, clothing, shelter, bedding, food and water, varied from about thirty-seven to forty-three pounds and sometimes more. The imagination wholly fails even to apprehend what this meant to a soldier on a long march, even when the weather was most favorable. But this load had to be carried many a time for mile after mile, with few pauses for rest, under the scorching sun of Virginia, Tennessee or Mississippi.

In the spring of 1863, when starting on the expedition to Monticello, Kentucky, I discarded my knapsack and did not afterwards carry it during my term of service. On a march, when the weather was cold, I wore my overcoat and carried my blankets and underclothing rolled in a roll, the ends tied together, and hung over my shoulder. In hot or warm weather I discarded my woolen blanket--and sometimes my poncho--altogether and sometimes my extra underclothing also, washing my underclothing myself when opportunity offered. My stationery I carried in a small portfolio in my haversack.

On pages 11 to 23 of his "History" General

Cutcheon gives a compendious history of the organization of each of the companies of the regiment and a brief sketch of each of the original field and staff officers of the regiment. Both of these chapters are intensely interesting to me, and very many of the names therein mentioned recall to me a multitude of recollections both heroic and tender, but to dwell on these at any length would be too far outside the purpose of this book. I will take only the time and space necessary to say that of those whose names appear in chapter one, and outside of Company C, I became well--in some cases intimately--acquainted, either during or after the close of the war, with Captains Cutcheon and Grant, Lieutenants Dewey, Allen, VanCleve, Porter, Montgomery, Bullis and Hammond, Sergeants Barnard, Row, Skinner, Manning, Thoms, Maynard, Bridenstine, Mowry, Lansing, Sheehan and Lounsberry, and Corporals Carpenter, Cowles, Wise, and Bush. Of all these only two or three are still living. Of the field and staff officers there ~~was~~ were none with whom I could be said to be well acquainted during the war, but from the close of the war until his death a few years ago I always numbered Dr. French among my best and most valued friends, and for years my relations with Adjutant Warner were almost as cordial as they were with Surgeon French.

At the beginning of its service as a regiment the Twentieth Michigan, like many of the volunteer regiments of that period, was seriously deficient in officers who were well qualified for their positions. Some, like Captains Cutcheon, Barnes, Grant and Wiltsie, a number of the lieutenants and many others of lower rank, had natural military ability or soon acquired it, and had all the officers been like these the regiment would have made almost phenomenal progress in acquiring discipline and efficiency. But some of the captains even, were so lacking in military knowledge and the ability to acquire it, that during all the time they remained with the regiment they were unable to drill their companies properly or to give the

simplest commands with accuracy. And it was not until the weeding out process had been carried on for months that the regiment was well officered, and even then there was room for improvement in some quarters.

But what the regiment lacked in its officers was more than compensated for by the high qualifications of the greater number of the rank and file. In intellectual and moral qualities the regiment had few equals and no superior in the entire service. And I write this deliberately and as the result of my observation of many other regiments from all parts of the Union. It was made up largely of boys and young men from institutions of learning and of students of law, medicine and divinity. A large proportion of the members of Company A were, when enlisted, clerks in the several State departments at Lansing; Company B contained many who were students from the Normal School at Ypsilanti; Companies D and H many students from the University of Michigan, and the other companies numbered many who were practicing professions or were students. And the reputation of the Twentieth in this regard preceded it to the seat of war. In the very first review of the army in which our regiment took part a reporter for the press who was wholly unbiased, referred to the regiment as "the intelligent Twentieth Michigan." And it was on that occasion that the colonel of the regiment said to one who was his superior in command, "If I were to resign today, there are in my regiment more than three hundred men, excluding the commissioned officers, who are abundantly qualified to take my place." And I venture to question whether, in spite of the loss of so many of the best as well as the bravest from the ranks of the Twentieth Michigan during the war, any other regiment in the service had more men who, after the war, became prominent in political or professional life. It would take a long time and much space to mention even their names. And some of these took high rank in their respective callings, like Cutcheon in politics and

statesmanship, Grant in jurisprudence, Allen, Manning and Bridenstine in divinity and French and Baker in medicine.

I will mention but one thing more in this place concerning the regiment, and that is that it was one of "the immortal three hundred" regiments selected by Mr. Fox from the thousands of regiments in the service, to occupy a place in his well-known work containing a brief sketch of each of the three hundred regiments whose losses in battle furnished the supreme test and the highest testimonial of the heroism and steadfastness of their officers and men.

On the 21st of August each member of Company C received a government bounty of twenty-five dollars and also a bounty of like amount from the citizens of Battle Creek. On the 27th of August each member of the regiment received from the government pay for one month in advance, the amount paid me being thirteen dollars. In a subsequent part of this work I may again refer to the pay of soldiers in the Civil War.

On the 25th and part of the 26th days of August I had leave of absence from the camp and spent the time visiting my sisters and others in Battle Creek. On the 28th of August a banquet was served at the camp to the entire regiment by the citizens of Jackson and of other parts of the district and that occasion was chosen for the presentation of a sword to Captain Barnes. An account of the presentation and of my part in it may be found in another work.

The last two days in the camp on the "Marvin Farm," (the location of the camp near Jackson) were to me days of decided illness, but I merely mention the fact here as it is my intention to write of the condition of my health when I began my army life more at length in another chapter.

CHAPTER III.

OFF TO THE WAR.

On the first day of September, 1862, the Twentieth Michigan Infantry left its camp at Jackson for the seat of war. Taking a train on the M.C.R.R., we arrived at Detroit at about five o'clock in the afternoon of the same day and went on board of the steamers May Queen and Morning Star. The passage over Lake Erie to Cleveland was an exceedingly rough one and for the second time in my life I was seasick, the first time being when my parents crossed the same lake from Buffalo to Cleveland when I was an infant in arms. When our regiment arrived at Cleveland on the morning of September 2, we were loaded like cattle into freight cars that had just been used for the transportation of live stock. Without being washed or properly cleaned in any way, the cars had been prepared for our transportation by putting in benches of plank running from side to side of the car and placed so close together as they could be without the legs of the men rubbing the bench in front. Upon these benches we were packed as closely as we could be without crowding, our arms and accoutrements being piled on the dirty floor under the benches. Of course such a ~~thin~~ thing as sleep, or anything approaching comfort, was impossible under those conditions. During their service the men of our regiment traveled many thousands of miles in this way.

Our train, made up of cars like these, lumbered its slow way from six o'clock in the morning until about five o'clock in the afternoon when it reached Pittsburg. Here we had a brief respite from conditions which by this time had become almost unbearable, by leaving the train and being served with an excellent and bountiful supper by the ladies of Pittsburg, who did the same, whenever possible, at any hour of the day or night, for every regiment passing through the city at any time during the entire period of

the war. On our return to Michigan from Washington in 1865, we stopped at Pittsburg and received the same kindness.

At Pittsburg we again entrained, in cars of the same kind I have described, for Baltimore. It would be difficult to imagine the tediousness of the long, weary hours of that night and of the day following. The train arrived at Harrisburg at sunrise but did not enter the city, stopping for about half an hour at a point from which one could look down into the city about a mile away. And I well remember how I was impressed by the sight of the capital of Pennsylvania and its State House in the stillness of the early morning and illumined by the rays of the rising sun. Since coming to Michigan I had never been to any considerable distance from home, had never seen a large city, and the sight of Detroit, Cleveland, Pittsburg and Harrisburg had to me all the charm of novelty. Baltimore was reached at four o'clock in the afternoon. There we had to march across the city to the passenger station of the Baltimore and Ohio railway, which we found in ruins. No transportation had been provided for our regiment and we had to wait for it until after midnight. Of course we were all dead tired and many were hungry. When we left Jackson rations for three days of hard bread, pork, coffee and sugar were issued to us but, with the usual improvidence of soldiers, few had a mouthful in their haversacks when we reached Baltimore. But those of us who had money could buy food of provision-peddlers on the way and I see by referring to my diary that I paid one dollar and forty cents for food after leaving Michigan and before we were sufficiently settled in camp on the 9th of September to receive and take care of our rations. I remember buying a pie at York, Pennsylvania, between Harrisburg and Baltimore. We went through that place several times during the war, and every time the inevitable small boy would be at the station with his alleged pies, four to six inches in diameter, with pastry as tough as leather, the bottom covered with the thinnest

possible amount of supposed custard, and for sale at ten cents each. I think that it was when we were on our way home in 1865 that the train on which I was riding stopped at a station in the middle of a dark, rainy night and, wishing to learn the name of the town, I threw up my window and asked a boy standing by the track, "Boy, what place is this?" "P-i-e-s," was the reply. "That answers my question," I said to my seatmate, "This is York, Pennsylvania."

While waiting for our train in Baltimore we threw ourselves down on a brick sidewalk and I slept like a log until we were called up a little after midnight to take the odorous cattle cars for Washington. The B. & O. was then the only railroad between Baltimore and Washington and this had but one track, so our train was fourteen hours in making the forty miles between the two cities.

We arrived at Washington at two o'clock in the afternoon of September 4, 1862, and I recall as if it were but yesterday the feeling of disappointment I experienced when I first saw the city. We left the train at the old B. & O. station, a very short distance from the Capitol, and there we lay for several hours while I looked about me and observed the dingy, dreary appearance of Washington at that time. The dome of the Capitol was being constructed and only part of the ribs, or rafters, designed to support the roof, or shell, were in place, while the ground all about the building was cumbered with material and rubbish. Instead of the fine, well kept grounds now forming Capitol Square, there was then a desolate looking, sun-baked field, and all the buildings in that vicinity were low and dingy, much like the negro settlements in some southern cities today, and the whole city, as far as our view extended, had a look of poverty and neglect, amounting almost to positive squalor.

In the year 1846 the corner stone of the Washington monument had been laid, a part of the exercises on that occasion being an exceedingly able oration by Robert C. Winthrop, the then Speaker of the House of Representatives, which I

had read in a school reader when a young boy and greatly admired. This monument had been carried up less than a hundred feet and there the work had stopped. In 1862 this unfinished structure, covered on the top with planks, was a most unsightly object. The few public buildings that there were, were long distances apart and what are now the finest business portions of the city were then large open spaces, with only a few scattered dwelling houses, and over the whole landscape was an appearance of desolation, quite in contrast with the places we had seen on the way--Cleveland, Pittsburg, Harrisburg and Baltimore. And I well remember thinking, after contemplating the city for a time, "This whole capital isn't worth fighting for or saving in any way."

Our arrival in Washington was at the most gloomy period of the war. The intermeddling policy of the War Department, the attempt to direct armies in the field from Washington, and especially the stupid order to General Pope to hold the line of the Rappahannock, had borne their inevitable and obvious fruit. The army of Pope had been badly defeated, such parts of the Army of the Potomac as had foolishly been sent to reinforce Pope had shared in the general disaster, Generals Kearney and Stevens, two of the ablest and best generals in the Union army, had been killed and troops were retiring to the defences at Washington from the ^{as} distressing fields of the second Bull Run and Chantilly. And everywhere there was panic and gloom. Every one whom we saw in Washington had an air of sorrow and apprehension, and almost every one was talking of Stonewall Jackson as if he were a Jenghiz Khan or an Attila. One citizen, with a look and with accents of great pity, said to a group of members of our regiment, "I'm afraid that you boys will be facing Stonewall's bullets tomorrow." Such was our introduction to the conditions of the war.

After resting awhile and filling our lungs with fresh air after nearly three days of the foul atmosphere of the cattle cars, we were tak-

en to a long, low building called "The Soldiers' Rest," near the station and maintained, I think, by the government. In this building were long tables of rough pine boards, with no seats nor table furnishings, and to each of us was given a large piece of boiled beef, a large piece of soft bread and a cup of coffee without milk or sugar. This appeased our hunger and we then marched to the Long Bridge and across it to the Virginia side of the Potomac. And I well remember the exultant feeling I had when my feet first pressed the soil of hostile territory near sunset on that fourth day of September, 1862. We continued our march to Arlington Heights and there bivouacked. We had no shelter of any kind but slept on the bare ground. I had no rubber blanket or poncho, so slept in my clothing with nothing else between me and the earth. But as I was on guard that night it did not so much matter to me.

Early the next morning we were ordered to march toward Alexandria. No rations had been issued to us since we left Michigan and few of the soldiers had anything left in the shape of food and there was no place in that vicinity where any could be bought. I do not distinctly remember but I think that I had a little left of the food I had purchased in Baltimore. This march to Alexandria and beyond was one of the most painful we ever made. The regiment was new, the loads carried by the men were heavy, and the day was hot. Under these conditions a halt of from five to ten minutes should have been made not less often than every half hour and had Colonel Williams (who had been a field officer in the service) been in command this would have been done. But, unfortunately, Col. Williams was absent and Major Smith was in command of the regiment and he, having no idea of the discomfort and torture he was causing the men, rode comfortably on his horse at the head of the regiment while the men were suffering unimaginable torture from the weight of their loads and the weariness of the march. And these sufferings were greatly increased by the dense clouds

of dust raised by the thousands of troops that we met and who were pouring into Washington. At Alexandria, six miles from our starting point in the morning, a halt of an hour was ordered and a few who had money managed to obtain a small supply of food at places where it was for sale.

As our regiment had not been assigned to any command, there was no source from which we could obtain rations except from the Post Commissary at Washington. This should have been done and rations issued to us at the railway station on our arrival in Washington. But the one on whom this duty devolved was our regimental quartermaster and he was totally incompetent for the place and a few months later resigned on account of his incapacity to perform the duties of the office. But at Alexandria the adjutant of our regiment, who had been in the service, in some way succeeded in commandeering two wagon loads of soft bread from a government bakery, which gave each man about half a loaf.

At the end of the hour the march was resumed and continued until the regiment reached a spot near Fort Lyon, four miles or more below Alexandria. But in the case of a large majority of the men, human nature was unequal to the task and they fell out of the ranks by scores and hundreds. I should have remained in the ranks had I not been seized with vertigo and nausea to an extent that made it impossible for me to proceed, so I was compelled to follow the example of the greater number of my comrades. After a short rest I had recovered sufficiently to go to the place where the regiment had halted. Less than one-third of the men had kept in the ranks until the end of the march. The rest ~~men~~ came straggling in at various times during the afternoon. As we had no tents the laying out of anything like an orderly camp was impossible so a color line (that is a line on which the regiment was to assemble) was established and the men disposed of themselves as best they might. Through the incompetency of our quartermaster no tents were given to us until about the sixth of October. In the mean time we suf-

fered greatly from exposure to the elements, the sun beating on us at times unhindered and at other times heavy rains drenched us, our clothing and our blankets and all our belongings. And during the three days that we remained near Fort Lyon our rations were very scanty and very irregular also, so that at no time ^{did we have} enough food to keep us from being ravenously hungry.

In the afternoon of the day on which we marched to Fort Lyon a few of the members of our company called on the boys of Company C of the Second Michigan Infantry, a company which, like ours, had been raised in Battle Creek. And it gave me a decided shock to see how they had changed since I had seen them in Battle Creek shortly before they went to the front. Exposure to the sun and wind had blackened their faces until they were of the color of Indians, their uniforms were faded and soiled and, in some cases, torn, and both officers and men had an air of being utterly indifferent in regard to appearances; while we, dusty and travel stained as we were, looked to them as if we--to quote the saying of one of their number--"had just stepped out of a bandbox." In less than a year from that time we were to look much worse than they did then. We found them mourning on account of the death of Gen. Kearney, the commander of their division, and depressed by the defeats they had suffered, but jubilant over the appointment of General McClellan to the command of the armies in and about Washington, which had just been announced. And this feeling extended all through the Army of the Potomac. Expressions such as "There'll be a change in the program now!" "I'm glad that some one is to command the army who knows his trade," and others of like import were heard on every hand. The American soldier never had the effervescent, emotional spirit of the volatile soldier of France; but, taking into consideration the difference in temperament, I doubt whether Napoleon, in the days of his glory, had more devoted followers than had McClellan in the officers and sold-

iers of the Army of the Potomac.

While we were in camp near Fort Lyon an incident occurred which is almost invariably referred to at the reunions of our regiment as it was one of the most ludicrous events that occurred in the entire history of the regiment. Late one evening a cow wandered into the camp and the soldiers, half-crazed by hunger, set out to slaughter her for food. No ammunition had as yet been issued to us, but several of the men who had obtained cartridges from men of other regiments began firing on the cow, which ran through the camp, the bullets flying in all directions to the imminent peril of all within range of the rifles. One of the mysteries that I never solved was the fate of the cow, but I have always believed that she escaped. General Cutcheon says concerning this event,

"It was after dark when the fusillade began, and General Joe Hooker, who was in command on that part of the line, supposed that the rebels were making a dash to turn his left. The long roll beat, the troops around Fort Lyon stood to arms, and General Hooker sent an aide to ascertain the cause of the firing, and when he learned it, it is said that the air around headquarters was pretty blue for a long time afterward."

On the sixth day of September Gen. McClellan issued an order distributing the new regiments that had arrived at Washington pursuant to the call of July first, the Twentieth Michigan being, by the terms of the order, assigned to Burnside's Corps (afterwards the Ninth), then at Leesboro' six miles north of Washington. This order we did not receive until late in the evening of the following day, and at eight o'clock in the morning of the 8th of September we left the vicinity of Fort Lyon and started for Washington in obedience to the order. The march, being better conducted, was much less painful than the one from Washington to Fort Lyon and by about two o'clock in the afternoon we were within a mile of the city. But there we received an order from the War Department to return to Alexandria and come to Washington by

boat. So we took our weary way back to Alexandria, being given an extra and wholly unnecessary march of five miles, after the long march we had already made. Why this was done was never explained and indeed there could be no explanation except that it was in accordance with the freakish, vacillating notions of some one of the officials of the War Department, from whose incompetency we suffered almost constantly during the first year and a half of our service.

On the steamer which took us up the river a sutler opened up his stock of goods for sale, consisting almost wholly of small bottles of alleged wine, for which he asked an exorbitant price. At just about the time of our arrival in Washington the government began issuing fractional currency in denominations of five, ten, twenty-five and fifty cents. Some of our boys who bought wine of the sutler tendered some of this fractional currency in payment, but it was refused by the sutler who was a southerner and had obtained his license from a friend in the War Department, which contained any number of southern sympathisers. National currency was then offered but the sutler was reluctant to accept it, saying that he didn't know whether that money would be worth anything in a year or two or not, and asked if the purchasers could not give him "State money." Fortunately he could be accommodated.

In the early history of Michigan a chain of banks was established in the principal towns of the State. These banks never had any financial foundation and maintained a precarious existence for a few years by the simple expedient of keeping on hand two or three kegs of gold coin which were sent from bank to bank so as to arrive at each bank just before the annual visit of the State bank examiner. One of these banks had been located at Battle Creek and in some way some of the boys of our company had obtained a great number of unsigned bank bills of this bank, of small denominations. These were signed by some one--I never knew by whom--with the name of a supposititious president and cash-

ier and distributed among the boys, so that when we went to Washington there were many thousands of dollars of this money in the regiment. Between three hundred and four hundred dollars of it was paid to the sutler for his wine and he did not discover the character of the money until the boat reached Washington. He then complained to Col. Williams and the Colonel, after buying a bottle of the wine and tasting it, told the sutler that the money was as good as the wine and that was all the satisfaction he ever received. It should be stated that the greater part of the wine was purchased, not because the boys wanted it but because of the refusal of the sutler to take national currency. The moral question involved in the matter--if there be any--I leave others to decide.

We left the steamer at the foot of Seventh Street at about ten o'clock at night and ~~and~~ marched to the arsenal grounds near by, where we met the 17th Michigan and the 36th Massachusetts under the same orders as we and with whom we were to be brigaded much of the time during the war. And that fortuitous meeting and an exchange of courtesies laid the foundation for many warm friendships between the members of the three regiments, friendships which, in some cases, continued until long after the close of the war. That night we slept in the arsenal grounds in the open air, as usual.

All the following day--the ninth--we remained at the arsenal grounds awaiting our turn to receive ammunition. It was on that day that our regiment lost the first man of its number to fall by the hands of the enemy. A soldier of Company A venturing a short distance into an adjoining field of corn was shot and killed by one of the secret foes who, during the war, lurked near our armies. The assassin escaped but was pursued so closely that his horse was taken and became the property of Major Smith, who used it until he was killed at Campbell's Station.

It was nearly nine o'clock in the evening of the ninth when we received our ammunition and at nine we began our march and at a little past

midnight we passed out of the city, not to return to it until in the spring of 1864. We continued our march until about two o'clock, A. M. of the tenth, then lay down and slept until morning, resumed our march at eight o'clock, A. M. and marched until five o'clock in the afternoon when we went into camp on the farm of a man named Dodge, about thirty miles north of Washington. This account differs from that of Gen. Cutcheon, but I believe mine to be correct. It should have been stated in its proper connection that our march out of the city was on Seventh Street and that we passed out of the line of fortifications near Fort Stevens, and that this route was one of my favorite ones for bicycle riding when I was employed at Washington.

As has been stated, we were without shelter of any kind until the 6th of October. And until after we had joined the army near Sharpsburg on the 23d of September our supply of food was so scanty and irregular that the boys named the camp on the Dodge farm, "Camp Starvation." And this deprivation of food, with the hard work of the daily drills, guard, picket and fatigue duty, brought to me a serious impairment of the functions of the digestive organs which soon afterward prostrated me with illness and from which I did not fully recover for several months.

While we were at Camp Dodge there came to us the first mail we received after leaving Michigan. And the mention of that fact naturally leads me to tell of another feature of my army life--my correspondence. Of course I corresponded regularly with my immediate relatives, but they were not my only correspondents. During the war it was quite the fashion for young ladies to write to the boys in the army, in many cases to those who were mere acquaintances. This was a commendable practice, as letters from one's relatives, friends and acquaintances did much to soften the asperities of life in the army, and letters from one's young lady friends and acquaintances, containing the news of what was happening among the young people, were among the most prized of all the letters one received.

Of course many attachments and subsequent marriages resulted from such correspondences, but I corresponded with only a few of the Battle Creek girls, and while all with whom I corresponded were fine girls and wrote excellent letters, there was no one among them to whom I was especially attracted. The only correspondence I had in the early part of my service that savored at all of romance, was with one of the members of the Fourth of July picnic party (not the one I accompanied), a handsome, intelligent, well educated, vivacious, attractive and in every way a good girl, a member of one of the best families of Battle Creek. Like most young men I was rather impressionable, but notwithstanding the fact that the young lady was one of the best and most attractive that I ever knew, I never had any particular liking for her. But it would never have done for me to tell her so, and soon after our regiment reached the front there began (on her initiative) a very affectionate correspondence between us which continued for nearly two years, although not long after the Fourth of July she had become engaged to a young man who was also of the party, though not her escort on that occasion. The fact of her engagement I learned from her not long after our correspondence began, but the correspondence continued until the girl's affianced learned of it through one of the girl's intimate friends to whom she had read one or more of my letters.

While we were at Camp Dodge the battles of South Mountain and Antietam -- the latter the bloodiest battle of the war -- were fought on the fourteenth and seventeenth days of September, respectively, both decided victories for the Union army. We were within hearing of the cannon and were filled with regret that we could take no part in either contest. McClellan has been severely criticised for his management of that campaign and especially for permitting the capture of Harpers Ferry. But these criticisms have always been based on ignorance and on malevolence towards McClellan and those made at

the time were made with the evident design of diverting attention from the sins of the War Department. Before McClellan started on the campaign he strongly urged that Harpers Ferry be evacuated and abandoned as it was utterly valueless for any military purpose and to attempt to protect it would seriously interfere with the proper conduct of the campaign. But the unpatriotic and pig-headed officials of the War Department, angered because the President had appointed McClellan to the command of the army, and determined to do all in their power to thwart his plans and prevent his success, refused to order the evacuation of Harpers Ferry, and when it was captured sought to throw the blame on McClellan. It is possible that had Sheridan been in command of the army the campaign would have been more brilliantly successful in some respects, and equally possible that it would have resulted disastrously. And it is as certain as anything well could be that had Meade been in command the campaign would have been much less successful than it was. And it is one of the sad and shameful things connected with the war, that through the hostility of the War Department and the malevolence of political enemies, the country never appreciated either the importance or the splendor of the victory won by the army under McClellan at Antietam.

On the morning of the 18th of September, 1862, we left Camp Dodge and proceeded by moderate stages to join the army at Sharpsburg, marching about twelve miles on the first day, fifteen on the second day, fifteen on the third, and resting at Frederick City on the fourth day--Sunday. Just before we reached Frederick City, late in the afternoon of Saturday, I had another severe attack of vertigo and nausea and was compelled to leave the ranks and lie down by the side of the road only a few rods from a large brick house. I lay there until after dark when a lady came from the house and asked after my condition with much apparent solicitude, but I was not able to take any nourishment and felt no need of anything except to be permitted to lie

where I was and rest. She shortly returned to the house and an officer came out who introduced himself as Major Sligh of a Maryland regiment. He assisted me to a barn near by where I lay on some hay until morning when I had recovered sufficiently to enable me to rejoin my regiment.

On Monday morning--September 22--we resumed the route, marching about eleven miles that day and about fourteen miles on Tuesday, arriving at Sharpsburg late in the afternoon and passing over a portion of the battlefield of Antietam, crossing the Antietam over one of the bridges which at the time I supposed to be the one that was known as the Burnside Bridge because of the fact that during the battle it had been carried by a charge of a brigade of Burnside's corps. But I have since been led to doubt the correctness of my belief at that time. We encamped about a mile and a half beyond Sharpsburg in a pleasant grove of oaks. That night I was taken violently ill with a disorder caused by overexertion and insufficient food. The next morning my illness continued but as I had been detailed for guard duty I refused to ask to be excused and went on duty, stood guard during one relief and by that time had become so much worse that the officer of the guard sent me to my quarters.

It should be explained that every morning at a certain hour the regimental bugler blew what was known as the "sick call" and every one below the rank of a commissioned officer, who claimed to be unable to perform duty would report at regimental headquarters, be marched to the surgeon's tent, hastily examined, given medicine or not as was thought best and excused or not as his condition would seem to require or warrant. Never once during the whole of my army service did I respond to that call. The reasons for my not doing so were, first, that it sometimes happened that men who were able to go on duty would answer the sick call and pretend to be ill in order to escape marching, drill or guard duty, and I had such a fear that it might

be suspected by the officers or by my comrades that I was "playing off", as the slang term was, that I would not ask to be excused even when my condition of health seemed to demand it. Again, so many of the Battle Creek people (the physician who had sometimes prescribed for me being one of them) had so confidently predicted that I could never endure the hardships of army life, that "Charlie Hicks and George Buck might as well stay at home," and other remarks of that kind that came to my ears, that I resolved to see the thing through and stay in the service or die trying. It may be said here, parenthetically, that when the war closed "Charlie Hicks and George Buck" were among the hardest men in the regiment. When I lay ill with typhoid fever I was visited daily by a surgeon in my quarters and during my service I consulted Dr. French a few times in regard ~~in regard~~ to my health, but the sick call I always ignored and when called upon to go on duty, whether to march, drill or perform guard or picket duty, if able to sit up I always fell in for the work and kept going as long as possible and when I could not possibly keep on I asked to be excused by the officer in charge or simply stopped work, according to the circumstances. I got into trouble once while we were in camp at Falmouth for not going on picket when too ill to lift my head, but when the matter was explained I escaped without even a reprimand.

The illness with which I was attacked immediately after our arrival at Sharpsburg continued for two or three days when Lieut. Brown, learning of my condition, came to see me and brought me a simple home remedy used in his father's family. I at once began to improve.

On the day following the arrival of our regiment at Sharpsburg the regiment was assigned to the first brigade of the first division, ninth army corps, but our camp, though near to, was not connected with that of the rest of the brigade. The brigade consisted of the Fiftieth Pennsylvania, Twenty-eighth Massachusetts, Seventy-ninth New York, Seventeenth Michigan and Twentieth

Michigan, the brigade commander being Colonel Benjamin C. Christ of the Fiftieth Pennsylvania, the division commander General Orlando B. Willcox, the corps commander Gen. Burnside, the commander of the army Gen. McClellan. To quote from the History of the Twentieth Michigan, "Here our solitary wanderings ended. Incorporated into our proper division and brigade, we became an integral part of the Army of the Potomac."

On the 28th of September I had so far recovered as to be able to go on duty again and on that day (not on the 26th as Gen. Cutcheon erroneously states) the division moved about two miles south and established its camp near the Antietam Iron Works.

On the 29th day of September our regiment was reviewed by General Willcox, the commander of the division. It was the first time we had seen him and I well remember how he then looked--his complexion quite sallow and pale from long imprisonment in a rebel prison. A good portrait of Gen. Willcox and also one of Gen. Burnside may be found in the History of the Twentieth Michigan. If on the occasion of that review I had been told that in after years I, a private soldier in the ranks, would become well, almost intimately, acquainted with the general commanding the division, the idea would have seemed to me too absurd to be given a second thought.

On the 3d of October the army was reviewed by President Lincoln. I was on guard that day and my post was near division headquarters. For some reason not now remembered the headquarters of our division was the place of assembly for the reviewing party, which gave me exceptional opportunities for seeing the celebrities who took part in the review. For some unaccountable reason I have no distinct recollection of seeing Gen. Burnside on that day, although I must have seen him. It is possible that in the excitement of seeing the greater lights I paid little attention to the one made less brilliant by comparison.

It is easy to understand that the morning was a busy one at the division headquarters, mounted officers and orderlies coming and going with great frequency. After a time a barouche, drawn by four horses, drove up and it was easy to recognize in one of those who stepped from the vehicle the President of the United States. And I have always thought since then that for downright ugliness of features, form and attitude, Abraham Lincoln was one of the worst constructed specimens of humanity I ever saw. There is, so far as I know, but one picture of him in existence that is a faithful likeness, and that is a photograph of which I have a copy and which was printed without being retouched. And it is impossible either to describe or imagine his long, gaunt, rawboned figure, with arms and legs of immoderate length, or his general appearance as he went shambling along, his body slouching rather than stooping forward, his long arms hanging ungracefully and by his attitude brought to the front of his body, his clothing negligently thrown on, and a silk hat, from which much of the nap had been worn, perched on the back of his head at an angle so precarious that it seemed in danger of dropping off at any moment.

I ought to add to this necessarily inadequate description, that although on the occasion mentioned Mr. Lincoln was engaged in conversation with some one who accompanied him and the expression on his face was cheerful and animated, his face in repose was the saddest I ever beheld, the saddest imaginable. Painters and photographers used to resort to various devices, as some of them have since told, in order to get Mr. Lincoln to assume a more pleasant, at least a less sad, countenance.

The President entered the tent of Gen. Willcox and very soon afterwards there arrived upon the scene a general officer who by the number of his staff and other indicia I knew must be the commander of the army. But so great was my astonishment and disappointment at his appearance that at first I could hardly believe that this was indeed "Little Mac", as his soldiers

affectionately called him. His son, George B. McClellan, lately M.C. and Mayor of New York, asserts that General McClellan was over six feet in height and that it was his great breadth of shoulders that made him appear much shorter ~~xxx~~ than he really was. I am bound to accept this statement as true, but if it came from any except an unimpeachable source I should be inclined to question it. The bearing of Gen. McClellan was decidedly soldierly, but to me he appeared to be not more than five feet eight inches in height at the most. And from his pictures I had been led to believe that he was tall and stately, with coal black hair and beard and a very distinguished looking face. But I saw before me what appeared to me to be a red-headed, red-bearded, undersized chap, with a face that seemed positively insignificant. Of course I underrated his appearance, as he was really a rather fine looking officer as I came to realize on the next--and I think the last--occasion when I saw him.

General McClellan dismounted and entered the tent of Gen. Willcox and, after a considerable delay, re-appeared with the President, Gen. Willcox and other officers. Captain Dewey of our regiment, who was a member of the staff of Gen. Willcox, afterwards told me that the occasion for the delay was that when Gen. McClellan entered the tent, Mr. Lincoln was telling a story which was somewhat off-color and asked the General to wait until he could finish the story, which he proceeded to finish, to McClellan's evident disgust. Captain Dewey repeated the story to me but it would hardly bear transference to these pages.

When the party emerged from Gen. Willcox' tent a horse was brought up for the use of the President during the review. Gen. McClellan was riding, as he usually did, a horse known as Devil Dan, a vicious-looking brute with a wicked eye, a horse that was the terror and the object of hatred of every one of McClellan's staff, as he was wont to insist on going at break-neck speed and as McClellan was a splendid horseman he

seldom made any effort to check the pace of his steed. But on this occasion, out of courtesy to the President, both the body and spirit of Devil Dan were decidedly curbed and he was compelled by his rider to take a pace that was adapted to the needs of the President and his mount.

And the grotesquely ungainly appearance of Mr. Lincoln on foot was greatly increased when he appeared on horseback. I did not observe--as Gen. Cutcheon did--that his horse was a spirited animal, but I did observe that Mr. Lincoln's stirrups were quite too short for him, bringing his knees almost up to the pommel of his saddle, that he bounced about in the saddle like one who had never been astride a horse before, while his hat flopped about on his head and his whole appearance betokened a strong desire on his part to drop the reins and "grasp the mane with both his hands and eke with his might," a la John Gilpin. On pages 32 and 33 of his "History" Gen Cutcheon describes the appearance of President Lincoln when he rode in front of the colors of our regiment, which of course I did not see, being detailed for guard duty at the time, as has been stated.

On the sixth day of October there were issued to us shelter tents which I think I described in another work to which, for a more full description, I refer. These so-called tents were simply pieces of light cotton cloth about six or seven feet square, two being buttoned together at the edges and thrown over a slender pole six to eight feet long of which the ends rested in the forks of light sticks cut, like the ridge pole and stakes, wherever they could be found and thrust into the ground a few inches. At the sides of the tent the edges of the pieces of tent were fastened to the ground by small stakes. A third piece of tent was buttoned to the other two at the rear and the front left open. In this mis-named shelter tent three men slept at night and in it they took refuge from rain or snow. In "Through Stress and Storm" the inadequacy of this shelter is slightly indicated. Bob Ingersoll, referring to the shel-

ter tent, once said to Dwight May, while the two were in the service, "You might as well stick a postage stamp on the end of a man's nose and call it shelter."

But this shelter, such as it was, was better than none and was the first we had after leaving Michigan and--with the exception of a few very short periods of time--was all that we had during our period of service. But, as stated by Gen. Cutcheon in his History of the Twentieth, referring to the receipt of the shelter tents, "Much harm had already been done by the exposure and lack of proper shelter and rations, and many went to the hospital who never returned to the regiment. * * * Looking back now to those first weeks in the field, it seems a wonder that all the men did not get sick and that more did not die."

In the evening of the 6th of October we received orders to be ready to move on the following morning and--as was my custom when such orders were issued--I arose at four o'clock in the morning of the 7th and prepared breakfast. At sunrise the division left camp and marched about fifteen miles, going over Elk Ridge into Pleasant Valley. When we reached the crest of the Ridge I enjoyed one of the most charming views I have ever beheld. Behind us was the valley of the Antietam with the lovely stream of that name taking its way to the Potomac through a country of wondrous beauty and in front of us the still more beautiful Pleasant Valley, one of the most charming spots in the whole Appalachian system of mountains, hills and highlands. And as I had always lived in a flat country, the sight was exceedingly impressive to me.

And in Pleasant Valley we had one of the most delightful camping places we ever occupied. There was a fine grove of trees very near our camp, and, as Gen. Cutcheon says, "plenty of excellent water from abundant springs, and * * * scenery that could not well be surpassed." And we were in close proximity to the rest of the Army of the Potomac then well rested from the

fatigue, hardships and sufferings of the Maryland campaign. And right here General McClellan repeated his error of the previous year and wasted three weeks of precious time that ought to have been employed in a vigorous advance against the enemy. His excuse was that the army still lacked a number of things needed for the campaign. It was unfortunate for both McClellan and the country that during the Crimean War he--then a lieutenant or captain in the army--was sent by the government to observe the operations of the allied nations in the Crimean peninsula. There he imbibed the Old World ideas of making war, the ponderous, slow-moving methods of conducting a campaign, wholly at variance with the ideas and methods of the New World. And he also seemed to follow the example of the British military authorities that never begin a movement of their armies until every shoe-lace of the infantry and every horse-shoe nail of the cavalry is in place, instead of copying the more prompt and venturesome ways of the French. And this notwithstanding the fact that in the final operations of the siege of Sebastopol the British, though brave and persistent, wholly failed in their attempt to capture the Redan, while the French, although as strongly opposed as the British, stormed and captured the Malakoff and won the war for the allies.

On the 14th of October I was detailed for camp guard in the morning and being on the first relief my time for standing guard was from eight to ten o'clock, A.M., and from two to four P.M., day and night. In the night orders came for our brigade to move at once in light marching order (i.e. without knapsacks) to Nolan's Ford, twenty-five to thirty miles (I should say) down the Potomac. The occasion for this order was that Jeb. Stuart in command of the Confederate cavalry was making a raid around the Union army and our brigade was sent to Nolan's Ford to intercept Stuart on his return to Virginia. But after a rapid night march the brigade arrived at the ford only to find that Stuart had crossed at a ford five miles below

Nolan's. The raid was wholly without military value except to scare the authorities at Washington and give Stanton and Halleck occasion to blame McClellan for not preventing the raid--by ordering Stuart not to make it, I presume, as that way would have been as effectual as any other that McClellan could have employed to prevent the foray. Raids of that kind by our cavalry were quite common later in the war, but the only one that I can now recall that was of any known value to our cause was one by Sheridan in 1864.

When the brigade left camp the guard was relieved, except the lieutenant, sergeant, two corporals and the men of the first relief. This left me in the camp. The camp guard was discontinued and one sentry stationed to guard the knapsacks and the other baggage and one to guard the stores, these being relieved every two hours. But a day or two after the departure of the brigade the lieutenant of the guard, claiming that for some reason it was necessary that he should return to his regiment, left the guard in charge of the sergeant and departed. And after a day or two more the sergeant followed the example of the lieutenant, promising to return in a few hours. But he failed to do so on account of illness. I cannot remember what became of one of the corporals (if there were two, of which I am not very sure) but one was taken ill and as my name was the first on the list of the guards the corporal asked me to take command of the guard and attend to the posting of the sentries. This I did, arranging at night with one of the sentries on duty to call me whenever it was time to relieve the sentries, and in that way I managed to get some sleep at night.

It was while we were at Pleasant Valley--and on the 16th of October, I think, but am not sure--that I had an experience in a storm which was not very strange but which made such an impression on my mind that I include the incident in this story of my army life. The day had been bright and warm, but when night came on a storm began to gather. The moon was near the full

and the eastern sky clear, but in the west were heavy masses of black cloud, on the face of which the lightning played incessantly, while the distant thunder did not come to my ears in peals but was like a continuous, titanic moan. Soon the clouds obscured the moon, the lightning became more dazzling, the thunder louder, and the wind began to rise. I had no shelter as my tentmates had taken our shelter tent and for some reason not now remembered I did not sleep in the guard tent--if there was one. So I spread my blankets on the ground in the midst of a forest of large pines and lay down. Gradually but speedily the light wind increased to a gale, its moan in the pines changing to a roar, the lightning increased in intensity, the thunder came in crashing volleys and the rain fell in sheets, drenching me to the skin almost immediately. And there I lay for an hour or two or more, feeling supremely happy, while the lightning blazed, the thunder crashed, the great pines bent almost halfway to the ground and the incessant roar of the gale and the rain almost drowned the noise of the thunder. After a time the rain and wind ceased, the clouds rolled away to the east, the fitful flashes of the lightning became less frequent, the thunder died away, the moon came out and I fell asleep.

In the afternoon of Saturday, October 25th, an aide on the staff of the brigade commander rode into the camp and asked for the officer in charge of the camp and was directed to me. To me he repeated the inquiry and I informed him of the situation. After much talk between us and the exhibition of a great deal of annoyance by him on account of the situation, he told me that he brought an order to the officer in charge of the guard, but that it was contrary to all military rules to deliver orders of that nature to a private soldier. I replied that he could do just ~~wh~~ he thought fit, if he chose to deliver the order to me I would see that it was executed, or he could himself assume charge of the guard and attend to the execution of the order that he bore. The latter proposition did

not seem to strike him favorably and after delivering a lengthy dissertation to me on the enormity of the offense of a commissioned or non-commissioned officer who deserts his post of duty without leave, he handed me the order and rode away. The order directed the lieutenant of the guard to have the stores, the camp equipage and the knapsacks of the men loaded into wagons to be furnished from the brigade train and to report at once to the commander of the brigade at Berlin, Maryland. I at once set the boys at work and as soon as the wagons arrived they were loaded as speedily as possible and turned over to the wagon-master who had charge of them and who was to return with them to the brigade. By this time darkness had set in and rain began to fall. There were about twelve to fifteen of the guard and these I had form in two ranks, but told them not to try to preserve their formation except where it was easier to march in that way, but to keep together without fail for the sake of their own safety not less than for the sake of approaching a semblance of military order. This injunction was strictly followed during the entire march. I then gave the command to march and we set out for Berlin, about fifteen to twenty miles away, perhaps farther. We had no guide, the night was dark and rainy and the roads bad, but we marched as rapidly as the conditions would allow, through Knoxville, Keedysville and one or two other little places on the Potomac, walking for a considerable part of the way on the towpath of the Chesapeake & Ohio canal, and arrived at Berlin not long after ten o'clock at night. Our clothing was drenched with rain, we had no shelter but all lay down on the ground and I slept well during the rest of the night.

That night every regiment in the Army of the Potomac received orders to be ready to move at sunrise on the following morning.

THE FREDERICKSBURG CAMPAIGN.

On the following morning--that of Sunday, October 26, 1862--I awoke at daylight and went in search of the brigade but it was nowhere to be found. The rain was still falling drearily and no troops were in sight except a small detachment of engineers near the end of a pontoon bridge that on the preceding day had been thrown from the Maryland to the Virginia side of the Potomac, near the piers of a bridge that had been destroyed earlier in the war. I think that those piers were still standing the last time I was over that route from Pittsburg and Cumberland to Washington. There was no need that I should be told that the army would pass over that pontoon bridge that day, so I went back to the guard and told them to wait where they were and when our brigade should go past I would let them--the guard--know and we would then take our places in the ranks of the brigade.

I returned to a point near the bridge and not long afterward, and just after what would have been sunrise had the sky been clear, I saw the head of the army approaching, General McClellan and staff riding in front. When he arrived near the bank of the river McClellan reined in his horse and looked the bridge over with the critical eye of the skilful engineer that he was. He then turned in his saddle and spoke a few words that I did not catch to an officer and the officer rode away a short distance and returned with a sergeant of engineers. McClellan said to the sergeant, "Sergeant, there ought to be another plank here to make it more easy for the artillery in the mud that will be stirred up here in a little while. Where are your planks?" "I will have one brought immediately," said the sergeant and began turning away. "No, no," said McClellan, hastily, "show me where they are." Throwing the reins to an orderly, the general dismounted, went with the sergeant to a pile of planks, removed his gloves, threw the planks a-

bout a little until he found one that suited his fancy, lifted one end of it, the sergeant grasped the other and together the general in command of the army and the sergeant carried the plank through the rain and put it in place, while the members of the staff looked on, some of them with an amused smile on their faces.

Acts such as these tended to enhance the regard which McClellan's soldiers had for him. Some acts of that character may have been done partly for effect, but this was not true of the great majority of them, but they were manifestations of McClellan's democratic nature and impulses. In the instance that I have related

there were no private soldiers except a few engineers and myself to witness the act and though McClellan was as popular with the officers as with the men of the army, his unostentatious conduct would not tend to raise him in the esteem of the officers. The soldiers not only had great confidence in his ability as a general, but they also appreciated his solicitude for their welfare in camp, on the march and in battle. They knew that he was their firm friend and comrade and in return for his regard for them they gave to him an amount of affection incomparably greater than that which they felt for any other of their leaders in the war. To his soldiers McClellan was always "Little Mac" and had he possessed more of the audacity which was displayed by the "Little Corporal" in launching campaigns and fighting battles, he would indeed have been a "second Napoleon," as he was sometimes called when in the height of his fame.

The plank having been adjusted, Gen. McClellan remounted his horse, rode, with his staff, slowly over the bridge into Virginia and the campaign which was originally intended to be a campaign against Richmond by way of Culpepper, but which terminated in the appalling disaster at Fredericksburg, was begun.

After the commanding general and his staff came the cavalry under their dashing leader, Alfred Pleasanton, and next came the Ninth Army

Corps following the superb looking Burnside, of which corps our brigade should have been in the lead. General Willcox and the First Division flag appeared, but the leading brigade was not the first but the second. Before the division had entirely passed I asked a sergeant where the first brigade was and was told that it was "somewhere down the river." But I kept my post of observation during the whole of the long day while not only our corps but the entire army, in a seemingly endless line of blue, moved like a vast river over the bridge, hour after hour, in the falling rain, cavalry, infantry and artillery, until the whole Army of the Potomac had passed in review before me, on that historic Sunday, the last soldier of the rear guard disappearing in the gathering darkness on the Virginia shore, leaving me with a detachment of men in my ~~hands~~ charge, night coming on and I without orders and without any idea what to do or where to go.

But I remembered the words of the aide and that the order given me had expressly directed me to report to the brigade commander at Berlin and if the brigade commander was not there to receive my report the fault was not mine but his. So I told the boys that we could do nothing until the brigade should come up the river --as I had reason to believe that it would do-- or until we should receive further orders, and directed them to make themselves as comfortable as possible for the night.

During the night the water overflowed the place where I was lying, so I gathered up my saturated blanket and other property and went up on the towpath of the canal where some of the guard had built a fire of coal and were sitting up through the night trying to keep out some of the rain and cold by means of the fire. I stayed with them by the fire during the remainder of that cold and rainy night and when daylight came I went to a house near by and asked a woman if she would give me some breakfast (for pay) as all the food in my haversack had been ruined by water. She complied and for the first time in about two months I ate a meal

in a house, sitting at the table in my wet clothes.

Early in the morning of the 27th of October, the same aide who had brought the order to the camp at Pleasant Valley, came from brigade headquarters to Berlin and gave me oral directions to take the guard to Nolan's Ford and there dismiss the members without making a formal report to the brigade commander. He commended me for my fidelity in carrying out to the letter the orders I had received and said that the brigade commander--Colonel Christ--would also appreciate the service I had rendered. The aide then rode away and I assembled the guard and we set out at once, glad to be on the road--although the rain was still falling heavily--as we would be more comfortable while moving than when standing or sitting idly in the rain. At about noon the rain ceased, the sun soon came out and when we reached Nolan's Ford (which was something more than ten miles from Berlin) at four o'clock in the afternoon, our clothing was comparatively dry. At Nolan's Ford I dismissed the guard and gladly rejoined my company and regiment. And there we remained in camp during the remainder of that day and the whole of the following day.

At six o'clock in the morning of October 29, our brigade marched to Point of Rocks (about five miles up the river) and there forded the Potomac, first removing our trousers, drawers and stockings, fastening them on the top of our knapsacks and then replacing our shoes. The river at that point was shallow, coming up to my waist, the current was rather strong and the bottom very stony. Some of the men slipped on the stones and fell at full length in the water, but I and most of the others crossed without accident. After we had replaced our clothes the brigade pushed on nearly ten miles farther to Waterford, Virginia, where we joined the other brigades of our division and where we remained during the next three days.

But on the march from Point of Rocks to Waterford I began to feel decidedly ill and this

illness continued for from six to eight days, the trouble being a severe attack of jaundice, my skin becoming as yellow as saffron and I being almost wholly unable to eat anything. I refused to report to the surgeon as I knew that he would order me sent to the ambulances with the wagon train. The only curative I used was to find a wild cherry tree, peel a quantity of the inner bark, cut it into small bits and put them into my canteen with my drinking water. When in camp I ate nothing. When on the march I would eat a few ounces of broiled lean beef (if I could procure it) in the morning, as that was the only food my stomach would retain, march in my place in the column without other nourishment or stimulant as long as I could, then drink occasionally and sparingly from a small flask of whiskey that I carried and by means of this stimulation keep in the ranks until we halted for the night, then lie down as soon as possible and sleep until morning. On some days no fresh beef was obtainable and on these days I marched in the ranks without eating anything during the entire day.

In the evening of October 30, 1862, Captain Barnes came where I was lying ill in my shelter tent and informed me that he had temporarily appointed me a corporal of the company in place of Corporal Freeman, who would carry the colors (Company C being the right center company of the regiment and the color company). The captain went on to say that he had been watching all the boys of the company to see who were the ones who were "on hand" as he expressed it, and that my being selected for the office of corporal was the result of his observations. The appointment had to be temporary as there was no vacancy in the number of corporals and I did not receive a permanent appointment to the office until in February following, as will be noted hereafter. Appointments to non-commissioned offices were made by the colonel of the regiment, but the nomination of the captain of the company was almost invariably confirmed by the colonel. On the day following my temporary

appointment I was detailed for guard duty and being the first to report was corporal of the first relief.

On Sunday, November 2, the march towards Richmond was resumed and on that day our division marched about twelve to fourteen miles and at about nine o'clock in the evening bivouacked near Philemont. On Monday we marched about seven miles and encamped on the farm of the Confederate General Ashby. We were then passing through the Loudoun country, one of the richest, perhaps the richest, in the State of Virginia, which I stated in my diary to be "the finest I had ever seen," being a level, exceedingly fertile country, divided into large plantations with large, costly mansions, that of Gen. Ashby and another being described by me in my diary as "magnificent."

On the fourth day of November, while in camp on Ashby's farm, our regiment took a straw vote for Governor of Michigan (that day being election day in that State) and as I accounted myself a democrat I voted for Byron G. Stout, the democratic candidate.

November fifth we marched about eight miles and bivouacked near Rectortown. On the sixth we marched about fifteen miles and encamped near Warrenton (not Warrington, as misspelled in my diary). On the seventh we moved our camp about three miles. All this time our corps had been moving up the Valley of Virginia, near the Bull Run mountains, so as to make the protection of Washington a certainty and enable Halleck to sleep soundly at night, while the rest of the army, the First, Second, Third, Fifth and Sixth corps were moving up the valley east of the Blue Ridge mountains, occupying the gaps in that range successively a few hours in advance of a large part of the Confederate army in the Shenandoah valley which was making desperate but vain attempts to break through the Blue Ridge mountains and join another part of the Confederate army which was retiring towards Richmond in front of the Army of the Potomac.

This was the situation of affairs when on the

seventh of November an order was received from the President relieving General McClellan from the command of the Army of the Potomac and appointing General Burnside to the command. This order was one of the most unfortunate and culpable acts of the administration during the entire war. It was brought about by two elements, one military the other civil. From the time when McClellan was appointed to the command in September, 1862, until his removal in November, Stanton and Halleck were unremitting in their criticisms and complaints of McClellan to the President until even the wonderful patience of Mr. Lincoln was wearied beyond endurance by these complaints. And McClellan, with his confidence in his own ability and judgment was so impolitic as to pay no regard to the wishes of the President that he should defer somewhat to the opinion of Stanton and Halleck. But it ought to be stated that McClellan's plan of the campaign against Richmond which was inaugurated in October, 1862, was entirely in harmony with the views and wishes of the President himself. Then it so happened that some of the republican leaders in Congress were hostile to McClellan because he was a democrat and they feared that his success in the war might make him a formidable candidate for the Presidency in 1864. And in their view the war for the Union was a republican war in which none but republicans should have places of any prominence; just as at the present day there are some high in authority who regard the present war with Germany as a democratic war and want none but democrats to have any place of prominence in prosecuting it. And the November elections, held on the 4th of that month, having gone strongly against the administration, Chandler of Michigan, Wade of Ohio and Cameron of Pennsylvania (the latter of whom lost a seat in the Senate as the result of the election), three men for whom I always had the most profound contempt on account of their bad private character and even worse public conduct wholly apart from their attitude towards Mc-

Clellan, went to Mr. Lincoln and claimed that the result of the elections was due largely to the fact that McClellan was in command of the army and demanded rather than urged his removal and the President in an hour of weakness yielded and the order relieving McClellan was issued November 5th, the day following the elections.

The President afterwards alleged that during the advance of the army toward Richmond, he decided to let the question of McClellan's retention or removal depend on whether McClellan should prevent or permit the union of the Confederate forces on the opposite sides of the Blue Ridge, and that ^{such a} union having taken place he issued the order for McClellan's removal. But, unfortunately for this alleged reason, it was not based on the facts of the case, and if Mr. Lincoln was informed that such a union had taken place he was wholly misinformed by the War Department. In truth there was no union of the Confederate forces until some days after McClellan's removal and after Burnside had assumed the command and while the army was inactive on account of the change of commanders and the consequent change of the plan of the campaign. And this enabled McClellan to say with truth that he was removed just when the Confederate forces were divided and when he was able and ready and intending to attack and beat the two parts of their army in detail. And there can be no reasonable doubt that this would have been done had McClellan remained in command. And his removal just as the army was on the eve of a victory has but one parallel in the history of this nation, and that was during the War of the Revolution when General Schuyler, after having conducted a brilliantly defensive campaign against the British army under Burgoyne, had completed his preparations for giving battle to his antagonist and was then removed from the command of the army by the Congress, thus giving the credit of the victory won at Saratoga to General Gates. But the removal of Schuyler was followed by a victory won by the continental army, so that Schuyler was the only suf-

ferer from the action of the Congress; the removal of McClellan was the cause of one of the most crushing defeats suffered by the Union army during the war.

But even if McClellan had been disappointed in his expectations and had been unable to fight the two parts of the Confederate army separately, there is no possible room for doubt that with its superior numbers, its splendid morale and its unbounded confidence in its commander, the Army of the Potomac would have forced the Confederate army back within the works around Richmond, and even if the siege of that city had lasted as long as the siege of Petersburg in 1864-5, the end must inevitably have been the same as that of the siege of Petersburg--the surrender of the city and of the Confederate army or the dispersion and capture of that army and the end of the war early in 1863, two years sooner than it actually occurred. So that Stanton, Halleck, Chandler, Wade and Cameron were justly chargeable with the death of the thousands of noble and heroic boys whose bodies fell in winrows in front of the works at Fredericksburg, and of those who were slain at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, and also with the death of the other thousands whose graves marked every mile of the bloody pathway from the Rappahannock to Appomattox. Many would doubtless have been killed had McClellan remained in command of the army, but the saving of life and treasure by the shortening of the war by two years, or even one year, would have been of incalculable value.

The effect upon the soldiers of McClellan's removal was even more disheartening than his appointment in September had been welcome and reassuring. They knew McClellan and had unlimited confidence in him and had never suffered what could properly be called a defeat while he was in command of the army. Under him they had recently won the great victory of Antietam and ~~and~~ they had no doubt that they would continue to be victorious under his leadership. And that confidence was worth to the army more than

twenty thousand men. But they did not know Burnside and feared that his appointment was as hazardous an experiment as that of Pope had proved to be.

And the soldiers not only had confidence in McClellan as a military leader and loved him for the spirit of comradeship and unassuming kindness that he always showed toward them, but they greatly esteemed him as a man as well as a soldier. It was known to all the army that General McClellan was a man of the highest integrity, of noble character, and was a sincere and devout Christian in his acts and conduct as well as in belief. During his whole life and in spite of the fact that he was once a candidate for the Presidency, no breath of suspicion even ever reached him. General Cutcheon, who, after he left the army and while he represented his district in Congress, felt politically impelled to be severe in his criticisms of McClellan, told me that at one time while attending a religious gathering of some sort at Orange, N.J., he was entertained at the home of General McClellan. And Gen. Cutcheon seemed to want words to express his admiration for General McClellan for his high character, his great intelligence, his fine education, his knowledge of men and events and, above all, his manifestly sincere and unlimited regard for and kindness to everybody with whom he came in contact. And I remember that Gen. Cutcheon made this remark: "General McClellan was the finest type of a Christian gentleman I ever met."

An able military writer, in describing the transfer of the command of the army, says: "One of the minor characters in 'Macbeth', reporting the execution of the Thane of Cawdor, says, 'Nothing in his life,

'Became him like the leaving it.'

"So neither does McClellan appear to greater advantage at any time during his whole career than he did when he accepted, unquestioningly and without a murmur or protest, the decision of the Administration and transferred the baton of power, which he had wielded so long, to his suc-

cessor. * * * Whatever wild anger broke out among his subordinates, it did not receive the slightest countenance from him. It is more than likely that he had anticipated this mandate for weeks, and also that Burnside would be his successor, and it is claimed for him, with much show of truth, that he kept Burnside with him and informed him carefully of his plans, so, in case he was called upon to do so, he could serve his country by carrying them out without a hitch.

"The news was received by the army with general and sincere manifestations of sorrow * * *"

On Sunday, November 9, the men belonging to our division were, by order of General Willcox, assembled and prayers were offered for the success of General Burnside and his command. The boys engaged in this petition very heartily, realizing that without our former commander there was great need of Divine interposition in our behalf. At that service there was read to us General McClellan's farewell order, which was characterized by the military authority just referred to as "marked by the greatest dignity, tact and good taste." The order was as follows:

"Officers and Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac:

"An order of the President devolves upon Maj.-Gen. Burnside the command of this army. In parting from you I cannot express the love and gratitude I bear to you. As an army you have grown up under my care. In you I have never found doubt or coldness. The battles you have fought under my command will proudly live in our nation's history. The glory you have achieved, our mutual perils and fatigues, the graves of our comrades fallen in battle and by disease, the broken forms of those whose wounds and sickness have disabled--the strongest associations which can exist among men--unite us still by an indissoluble tie. We shall ever be comrades in supporting the Constitution of our country and the nationality of its people."

The appointment of our corps commander to the command of the army left our division commander

in command of our (the Ninth) army corps and General Burns, who had been in command of a brigade in the Second corps, was assigned to the command of our division. Gen. Burns was one of those southern sympathizers who were kept in military positions by their friends in the departments at Washington who were only half loyal to their country. He never won distinction in the army, so far as I ever heard, was in command of our division less than two months and then, as Gen. Cutcheon says, "General Burns disappeared from our horizon. We saw very little of him in the brief period that he was in command, and few of the men would have recognized him had they met him." And none of them would have cared to recognize him as he was the most bitterly hated man by the entire division of any of whom I had any knowledge while in the army. This was because of his brutality to the men under his command. One of the first orders issued by him after taking command of the division was to the effect that any one in the division who might be detected in taking the property of any kind belonging to the inhabitants of the country through which the army passed would be punished with death. At the time this order was issued I had in my haversack the whole or a part of a fine fat duck that I had captured on the plantation of the Confederate General Ashby who was killed later in the war. To us it seemed illogical that we should invade the south and make war on those of its inhabitants who were known to be in arms against the government and at the same time refrain from taking the food-stuffs belonging to them of which we were in need. The only thing accomplished by the order was to arouse the enmity and contempt of the soldiers for the man who issued it, as I never heard of a military execution for foraging and I can testify that after the order foraging in our regiment increased instead of diminishing.

But the changes in the command of the army, the corps and the division were not the only ones that directly affected our regiment, as a

change in the organization and command of our brigade was made at about the same time, the Fiftieth Pennsylvania under command of Col. Christ being transferred to the second brigade of our division and the Second Michigan, with its Colonel--Orlando M. Poe--transferred to our brigade from Berry's brigade of the Fifth corps, so that our brigade then consisted of the Second, Seventeenth and Twentieth Michigan and the Seventy-ninth New York. This arrangement made Colonel Poe (who had just been nominated brigadier general of volunteers) commander of our brigade. And he was not only the best commander our brigade ever had but was one of the best in the army during the war. Of him General Cutcheon says:

"He was a thorough soldier, of splendid physique, tall, commanding and soldierly in appearance. He was a strict disciplinarian, and made his influence felt upon his command. But his nomination as brigadier general was not confirmed by the Senate and being a 'recess appointment' it expired on March 4, 1863. On March 3 he was made captain U.S. Engineers, and having resigned as Colonel of the Second Michigan, February 16, 1863, fell back upon his commission in the regular army and served in his regular rank until the end of the war, principally upon the staffs of Generals Burnside and Sherman. He went with the latter on the Atlanta campaign, then on the 'March to the Sea' and thence to the final surrender of General Joe Johnston's army. He was successively breveted major, lieutenant-colonel, colonel and brigadier general in the regular army for gallant and meritorious services. Politics and politicians stood in the way of his advancement. Had he been confirmed brigadier general there can be no doubt that he would have risen to high rank and command before the end of the war. In him the volunteer service/¹⁸⁶¹ a most accomplished officer, a gallant soldier and a scholarly gentleman."

I add to what Gen. Cutcheon says of him that General Poe was always my ideal soldier. He was a graduate of West Point Academy, a master of

his profession, one of the most skilful engineers the army ever produced, as brave as a lion, indefatigable from morning until night in his labors for the discipline and efficiency of his brigade, the finest instructor and drillmaster of a soldier, a company, a regiment or a brigade that I ever knew, strict in discipline and withal so kindhearted that I have seen him stop in his rounds about the camp and correct the awkward and incorrect movements of a private soldier on guard in a manner so gentle and kindly that when he had finished the instruction the soldier felt as if he had received a compliment instead of being corrected. And I have often mentioned in public addresses as well as privately the fact that soon after he took command of our brigade he directed that every morning at a certain hour all commissioned and non-commissioned officers of the brigade should appear on the parade ground, only the field officers and the ranking captain of each regiment to wear swords, all others to appear with the arms and accoutrements of a private soldier. They were then drilled every morning for an hour in the manual of arms and other rudiments of military tactics, General Poe's theory being that no man had a right to command another to do anything that he could not himself do and do well.

General Poe was also a fine scholar and a man possessing much literary taste and talent. J. D. Burns of Kalamazoo once told of an occasion when two of the most scholarly citizens of Detroit and General Poe were made a committee to present to the Loyal Legion of the State resolutions on the death of General Sheridan. When the committee met to consider the resolutions drafted by each of the members of the committee the resolutions framed by General Poe were so greatly superior to any of the others that the other members of the committee refused to consider the presentation of any part of the resolutions that had been drafted except those suggested by General Poe.

But unfortunately for Gen. Poe and still more unfortunately for the country, the General was a

democrat and an ardent friend of General McClellan and for those reasons Chandler, Wade and Cameron succeeded in preventing the confirmation of his nomination as brigadier general. But the loss thus sustained by the volunteer service was almost compensated for by the gain to the regular service, as Gen. Poe, by the great ability displayed by him as the chief engineer of General Burnside's and afterwards of General Sherman's army, made for himself a great reputation and attained to the rank in the regular army that was denied to him in the volunteer service. So that the stupid, malicious and unpatriotic action of Chandler & Co. injured the nation only and did little injury to Gen. Poe.

The ship canal with its locks at Sault Ste. Marie, among the wonders of the world, was largely constructed under the direction of General Poe, the Poe Lock having been named in his honor after his death. After the close of the war I met Gen. Poe at reunions of the Second Michigan and came to know him quite well. And I found him to be a pleasant, courteous and unassuming gentleman, and a friendly comrade, as admirable in peace as in war.

It may be thought strange by those who read this work that I should devote so much space to descriptions of the commanders under whom I served in the war. I can only say what I have,, in effect, said in regard to my comrades of the war, that who those men were and what they did form an important part of the story of my life in the army and are much more deeply engraved on my memory than the events in which I took part, and if I were to omit those features of the narrative I should take nothing approaching satisfaction and very little pleasure in preparing it.

Having been inactive for a little more than a week for the purpose of changing commanders, the army resumed its march on the 15th of November, but in a different direction. Our march on the first day brought us to the fords of the Rappahannock near White Sulphur Springs. There I first tasted natural sulphur water and liked it

in spite of the odor. And there we first came in contact with the enemy, a Confederate battery on the opposite side of the river opening on our wagon train. A battery accompanying our division replied and intermittent cannonading was kept up as long as we remained in that position. There were no casualties, I think. We formed in line of battle fronting the fords and retained that position during the remainder of the 15th and on the 16th until late in the afternoon when we were ordered to march and overtake the rest of the corps. The night was as black as pitch, rain was falling and the road was not a road at all but a mere way, largely through woods, the soil of slippery clay and our course impeded by stones, rocks, stumps, logs and other obstacles. Under such conditions General Burns inhumanly compelled a march of over fifteen miles in about seven hours with few and short halts for rest. This course occasioned many accidents, men slipping and stumbling and falling on rocks or other obstructions, a number having limbs fractured, a great many receiving severe bruises, and I was told on the following day that four men had died from the suffering and exhaustion of the march. How true the latter statement may have been I do not know.

Naturally there was much complaining and cursing by the men, but I affected to treat the whole matter as a huge joke, a lark, and kept up a stream of talk that was designed to be funny but the purported wit must have been largely elephantine or inane. But the talk served its purpose and kept both the officers and the men near my end of the company laughing much of the time. We bivouacked near Bealton at about midnight, and the fact that we did not again march until after noon of the following day proved that all the suffering of the men in the night march had been wholly unnecessary as the march could as well have been made after daylight in the morning or double the time that was allowed for it could as well have been taken.

Leaving the vicinity of Bealton we proceeded by easy stages until the afternoon of the 19th

when we reached Falmouth nearly opposite Fredericksburg. It was the intention that we should immediately occupy the city and the heights beyond it, a cavalry reconnaissance on the day of our arrival having shown that no hostile troops except a small guard were in the city. But just at that stage of the campaign there was revealed another blunder on the part of the War Department which in the end proved to be fatal to the campaign. Between us and the city was a wide, deep river, the Rappahannock, which we were expected to cross on pontoon bridges to be constructed of boats which were supposed to be on hand for that purpose. But the boats were not there. Inquiry revealed the fact that the pontoons had, through the negligence of the War Department, not yet left Washington. Before they could arrive the entire Confederate army had occupied the city and the heights and the campaign had failed. Of course Burnside's plan, which contemplated the existence of a river impassable except by bridges, between his army and that of the enemy, was a faulty one, but it might have succeeded had the officials of the War Department attended to their part of it.

All that remained for us to do was to go into camp and wait for a new plan to be formed. And that we did, having in full view the enemy across the river constructing earthworks, planting cannon and drilling almost incessantly and making every preparation for repulsing any attack we might make. The enemy's pickets were extended along the river on the south bank, ours on the north bank. Between these pickets a lively exchange was carried on, we sending coffee over to them on pieces of board or in any other available way, and they sending tobacco to us by the same means. The first time that I went on picket--November 24--gave me the first opportunity I had to talk with the Confederate soldiers, which I did quite frequently later in the war, but the width of the river at Fredericksburg made anything like convenient conversation out of the question.

In the mean time we devoted much time to drill and constructed winter quarters. The latter was done by felling rather slender pine trees, cutting the logs into lengths of about six feet, splitting them in halves and inserting one end of each half in the earth about two feet and in this way forming a stockade enclosing a space about eight feet square with a narrow door in one end and an opening for a fireplace in the other. On the top of this stockade slender rafters were placed and these were covered with pieces of shelter tent, forming a peaked roof or covering. A chimney was constructed, either of sticks plastered with clay or of discarded barrels with the heads removed. Bunks made of light poles, placed one above another, like berths in a steamer, were constructed at the sides of the structure, and on these we spread our blankets and slept at night and sat or reposed by day. There was little more than space enough in the stockade to contain the bunks and leave enough space to pass between them to the fireplace. And in one of these tents, or shacks, as they were called, indifferently, Corporals Freeman and Williams, John Larkin, Dan Hubbard, Perry Manchester and I made our quarters during the early part of the winter and until Hubbard was taken to the hospital and the rest of the squad, as these associations were called, went with the corps to Newport News. These huts were no warmer than a shelter tent, but were a trifle more comfortable and convenient in some ways.

Orders preparatory to a movement of the army were issued to us on the 9th of December and others of a similar nature on the tenth. When the first orders were issued it was Burnside's intention to cross the river on the 9th in obedience to directions from Gen. Halleck the crossing to be about twelve miles below the city. This plan was not so good as the one conceived by Hooker in the following spring, but was a passably good one whether Halleck originated it or only approved of it. But this intention was frustrated by coming to the knowledge

edge of Lee, and Jackson was sent down the river to prevent the crossing. Burnside then formed the fool-hardy plan of attacking the works directly in the rear of the city and capturing them before Jackson could return to Lee's part of the army and Thursday, the 11th, was appointed for the movement. This plan might possibly have succeeded had there been no delay of even an hour in its execution. But unexpected delay is always to be apprehended and allowed for in all military movements.

At half past four o'clock in the morning of December 11, 1862, while I was on the way to a spring with a number of canteens to procure water, I heard two cannon shots in quick succession to the south of the river. These were signal guns directing Jackson's return. Jackson quickly put his men in motion and at a little after noon was in his place on the right of Lee's line.

We fell in and formed on the color line at eight o'clock in the morning according to orders, but the delay in laying the pontoons (caused by the activity of Confederate riflemen in the stone basement of a building or in rifle pits, on the south bank of the river) was so great that the bridges were not laid until nearly sunset. About mid-forenoon General Burnside ordered all the batteries of the army that could be put into position to open on the city. This was done and for a few hours the thunder of more than one hundred and fifty cannon seemed to shake the planet. It was probably the heaviest cannonading at any time during the war, but was a total waste of ammunition, as the work of the enemy's riflemen was not interrupted for a moment.

We remained in line until about sunset, then moved toward the bridge a mile or more. But as the Second corps was crossing, so we returned to our camp for the night. At sunrise in the morning of Friday, December 12, we crossed the river and formed in line on the river bank and there remained all day long, while the troops--infantry, artillery and a small body of cavalry, poured in three continuous streams over the

three bridges, about half a mile apart, one for each of the three grand divisions of the army. The crossing was not effected until nearly sunset, demonstrating that Burnside's plan for attacking Lee before Jackson could return, was a failure from its inception. This being evident Burnside should have recrossed the river and formed a different plan. But as he knew that retiring without giving battle would result in his removal from the command of the army, he had no choice but to attack the enemy and trust to luck for the result.

At about two o'clock on Friday I started to go to the crest of a small ridge in our front, from the top of which a large number of soldiers were viewing the earthworks of the enemy. Just then one of the Confederate batteries opened on this group. The first shell passed at a considerable distance above our heads, flew over the river and buried itself in the opposite bank without exploding. The next instant I saw a ball of smoke, about six inches in diameter at first and quickly spreading, some feet in front of me and about thirty feet above the earth, and at the same instant a sergeant in another regiment fell to the ground, the upper part of his head carried entirely away by a piece of the shell which had just exploded. Up to that moment I had been so constituted that I could hardly bear to look at the dead body of a human being or to see an animal killed. But I saw what I have just related with a feeling almost of indifference and when I afterwards saw men fall dead or wounded I had no feeling except that of sorrow on account of their misfortune. The reason for this change I am wholly unable to explain.

When the shelling began I was astonished to see both the officers and men of our regiment and of other regiments, rush to the shelter of the stone basement of a large building and throw themselves flat on the ground for protection from the shells, pieces of which continued to fly about rather thickly for some time. I had supposed that when soldiers were fired upon

they stood firmly in line whatever might be the conditions. But after a little time I went and layd down with the others, as I found myself standing wholly alone. The shelling continued for some time and a number of the men in our division were killed or wounded. Shortly after dark our division was moved about a quarter of a mile towards the left of our line, out of the city, and where a bluff of moderate height protected us from the view of the enemy. And there we bivouacked for the night. The day had been warm and sunny but the following night was cold. Gen. Cutcheon is mistaken in saying that there was snow on the ground, as Mary Johnston is in saying that the weather was freezing. There was not a particle of snow on the ground and except for the cold during the night of the 12th and the fog in the morning of the 13th the weather was clear and almost uncomfortably warm and springlike.

The battle of Fredericksburg proper was fought on Saturday, December 13, 1862. There was one remotely possible chance for the Union army to win a victory. In the battle of Gravelotte, Von Moltke pressed the left of the French army with a strong force, but held his troops at that part of the line in leash, going so far as to remove one of his subordinates for pressing the enemy too vigorously and sacrificing his men needlessly. And all the time Von Moltke was hurling the great bulk of the German army, column after column, without pause, against the French right wing until it was forced to give way and the retreat to Metz, the siege of that city followed. A few years ago I went over the battlefield of Fredericksburg, and to me it was as plain as a pikestaff that Burnside's one chance of winning the battle of Fredericksburg was by adopting the tactics used by Von Moltke at Gravelotte several years later. The works on the left of the Confederate line -- in front of Sumner and Hooker -- were absolutely impregnable. Those on the Confederate right -- in front of Franklin -- could have been carried. Had Burnside held one grand division against the Con-

federate left, not to assault the works but to press the enemy with sufficient vigor to prevent the detachment of troops to reinforce the Confederate right, and had he thrown both his other two grand divisions--to the last man, if necessary--against the Confederate right, it might have been possible to win the battle. A nebulous idea of breaking the right wing of Lee's army seems to have been in Burnside's mind, but his grand division and corps commanders afterwards claimed that at the council of war held on Friday evening, Burnside submitted no definite plan of the battle, and his orders issued on Saturday morning were so indefinite as to be hardly understandable.

Friday night we lay on our arms (that is, with clothing and accoutrements on and with our rifles by our side) and at four o'clock on Saturday morning we were called up and made a hasty breakfast of cold food from our haversacks--as no fires were allowed--still keeping our places in line. Our regiment was taken out of the line and to the rear and drilled for about half an hour in the movement of forming in column from a line and again deploying into line. The ground was rough and covered with weeds waist high, so that the drill was difficult and our captain had a bad fall from stepping into a hidden ditch. What the object of that drill was I could never imagine. After it we returned to our place in the line. A dense fog which came on about midnight, obscured the whole landscape so that nothing could be seen at a distance of twenty feet from the observer. To the soldiers of the entire army the watchword "Scott" was given, to be used by them in case of their becoming separated in the fog.

It was nearly ten o'clock when the fog lifted and soon we heard the boom of cannon to our left and towards the position of the enemy, the reports at first at frequent intervals and speedily increasing until the sound of the cannon was an almost continuous roar. And speedily there came to our ears the indescribable sound of musketry in battle, the crackling roll

of thousands on thousands of rifles, not in volleys but fired at will, the reports following and mingling with each other like the explosion of millions of kernels of corn of gigantic size in a pepper constructed on a tremendously large scale. And at the same time there came from our front and away to the right the sound of cannon, not like that to our left but at much less frequent intervals, and also the sound of lively skirmishing, indicating a demonstration in force rather than an assault. And with this Benjamin's battery of six twenty pounders, rifled guns belonging to our division, on Stafford heights directly across the river from where we lay, awoke and began to throw shell over our heads at the enemy's line from a mile to a mile and a half away. Many of these shells were of bad quality and exploded prematurely, one exploding as it left the gun, others over our heads or in our rear, wounding a number of men in our division. Some of the enemy's guns attempted to reply, but their range was much too short, so that their shells instead of reaching Benjamin or even the river exploded or fell before reaching us, or in front of us, or in our rear and all about us. There were some casualties in our division from this fire, but the number of killed and wounded was not great. And thus the battle went on for two or three hours, possibly longer.

The position of our division was to the left of Hooker's grand division and the rest of Sumner's (our corps being a part of Sumner's grand division), the intention being that when Franklin had broken the enemy's line and was well established, our division was to move forward and connect Franklin's troops with the rest of the army. I should have stated before that Franklin's grand division consisted of the First and Sixth corps, Sumner's of the Second and Ninth corps and Hooker's of the Third and Fifth corps. But two divisions of the Third corps had been put under the command of Franklin, giving him command of more than half the army.

In making the attack Franklin should have thrown in at least two entire corps. Instead of that he sent in just one division--Meade's. That division, with most sublime courage and determination, hurled itself upon the enemy, broke his line and thus opened a way for the whole Army of the Potomac to pass through, establish itself on Lee's right and in his rear, which would have compelled him to come out of his works and retreat towards Richmond with a force superior to his own on his flank. But Meade's division was left almost wholly unsupported and Jackson concentrated upon it an attack by the whole of his corps and drove it back to its former line at about two o'clock in the afternoon. While Meade's division was occupying the line captured from the enemy our division was ordered to the left and towards the front, not to support Gen. Franklin, as Gen. Cutcheon erroneously states, but as part of the plan for our division which I have stated. This brought us into the open and in plain sight of the enemy. We were formed in two lines of battle, our brigade being in the front line. Before this movement could be effected a Confederate battery about a quarter of a mile away opened upon us vigorously and for a time the shells exploded and fell about us thick and fast and some losses in killed and wounded in our division were sustained. We were ordered to lie down and did so, receiving their fire and enduring it as best we could. A battery of twelve pounder brass Napoleons, temporarily attached to our division and which was intended to accompany us in the assault, went into battery in our front and engaged the Confederate battery. But the latter was strongly intrenched and in less than an hour the Union battery retired with a loss of several men, several horses and with one badly broken gun carriage. This artillery duel was directly in our front and plainly seen by us. Between three and four o'clock our division was returned to its former position.

Before the movement of our division which I have just described and at a little before noon

Grandfather whenever Grandfather disagrees with you. Cutcheon, I believe that he is correct because I know that he (Geo. Bush) kept a meticulously accurate daily account of this story of his Army experience was written from his daily record.

607th Bde. - I have always actually killed forward beans

I took from my haversack a few pieces of hard bread and ate them and they, with water from my canteen, constituted a sample of each of the meals I ate during the four days that we were south of the river as no fires were permitted and no warm food of any sort could be prepared. Soon after I had finished this frugal repast the cook for the officers mess of our company came across the river bringing to the captain and the orderly sergeant of our company (neither one of the two lieutenants being with the company) their dinner. While they were eating it Orderly Sergeant Hicks called to me, "George, you like burned things, bring your plate here and get some beans." I obeyed with alacrity and the sergeant filled my tin plate with beans too badly scorched to be eaten by any one else but not a whit worse for my eating. I went back to my place, a few feet away, resumed my seat on my knapsack and was sitting there with my tin plate partly resting on my knees and partly held by the edge in my left hand, I carrying on an animated conversation with the captain and sergeant and in the mean time "shoveling away manfully," as Scott says of Dominic Sampson, when a shell burst near the crest of the bluff and before I had time to look up an irregular fragment, somewhat smaller than a hen's egg, struck my plate near the center, went down between my knees and between my feet, carrying the plate with it and burying itself with the plate in the ground to the depth of several inches and utterly ruining the plate. I do not remember that I moved a muscle, but my face must have been as white as chalk when I looked up to Captain Barnes--who had sprung to my side--and said, "I like my beans shelled but not in that way."

Not long after noon Burnside, impatient at the want of progress by Franklin, decided to attack the enemy's left wing in front at once. This decision was as wicked as it was foolish and futile. To carry the works on that part of the line by storm was a military impossibility and it is incredible that Burnside did not know it.

But, goaded by Stanton and Halleck into fighting a battle, Burnside would appear to have been utterly reckless of consequences in performing the mandate of the War Department. So a tumult like that which had raged on our left in the forenoon, now broke out in our front and at our right as brigade after brigade and division after division of as brave and patriotic men as ever drew breath were hurled against the impregnable works of the enemy, only to go down like grass before the scythe of the mower. And thus some hours went by.

Late in the afternoon there was a lull in the fighting and Sumner and Hooker sent word to Burnside that it was wholly in vain to attempt to pierce the lines of the enemy. But Burnside, made desperate by the failure of his plans, ordered a renewal of the assault. His order was obeyed and I was afterwards told, and do not doubt the correctness of the story, that after the assault was over Hooker sent a message to Burnside asking him if the result of the latest attack had appeased for the time his -- Burnside's -- apparently insatiable thirst for blood.

It was sometime after sunset when I went to the crest of the bluff behind which our division was sheltered and, heedless of the occasional stray bullets and shells or fragments of shells which flew over us or struck near us, I watched the charge of Humphrey's division. And the scene was one that one could never possibly forget. The western sky was red as blood and the darkness had come on to such an extent that the long lines of Humphrey's division were barely discernible as the men moved slowly up the slope, the twinkling flashes of their rifles breaking into innumerable points of light, forming a part of the picture impossible to describe or imagine. And all the time the air was filled with a volume of sound louder than ten thousand thunders, our artillery roaring all along the line, the shells from Benjamin's battery flying over our heads thick and fast, the batteries of the enemy on Marye's Heights

belching forth flame and iron hail, while two divisions of Confederates, crouched behind a stone wall at the edge of a sunken road, were firing on the advancing lines, the flashes of their rifles with those of Humphrey's men forming parallel lines, twinkling, flashing, scintillating light, the enemy fully protected by the earthworks and by the stone wall, while a withering storm of lead and iron was beating upon the unprotected forms of the men of Humphrey's division. And all the time, mingled with the thunder of the artillery, the rattling, crackling, crashing sound of musketry from the long lines of contending infantry, seemed to fill the air from the earth to the heavens. Between me and the western sky were outlined the belfry and the spire of a church, and from the belfry a United States signal officer was signaling our batteries while a battery of the enemy was hurling shells at the belfry as rapidly as one could count, some crashing through the belfry, others exploding in or near it and the fragments flying in all directions, but the signaling went on without the interruption of a single movement.

Gradually the firing of Humphrey's division diminished, the flashes became less and less frequent and finally died out altogether, and more than one thousand of the heroic men of the eight regiments of that small division lay on that bloody slope dead or suffering from severe wounds as darkness shut the scene from my eyes. Shortly afterwards our regiment was taken out of the line and moved to the front about a quarter to half a mile to support the pickets in our front. The day had been quite warm and the night was somewhat cold, but fires were out of the question and we dared not unroll our blankets. So we lay down as we were. Picket firing at our front was brisk and many bullets passed over us and some struck in or near our ranks, while an occasional shell flew over us or burst near us. Whenever the latter occurred I awoke but soon dropped off to sleep again.

Before daybreak of Sunday morning, December 14, we moved quietly back to our former place and xx

when the morning was well advanced our division was ordered into the outskirts of the city and there formed for an assault on the works of the enemy. On the night before Burnside had announced his intention of placing himself at the head of our corps and storming the heights in our front, but was notified by his subordinate commanders that he must do nothing of that kind without first turning over the command of the army to some one else. He then abandoned the idea of leading the assault but adhered to his determination to order an assault by our corps in column of regiments, our division to lead the corps, our brigade to lead the division and our regiment to be the second in the brigade. We were formed in this manner and while awaiting the order to advance a brief impromptu service of prayer and song was conducted by some one whom I supposed to be the chaplain of one of the regiments in our division. I will say here as an aside, that it was not our chaplain, that he was not with us in that nor in any other battle, that we seldom saw him, that not on one Sunday in twenty did he conduct a service and that he was not of the least value to us, spiritually or temporally in any way during the whole period of our service.

When the service was ended I went from my place near the left of the company and exchanged goodbyes with my chum Larkin who was near the right. Neither of us had any idea that we should live to speak to each other again. Gen. Cutcheon, some years before his "History" was published, told me in detail the conversation had with General Longstreet, of which the main features appear on page 45 of the History, and how Longstreet said to him that when he--Longstreet--saw our corps formed for the assault he really pitied us, knowing that not one of us could ever reach their lines alive, but added, "But you know that war is war." Before the battle Longstreet had told Lee that a chicken could never cross the space in front of their batteries and live. And it does not need to be said that had the order to advance been given

on that fateful Sunday morning the chances are a thousand to one that this account of the battle would never have been written.

But Burnside's subordinate commanders had insisted on a council of war that morning and at the council had protested so vigorously and to the verge of insubordination against Burnside's criminally foolish design that he was virtually compelled to abandon it. And at a little before noon an aide came from the Court House where the council was in session, with orders that we should return to our former position, which we did. And there we lay under arms during all the remainder of that day and the whole of the day following. On both days the weather was fair and the air balmy and springlike. On Sunday night there was one of the finest displays of the Aurora Borealis that I ever beheld.

After dark on Monday evening the pontoon bridges were covered with earth, the wheels of the artillery muffled, and at about ten o'clock in the evening we moved to near the south end of our bridge where we stood in line for more than two hours while the troops of the Second corps and some parts of our corps were crossing the bridge. At some time after midnight our division crossed the bridge and we returned to our former camp. Before daylight the pontoon bridges were each detached at the southern end, allowed to swing with the current to the north bank of the river, taken apart and removed. The Fredericksburg campaign was ended.

CHAPTER V.

NEWPORT NEWS.

The battle of Fredericksburg resulted in the worst defeat that any Union army suffered at any time during the war. In the first place, the losses in killed, wounded and missing (prisoners) were very great, the number killed being 1284, wounded about 9000 and missing about 7000. It is true that at Antietam the aggressive and vigorous fighting which McClellan forced along the whole line resulted in a greater loss in killed and wounded than at Fredericksburg, the number of killed being 2010 and of wounded 9416 though the number of missing was very small. But at Antietam a very much greater loss was inflicted on the enemy than was suffered by the Union army, the number of Confederates killed being probably more than 3000, as more than 2700 of their dead were buried by the Union army and hundreds of others were doubtless removed from the field by the Confederates. And while no figures are available, it is inconceivable that the number of wounded could have been less than in the Union army, thus making Antietam the bloodiest battle in the whole war. But at Fredericksburg the Confederate losses were trifling. And Antietam was a great Union victory in which the enemy's troops were driven from their positions everywhere, suffered terrible losses and their plan of campaign was completely frustrated. And had Burnside aided in carrying out McClellan's plan for the battle by attacking at the time when he was ordered by McClellan to do so, it is more than probable that Lee's army would have been wholly destroyed. And the army made no complaint, however frightful the losses might be, as long as a greater loss was inflicted on the enemy and a substantial victory won.

The Comte de Paris, one of the most able military critics of the time of the Civil War, in pointing out how the strategy and tactics of Lee in the Antietam campaign were faulty and

(inferentially) the superiority of McClellan's says of the Confederates:

"On the field of battle they had ended by losing considerable ground throughout the whole extent of their line from Dunker church to the last bridge of the Antietam; they had left behind them cannon, flags and several thousand prisoners. On the evening of the 17th the army was so totally broken down that it could not think of resuming the offensive; a return to Virginia had become a necessity. The political results of the battle of Antietam were equally damaging. The Confederates were obliged to abandon the last inch of ground they occupied in Maryland; they ceased to menace Pennsylvania; and instead of having obtained the recognition of neutrals by a bold stroke they had shown that in assuming the offensive they had lost their chief strength. * * *

"There were many causes which prevented McClellan from achieving a more complete victory. * * * The first is to be found in the moral condition of the troops. The army which had been entrusted to him was partly composed of the vanquished soldiers of Manassas, and the remainder consisted of soldiers who had been only one or two weeks in the service, who had never marched, never been under fire, and knew neither their commanders nor their comrades. They fought with great bravery but could not be expected to perform what Lee easily obtained from his men. Their ranks had not that cohesion which enables a commander to follow up a first success without interruption."

But McClellan took the army thus accurately described by the Comte de Paris, made up in part of soldiers who had suffered the disastrous defeats of the Second Bull Run and Chantilly under Pope, and in part of the raw levies also accurately described by the writer above quoted, and with an army thus constituted McClellan won the battle of Antietam. And never in its whole history, either before or afterwards, was the Army of the Potomac in such fine condition as when McClellan turned the command over

to Burnside. At that time both the officers and the men of that army were inspired by the victory at Antietam, the older regiments had fully recovered the morale which had, before the battle of Antietam, been slightly impaired by the defeats they had suffered under Pope, the new regiments had acquired the cohesion that makes an army effective by participating in the fight at Antietam and by instruction, drill and marching afterwards, and all the members of that army, officers and men, in the older and the newer regiments, were filled with enthusiasm over the prospect of victory in the near future. Burnside took that army and literally destroyed it at Fredericksburg. For the strength of an army does not consist so much in its numbers and equipment as in the morale of its members, their confidence in the cause for which they are fighting, in their leaders and in their success. And I do not think that the morale of ~~the~~ the officers and soldiers of the Army of the Potomac was ever at so low an ebb as it was for a time following the battle of Fredericksburg. General Cutcheon says, concerning the effect of the defeat,

"The depressing influence upon both officers and men was very great, and some officers, high up in the regiment, seemed to lose hope and confidence and this was reflected down through the rank and file."

This statement is inaccurate only in that the "rank and file" in the army did their own thinking and formed their own opinions and were not in the least dependent on their officers for their views or feelings. And throughout the entire army both officers and men were disheartened, discouraged and almost despairing. And their deepest feeling was one of bitter resentment on account of the cruel wrong that had been done them. They had sacrificed much, had risked everything, even their lives, and had suffered indescribable hardships for the sake of their country, and both they and the country had been betrayed and sacrificed by the incompetent officials of the War Department and by selfish

politicians acting from most unworthy motives. Their able, trusted and efficient commander had been taken from them and they and their hopes wrecked by the incompetent "butcher of Fredericksburg," as Burnside was then generally spoken of in the army.

The severe criticisms of General Burnside in this volume in connection with the battle of Fredericksburg, are not written because of any personal ill will entertained by the writer for the object of the criticisms. Before his connection with the Army of the Potomac General Burnside had won great and deserved renown by a brilliant and successful campaign on the North Carolina coast, and the East Tennessee campaign which he conducted in 1863 was a masterly exhibition of both strategy and tactics. And the writer cherishes among his valued possessions a photograph of General Burnside with his autograph thereon. In the later years of his life General Burnside ably represented his State in the Senate of the United States, and was in his private character and in his public service outside the army a man greatly to be admired. But he was wholly incompetent to command the Army of the Potomac and no one realized that fact more than he. When the command was offered him he at first declined to accept it, saying to the representative of the President and of the War Department that the only man who was capable of commanding that army and the only one who ought to be considered for that position was George B. McClellan. And he persisted in his declination until he was assured that if he refused to accept the command it would be given to General Hooker, between whom and Burnside the feeling was the reverse of friendly. During the battle of Fredericksburg Gen. Burnside acted like a man beside himself, but the chief blame for the purposeless slaughter on that disastrous field does not rest on him but on the five men "higher up" whose names have been given in preceding parts of this work.

When we arrived at our camp at an hour well past midnight in the morning of December 16, we found our quarters wholly dismantled by a gang

of cowardly recreants who had, on various pretexts, failed to cross the river and take part in the battle. So we threw ourselves upon the ground and fell into the deep sleep of exhaustion of mind and body which follows a great battle. When I awoke at daylight I had been until then wholly unconscious of the fact that it had rained heavily in the latter part of the night and that the blanket over me, the whole of my clothing and the ground under me were as full of water as they could hold. The rain continued for an hour or two and then ceased, but we could find no time for drying our clothing or blankets, as all our time was required for making our quarters habitable. The day was cloudy and the weather grew cold rapidly during the day.

Just at sunset the sky cleared and at about the same time our regiment, under command of Major Cutcheon, was ordered to go on picket along the north bank of the Rappahannock. After arriving at the river the men were stationed along the bank in small groups (called posts) of three or four, each post being placed in charge of a non-commissioned officer. By this time it was dark and the weather being very cold and our clothing and blankets still wet, I ordered the men of my post to make a fire next to one of the piers of a bridge that had been destroyed early in the war, and at other posts fires were built. But shortly afterward Major Cutcheon came along the line and ordered all fires to be extinguished. When he gave me the order I respectfully but firmly remonstrated, calling his attention to the state of the weather and to the condition of the men. His reply was that it was contrary to military rules to have fires at outposts in time of war and that to maintain them would be to incur the risk of being shelled by the artillery of the enemy. I replied by directing his attention to the fact that right across the river, within easy rifle range, the Confederate outposts were standing around bright, warm fires, while behind us and all along the heights were many batteries of

our guns, so that if the enemy should open on us he would soon find that there were two to play that game. Not having the better of the argument the Major fell back on his authority and saying to me that he did not want any argument of the matter, peremptorily ordered the fire extinguished. Very great suffering by the men of our regiment resulted. I remained awake until midnight, keeping a sentry on guard and allowing the others to lie down and sleep, if possible, relieving the sentry at the end of every two hours. After midnight I adopted the plan followed by me while in charge of the camp guard in Pleasant Valley and had the sentry call me when the time for his relief arrived and in the intervals I lay down and tried to sleep. But I found it impossible to sleep lying on the frozen ground on account of the severe cold, my wet blanket being frozen stiff. When morning came we built fires and made ourselves as comfortable as possible until relieved by another regiment at about three o'clock in the afternoon. But I had contracted a very severe cold and became and continued to be quite ill until my illness culminated in typhoid fever in the latter part of the following month. And the death of more than twenty members of our regiment and the serious illness of scores of others were directly traceable to the exposure and suffering during that terrible night on the bank of the Rappahannock, resulting from the foolish and cruel order of Major Cutcheon. In the History of the Twentieth Michigan it is stated on page 46 that

"For a time it was an almost daily thing to hear the fifes of our drum corps shrilly wailing out the death march. On December 27th there were four deaths in the regiment."

And the prevalence of disease and the many deaths in our regiment at that time did not result from "discouragement, * * * bad food and homesickness," to which the author of that work attributes those conditions, but to his own act, as he well knew when he penned that statement.

But this is not the end of the story, and as I cannot remember telling it in "The Story of My Life," I may as well relate the rest of it here although the greater part of the narrative relates to events that did not occur until a much later time. During the time of my army service I was the regular army correspondent of the Battle Creek Journal and occasionally wrote for other papers published in the State. Like the immature and unwise youth that I was, I wrote to some paper an account of the matter just related, severely condemning Major Cutcheon for his part in it. This was both foolish and wrong and naturally brought upon me the enmity of Major Cutcheon which continued during the entire time that he and I were in the service together. Shortly before Colonel Williams left our regiment and at about the time that he made the order promoting me to the rank of corporal, he sent for me and told me that he had observed my conduct and had my name in his "blue book" as he named it, for promotion. He went on to say that as fast as vacancies occurred in the ranks of non-commissioned officers in Company C Captain Barnes would name me for the first vacancies until I reached the rank of sergeant and that he, Col. Williams, would then promote me to the rank of sergeant-major and then lieutenant and afterwards my advancement would depend upon myself and upon circumstances. I thanked him and went my way. But after Col. Williams resigned and Lieut.-Col. Smith had been killed and Major Cutcheon had succeeded to the command of the regiment, he took care that this program should not be carried out. So after I became a sergeant I remained such until the close of the war.

At some time in the year 1864--I do not know just when--the line officers of the regiment, (that is, the captains and lieutenants) without my knowledge, thinking that I ought to have a higher rank in the service, unanimously signed a petition addressed to the Governor of Michigan asking that I be commissioned as second lieutenant. They then presented the petition to

Lieut.-Col. Cutcheon but he refused to sign it, saying that if he were to do so it would bring about my promotion to fill the next vacancy in the rank of second lieutenant in the regiment and that he had other plans. He then endorsed on the petition a statement to the effect that he concurred in all that was stated in the petition concerning my bravery, attention to duty and good conduct as a non-commissioned officer and concurred in the request that I be commissioned as second lieutenant "in any Michigan regiment except the Twentieth Infantry." I never heard of all this or of any part of it until several months afterwards. Whether this petition was ever sent to the Governor or not I do not know but presume that it was. If so the Governor paid no attention to it, as a commission promoting a member of a regiment to a higher rank in that regiment was almost invariably issued at the request of the commanding officer of the regiment and it was rarely the case that a member of one regiment was promoted to a higher rank in another and one of the older regiments from the same State, although Governor Seymour of New York did issue a commission as second lieutenant in a New York battery to Eugene Freeman of my company, but that was the result of political influence. That the petition in my case made no lasting impression on the mind of Governor Blair is evident from the fact that during a rather close acquaintance with him for several years after the close of the war he never mentioned the matter to me.

After Lieut.-Col. Cutcheon left our regiment and the command devolved on Lieut.-Col. Grant, the latter sent for me and said to me that if I would accept the offer he would promote me to the rank of sergeant-major and the next vacancy in the rank of second lieutenant in the regiment would be filled by me. I thanked him but told him that while I appreciated the honor he would confer on me I would, with his consent, decline it as the war was then nearing its close and as I had carried a musket during nearly the whole of my service until then, I

thought that if I should live to see the end of the war I would prefer to say afterwards that I had carried a musket during the whole of my service. Col. Grant replied that if he were in my place he would feel about it precisely as I did and that he should not insist upon my acceptance, but wished me to know that he would be glad to have me fill a higher station in the regiment if I desired it. I repeated my wish to decline the offer and there the interview terminated. This decision by me was a much wiser one than I realized at the time.

But the story does not end even here and although the whole of it is quite familiar to all who will read this book, I will tell the rest of it before proceeding further with the story of my army life. Lieut.-Col. Cutcheon left our regiment to become the colonel of a newer regiment--the 27th Michigan Infantry--and after a time he resigned and returned home before the close of the war. Afterwards, through political influence, he obtained a brevet as brigadier general of volunteers. But he was exceedingly unpopular with both officers and men of the Twentieth Michigan and after the return of the regiment to Michigan and the discharge of the members from the service, their ill feeling was so manifest that he never attended the reunions of the regiment nor had any association with it as an organization in any way.

In 1866 I was, as stated in another work, active in politics and was recognized as having contributed greatly to the election of the delegates from Kalamazoo county to the Republican State Convention held in that year. One of the delegates was my law partner--Hon. Charles S. May--who was the chairman of the convention. Before going to the convention the delegates from Kalamazoo county met in our office to come to an understanding, if possible, in regard to, the candidates to be supported by them in the convention. It was known that Gen. Spaulding and Gen. Cutcheon were candidates for the nomination for Secretary of State, and on my opinion being asked I told the delegates that a more

unpopular candidate among the soldiers and the soldiers of the 20th Michigan especially, could not be presented than Gen. Cutcheon would prove to be if nominated. Thereupon the delegates decided to vote for Gen. Spaulding and the action of these delegates in conjunction with those from other counties who had received similar information, decided the matter and Gen. Spaulding was nominated. Afterwards, and for several years, Gen. Cutcheon made frequent but fruitless efforts to obtain a nomination for some office, prosecuting attorney, member of the legislature and various other offices being the objects of his ambition. But always the members of the 20th Michigan succeeded in thwarting these ambitions. Once when I met him by chance on a railway train he lamented to me most bitterly the fact that while I and others of our regiment were holding good official positions, he could obtain absolutely nothing of that sort. I did not take the pains to inform him why that was the case.

But at the reunion of our regiment in 1874, I moved the appointment of a committee to name the time and place for the next reunion, the orator (as he was then called) and the officers of the association. As I intended I was named as the chairman of the committee and in the committee I proposed the name of Gen. Cutcheon as orator at the next reunion. At first there was bitter opposition to this, but I urged that this be done and in a talk of some length I went over the whole matter of the relation of Gen. Cutcheon to the regiment and called attention to the fact that while others might and did have equal reason, none had greater reason than I to feel resentful towards Gen. Cutcheon on account of the manifest and cruel injustice with which he had treated me. But I argued that it would be the Christian, the manly and the soldierlike way to call the score even, to bury the hatchet, to forgive Gen. Cutcheon's past offences and forget his bad qualities and remember only his bravery and his other good qualities. That during the war we were all

soldiers engaged in a common and a glorious cause and that we ought not to permit the memories of that illustrious time to be marred by the perpetuation of any disagreements or ill feeling that had existed among us. To my proposition the committee reluctantly agreed. In making the report of the committee to the regiment I simply enlarged upon the views I had expressed to the committee and the expression of these views seemed to make a profound impression on the members of the regiment and the report of the committee was unanimously adopted.

At the time of the reunion Gen. Cutcheon was engaged in the trial of a case which had been transferred from his then home county--Manistee--to the Kalamazoo Circuit court. On my return home I did not take the pains to tell him what had been done at the reunion, but in some way he learned the whole story and came to my office to talk with me about it. And for an hour or two or more we had a heart-to-heart talk in which I did not gloss over anything but set before him in order his misdoings as commander of the regiment, beginning with his cruel order to extinguish the fires after Fredericksburg. He broke down completely and before our interview closed many tears were shed but not by me. But I also assured him that all in the past that was unpleasant was "wiped off the slate," that the boys of the regiment, officers and men alike, cordially wished him to come back and be one of us and cultivate only the heroic and the pleasant memories of the war so far as our association was concerned.

The reconciliation between Gen. Cutcheon and the regiment was complete and always thereafter when he could do so he attended the reunions of the regiment and was treated as cordially and seemingly enjoyed those occasions as much as any one. And the ill will of the soldiers towards him having ceased, he succeeded in being elected prosecuting attorney of his county and at some time afterwards he represented that district in Congress for two or more terms. And

after 1874 Gen. Cutcheon and I were always ~~frinds~~ friends and in the later years of his life we were warm friends. While I was in Washington he visited that city occasionally and never came to Washington without calling on me and having a pleasant talk with me about the time when he and I served in the same regiment in the great Civil War.

In the spring of 1867 I learned accidentally that Colonel Grant wished to be nominated for the office of regent of the University and that he would have the support of his own county, Washtenaw, for the office. I easily procured my own election as a delegate to the Republican county convention and introduced in that body a resolution instructing the delegates from the county convention to ~~vote for Col. Grant for~~ ^{the State Convention to} the nomination to the office named. A copy of this resolution appears in one of the volumes of my "Writings" or of "Personal Mention." I question whether any of the delegates in the county convention, except myself, had so much as heard of Col. Grant, but the fact that I introduced the resolution was thought to be a sufficient guaranty of the merits of the candidate and the resolution was unanimously adopted. This action by the Kalamazoo county convention was noted in many of the republican newspapers throughout the State and gave a decided impetus to Col. Grant's candidacy. He was nominated and elected and afterwards by his merit and ability was successively chosen a member of the legislature, circuit judge and Justice of the Supreme Court of Michigan. At the time of this writing he is still living and for some years past has been President of the regimental association of the Twentieth Michigan of which I am at the present time the Vice-President.

The remaining days of 1862, after the battle of Fredericksburg, were to me and to most of the members of the 20th Michigan and to the entire army, dreary and uneventful. For more than two months I did not feel well for a single day or hour, but was on duty whenever my health would possibly permit it. Drills and parades were

rather frequent but were quite spiritless, the faculties of the officers and men seeming to be benumbed by sorrow, disappointment and discouragement. The only little rift in the cloud, that I can remember, was the presentation of a State flag to our regiment with an address by Mrs. Governor Blair, which address was read--not by Surgeon Chubb, as Gen. Cutcheon erroneously states--but, as stated by Walter McCollum in his diary, by Acting Adjutant Pitkin and responded to by Major Cutcheon. Many years afterward, learning that Mrs. Blair was regretting that she had not kept a copy of her address and that she did not know of any in existence, I took pleasure in sending her a copy which I had preserved and which she received with surprise and pleasure, according to an acknowledgment sent me by her son Charles H. Blair, then one of the justices of the supreme court of Michigan.

On the last day of 1862, I noted in my diary--as was my custom--a few thoughts concerning the closing year. The first entry that I made seemed to me, a few days afterward, to be quite too gloomy and bitter, so I erased it and inserted the following:

"At the close of the year 1862 I am grateful to God for preserving my life through the year, but, like thousands of others in this army, I am much dissatisfied with the present condition of our National affairs and dispirited by our recent terrible defeat, which was as unnecessary as it was terrible. It is to be hoped that before long the politicians will let the army alone and give it a chance to win. All that we want is a fair chance to end the war and go home victorious."

Gradually, however, the feeling of despondency which settled down upon the entire army after Fredericksburg began to be less depressing and both officers and men began to take more interest in their work and drills became more frequent and more animated. Early in my service I had procured a copy of "Hardee's Tactics," a very unusual thing for any one but a commissioned officer to do, and studied the same as-

siduously, with the result that my proficiency in all the things I had to perform began to be noted by the officers and men of the company and sometimes by the officers of the regiment. An instance of the latter sort filled me with pride at the time and has been remembered to this day. During a battalion drill by Colonel Williams, while the regiment was in column of companies, the order was given, "Left into line wheel." Being the corporal on the left of Company C I at once faced to the left. The adjutant at once said to me, "Face back again, corporal, and wait for the command 'March.'" I obeyed promptly although I knew that the adjutant was wrong and that I was right. But the colonel, who had observed the incident, at once spoke in a tone that could be heard by the entire regiment, "The corporal is right! When the command is given 'Left into line wheel,' the corporal on the left of each company should face to the left at once without waiting for the command 'March.'"

January 6, 1863, Sumner's grand division was reviewed by General Burnside. When the General with his staff, riding along the line, arrived in front of the colors of each regiment, the commanding officer of the regiment--as was customary--after saluting turned to the regiment and called, "Three cheers for General Burnside." In the 20th Michigan, there were a few scattering cheers, in the 2nd Michigan not a man except the commanding officer opened his mouth. And the same was generally true throughout the whole of the grand division. On previous occasions, when General McClellan reviewed the army, the men almost split their throats cheering. I think that Gen. Burnside acquired more information on that day as to the feeling in the army towards him than he could have obtained in any other way.

On the 20th of January, 1863, General Burnside issued an order to the men of his army announcing that he was to lead them once more against the enemy. His plan was to march the army to the upper fords of the Rappahannock, cross the

river and endeavor to get in the rear of Lee's army, a movement somewhat similar to that made by Hooker in the following spring campaign. And early in the morning of January 21st the movement began and during all the forenoon and part of the afternoon troops were marching by our quarters on their way up the river.

On the morning of January 20th I was so ill that I was unable to leave my bed and was visited in my quarters by one of the surgeons of our regiment. But on receipt of orders to be ready to move on the following morning, I arose from my bed and went out and took part in the battalion drill and dress parade in the afternoon of that day. On the morning of the 21st I was still ill and was also suffering in the afternoon from an attack of acute inflammation of the eyes, so that I had to keep my eyes closely bandaged all the time, making it impossible for me to see anything. Our orders were to have everything packed and to be ready to move at a moment's notice but not to take down our tents until directed to do so. In the mean time, while awaiting orders to strike tents and move, my tentmates urged me to go to the hospital and give up the idea of going with the army. But I declared that I would go even if I had to find a dog to lead me by a string, as I had seen blind men led. This announcement brought upon me jeers and derision and I was denounced as being wholly wanting in good sense.

On January 20th the weather was severely cold but at about dark on that day it began to rain and all day long on the 21st the rain fell in torrents and the wind blew fiercely, making the plight of the marching men extremely uncomfortable. And before dark the roads had become so muddy that it was almost impossible to move the artillery. And in the mean time the enemy had become aware of the movement and had massed a force to dispute the crossing of the river, making such a crossing out of the question, and had posted a huge sign on the south bank of the river, inscribed, "Burnside stuck in the mud." So Burnside's project, as ill conceived as any military plan could well have been, contemplating

as it did an active and extensive campaign in midwinter, had to be abandoned. And so well convinced was I that this must be the case, that at dark and before any orders were received I put a poultice on my eyes and went to bed, feeling certain that there would be no marching orders for us that night. And my opinion proved to be correct. On the following day I felt better, but my ill health continued to be so manifest to everybody that when, a day or two later, I was detailed for guard duty one of the other corporals in the company, Andrew Knight, insisted that I must not attempt the work but that he should go in my stead.

On the 27th day of January, 1863, the disease with ~~my~~^{which} whole system had become infiltrated on account of the exposure and suffering I had undergone during that night on picket following the Fredericksburg battle, took shape and in the afternoon of the day named I became suddenly and violently ill with what the assistant surgeon of our regiment afterwards pronounced to be typhoid fever. But I have since questioned the accuracy of this diagnosis, as the fever left me in about two weeks. But while it lasted I was as ill as one well could be and on the 4th of February the assistant surgeon who attended me expressed to me and to others his opinion that I could not recover. At the beginning of the illness I was advised and urged by the assistant surgeon to go to the hospital and to my refusal to do so I probably owe my life, as the care and attention I received in my tent were very much better than I should have had in the hospital. And here I wish to pay a tribute of gratitude to one and to the memory of the other of the two to whose kindness it was largely due that I survived the illness I have named. Dr. O.P. Chubb, one of the assistant surgeons of the regiment, was as regular, assiduous and kind in his attendance on and care of me during the whole of my illness as if I had been a private, wealthy and favorite patient. He is not now living. The last time I saw him was at the national encampment of the G.A.R. at Boston in

1890. He was one of the party of four who planned to visit Plymouth by steamer on the day on which we started for home, our departure ruining the plan, greatly to my regret then and ever afterwards. John P. Larkin took it upon himself during the worst part of my illness to prepare in the best possible way all the food that I ate. I had nothing whatever in the way of delicacies, not even soft bread for toast. All that I ate had to be prepared from the ordinary ration of the soldier. Larkin is still living and when I last heard he was residing in St. Paul, Minnesota.

After the "mud march" fiasco the criticisms of Burnside as commander of the army became so universal, so outspoken and so pronounced throughout the army and especially by officers holding high positions in the army, that Burnside asked the President to remove from command General Hooker and several other officers of high rank. This the President refused to do and thereupon General Burnside resigned the command of the army and his resignation was accepted on the 25th of January, 1863, and General Hooker was appointed in his place. This appointment was a most unwise one as subsequent events demonstrated. But such events will not be discussed in these pages as they had nothing to do with my life in the army.

But President Lincoln always had a high regard for General Burnside and accepted his resignation with the condition that he should remain in the service, accept the command of the Department of the Ohio and conduct a campaign for the deliverance of East Tennessee. To this General Burnside agreed, with the proviso that he should be allowed to take with him his former command, the Ninth Army Corps. Of this agreement between the President and General Burnside we knew nothing until more than a month afterwards. We only knew that Burnside had been relieved of the command and General Hooker appointed. But this change produced no enthusiasm nor even satisfaction in the minds of the officers and soldiers of the Army of the Poto-

mac, indeed it had a depressing effect as it shattered their hopes that General McClellan might be restored to the command. It is a fact which nearly all the writers of the history of the Civil War have ignored, but which is too well attested to be disregarded, that on the eve of the battle of Gettysburg, when Hooker resigned the command of the army and a rumor ran all through the army that McClellan was to be given the command, the report was received with the wildest enthusiasm. Hooker's appointment was, indeed, no worse than any other would have been at that time, as no one except McClellan, who would have been considered in connection with the position, was capable of filling it and the War Department and the dominating politicians were determined that, whatever might be the consequences, McClellan should not have the command of the army and the President did not dare to act in opposition to their demands.

Early in February it began to be rumored about our camp that we were to leave the Army of the Potomac. This was at first only a vague rumor, but all sorts of conjectures were made, the one most common being that we were to go to Washington and from there on an expedition under Burnside to some point on the Atlantic coast, like the expedition to Roanoke Island in the preceding year. But nothing came to us except rumors until February 9th when we received orders to be ready to march at a moment's notice. This might have meant a general movement of the army but for the fact that the order was issued to our corps only.

On the very day that the order was received, my fever began to abate and on the following day it left me altogether. I recovered but slowly and when on the 13th of February an order came to be ready to move on the following morning, I was able to sit up but was still too ill and weak to walk. Dr. Chubb was insistent that I should go to the general hospital at Washington until I should be more fully recovered, but, with my usual obstinate pertinacity, I was determined "to stay with the boys" and re-

*who gives up all the luxury of
rooms in such a surrender,*

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fused to go to the hospital. On the morning of the 14th of February the troops marched at 5.30 o'clock, A.M. but I, with a few other convalescents, was loaded into an army wagon at five o'clock, A.M., and driven to the railway station near Falmouth, where both troops and convalescents took a train made up of cars of all kinds for Acquia Creek landing. There our regiment took the steamer Thomas Morris (not Robert Morris as Gen. Cutcheon names it) and early in the afternoon steamed down the Potomac and anchored near its mouth at about ten o'clock in the evening. But a storm was raging along the Atlantic coast and a gale blowing on Chesapeake Bay, making the water so rough that the captain of our boat did not dare venture out on the bay that night nor during the following day, but all that time the boat lay at anchor within the Potomac.

Early in the morning of the 16th of February our vessel got under way and ran out on the bay and then, instead of turning northward toward Baltimore and Washington, continued southward, encouraging our hopes that we were going to form an expedition to some point on the Atlantic coast, a very pleasing anticipation to all of us. At about four o'clock in the afternoon the boat reached Fortress Monroe, but stopped there only long enough to receive orders and then proceeded to Newport News on Hampton Roads. We did not reach Newport News until after dark, so we remained on board all night. Newport News--now a large city--was then scarcely a hamlet, there being nothing there except the landing place and less than half a dozen buildings.

On the morning following our arrival the troops disembarked at an early hour but I did not leave the boat until about eight o'clock A. M. During all the trip I had seen little of the company as I had been with the convalescents, and the officers and men of my company naturally thought that on account of my condition some provision would be made for me until I should be able to go to the camp. No doubt

there was, but I did not care to avail myself of it so I picked up my gun and equipments, left the boat and proceeded very slowly to the camp, about two and a half miles from the landing. On my arrival at the camp the boys were really glad to see me, but it would never have done for any of them to express any feeling of that sort, so I was soundly rated by "all hands and the cook," as I noted in my diary, for not only keeping out of bed but for walking the distance that I had and carrying my heavy load. But their looks and the pains they took to provide for my comfort left no room for doubt that their words were far from being an expression of the real state of their feelings.

In this camp near Newport News all three divisions of our corps remained for about three weeks, and two divisions remained just about a month. And the days of that period were indeed "halcyon days" for our regiment, the very best that we saw during the whole period of our service. The camp was, as Gen. Cutcheon states, "upon a high and healthful location on a plain extending for some miles, * * * there were abundant springs of pure water," the air was cool, sometimes very uncomfortably so, but pure and invigorating, that being the first time in my life that I had been at or near the seashore, Hampton Roads, on which our camp was situated, being really a bay into which the James River flows and more a part of the ocean than of the river. It did not add to the salubrity nor to the attractiveness of our camping place, but, as serving to locate it still more definitely, I again quote from Gen. Cutcheon's work:

"Directly in front of our encampment * * * lay the wrecks of the war ships Congress and Cumberland, where they had been sunk by the famous iron clad ram Merrimac a year before."

And at this camp for the first and only time during the whole period of our service, we were supplied with everything really essential to our comfort. At no other time (except for about a month before our final discharge) were our rations of bread other than hard bread; here

they were of soft bread and of nearly everything else we received full rations. And things that could be purchased were abundant and cheap. A quart of the solid meats of oysters just gathered could be bought for ten cents in the depreciated currency of that day, or one could go when the tide was out and gather all the oysters he wished for himself. And other things in the way of food were very good and quite reasonable in price.

And during that month was the only time in the history of the regiment, after leaving Michigan, when we were sheltered by tents other than the shelter tent which has been described. In the camp near Newport News we were supplied with what was known as the "A" tent, in form somewhat like the letter A, about eight feet high and capable of holding six to eight persons. Not long after the establishment of the camp each company of our regiment was divided into what were termed "messes," each mess occupying one or two tents and being under the charge of a non-commissioned officer. In our company each of the non-commissioned officers except myself was in charge of two tents, but as I was the lowest in rank of the non-commissioned officers of the company, I was in charge of only one tent, containing, besides myself, John P. Larkin, Frank M. Howe, Sylvester Lewis and Perry Manchester.

During its stay at Newport News our regiment made wonderful progress in discipline. Both officers and men rapidly recovered from the gloomy, dissatisfied and lethargic feeling by which they had been oppressed during the time after Fredericksburg that we had been a part of the Army of the Potomac. Company and battalion drills were frequent and the brigade drills by General Poe were, to one with military predilections and tastes like mine, a source and occasion of military exultation on account of the brilliancy of the evolutions and maneuvers which were directed and performed. And I well remember one occasion when I was returning to the camp from the landing while a brigade drill was in progress and I could hear distinctly and

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understand perfectly every command given by General Poe, although I was considerably more than a mile from the drill ground.

Under conditions like these I have described it is not strange that I gained rapidly in health. I had several decided attacks of illness during the month of which I am writing, but ~~not~~ none were very severe nor of very long continuance. And from the time when we arrived at Newport News until the close of my army life, my general health slowly but steadily improved. I had frequent attacks of slight illness (as was the case after leaving the service) and in Mississippi was seriously ill; but it remains true that instead of being marked for an early death, as was freely predicted by many when I enlisted, life in the open air for six or seven months, with the drill which I had and the other duties that I performed, corrected the tendency to tuberculosis which had existed in my physical make-up from the time of my birth and gave to me physical stamina and the ability to endure hardship to an extent which had before appeared to be so improbable as to be apparently impossible.

Many changes took place in our company, in the regiment, the brigade, the division and the corps during the stay of the corps at Newport News, some of these changes being mentioned in the History of the Twentieth on pages 47 and 48. On the 27th day of February, 1863, an order by the colonel of the regiment (Colonel Williams) was read on dress parade promoting First Sergeant Hicks to be Sergeant-Major, of the regiment, Corporal Freeman to the rank of sergeant and promoting me to the rank of corporal. A few days later the resignation of Lieutenant Weeks was accepted and he left the company and the service. Soon afterwards Sergeant Barney was named as First Sergeant of the company in place of Sergeant Hicks, but this created no vacancy. In March John Larkin left the company to become a clerk in the office of the brigade commissary and never afterwards returned to duty with the company. In the regiment, Quartermaster Dwight resigned and was succeeded by Adjutant Warner, a

decided change for the better. When the regiment left Newport News Colonel Williams left the regiment and did not return to it except for a very short time not long afterwards. In the brigade General Poe left the command, as has been stated. In the division the change from General Burns to General Willcox as commander was made before the corps left the Army of the Potomac, and the division was virtually without a commander from March 16, 1863, when General Willcox took command of the corps, until after our arrival in Kentucky. During its stay at Newport News General W.F. Smith was in command of the corps until March 16, as has been indicated. On the 13th day of March, 1863, the third division of the corps was sent to Suffolk, Virginia and was there permanently transferred to the Army of Virginia and never returned to the Ninth Corps. And from that time until in the spring of 1864 the Ninth Army Corps consisted of only two divisions. While at Newport News the Ninth Army Corps was a part of the Army of Virginia under General John A. Dix who reviewed the corps February 25, 1863, the only time that I ever saw him. General Dix, while a member of the cabinet, was the author of the famous saying, "If any man attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot."

During the whole of our stay at Newport News rumors as to the ultimate destination of the corps were plentiful, but these were only guesses, and we had then been in the service long enough to discredit rumors and to believe nothing implicitly in relation to our future movements until positive orders were received. On the 16th day of March we received orders to prepare three days' cooked rations and be ready to move at a moment's notice. And this order was supplemented by one received in the evening of March 18, that we should be ready to move at seven o'clock on the following morning. This was the last entire day of our delightful sojourn at Newport News.

CHAPTER VI.

THE KENTUCKY CAMPAIGN.

At four o'clock in the morning of March 19, 1863, I arose, packed my belongings, saw that the members of the mess of which I was in charge did the same, ate my breakfast, and when the bugle sounded the assembly at seven o'clock, A.M. my messmates and I took our places in the line with the rest of the company and regiment, in the midst of a cold wind and driving storm of sleet. But it was not until about nine o'clock A.M. that the order to march was given and the march to the landing occupied another hour, so that it was about ten o'clock A.M. when the right wing of our regiment (Company C being the company on the right of the regiment at that time) went on board the transport steamer Croten. But the work of embarking the corps was so slowly performed that it was not until about three o'clock in the afternoon that our steamer got under way and ran down to Norfolk where it anchored and lay all night and all of the following day on account of a high wind and severe storm of snow, followed by rain. The boat was overcrowded and its occupants were most uncomfortable. In the morning of the 21st. the boat crossed over to Fortress Monroe, but the storm was still raging to such an extent that it was not until three o'clock in the afternoon that our boat weighed anchor and proceeded on its way. Then, for some reason that I never knew, the vessel made its way out into the Atlantic for a number of miles before proceeding up the Chesapeake Bay. The Croten, as its name implied, was a New York vessel, no longer seaworthy, and in the high wind and high sea was tossed about like an eggshell and seasickness among its passengers was the rule and not the exception. I was not seasick, but in spite of the cold and rain and wind I thought it more prudent to remain on deck. While there I saw one of the mates looking up at the walking-beam rather anxiously, and following his gaze I saw

that one of the braces extending from an upright to one of the cross timbers supporting the walking-beam of the old tub had broken loose at the top and the tenon was playing up and down in the mortise to the extent of several inches. Had the thing given way wholly the boat would have gone ashore, with what result to the lives of its passengers can only be conjectured.

Entering Chesapeake Bay, the Creton ran until about ten o'clock at night and then anchored in the Potomac near its mouth. On the following morning at about six o'clock we again got under way and proceeded on our journey up the bay. The storm was over, the bay was smooth, and during the day the sky cleared and the weather became warmer, so that during the part of that voyage which we took on that Sunday we were as nearly comfortable as we well could be in our crowded condition. The vessel arrived at Baltimore at about mid-afternoon, we disembarked at once at a place called Locust Point and soon afterwards boarded cars on the Baltimore and Ohio R.R. These were freight cars, of course, but they had been used for transporting ordinary freight and not cattle, so, while dirty, they were not filthy. But we were crowded into them almost like animals and the two nights and two days we spent on them were quite uncomfortable ones. Our train left Baltimore shortly before sunset, ran as far as Harper's Ferry and there stopped for the remainder of the night.

Before daybreak in the morning of March 23d we were awakened and told to leave the train and get rations of hot coffee and soft bread. I took my tin cup and left the cramped position in which I had been sitting during the night and stepped out on the ground, when a scene of wonderfully romantic beauty and sublimity met my eyes. Day was breaking and in the softened light every object seemed more sublimely and delicately beautiful than in the garish light of day. The place was not then disfigured, as it is now, by mills, manufactories, or other things of that sort, but the scenery was reveal-

ed to the eye in all its natural grandeur and beauty. Looking upward, wherever the gaze was turned, appeared the colossal Maryland, Bolivar or Loudoun Heights, covered with forests and diversified by rocks and glens; from the north the Potomac came roaring down to meet the brawling Shenandoah coming up from the south, the noise of the two sounding like the subdued booming of a cataract or of the surf on the shore, while their waters took on the opalescent hues of early morning. I have been at Harper's Ferry a number of times since then but never afterwards did it have for me the magnificent beauty and sublimity it possessed when I first saw it.

As soon as our refreshing meal of bread and coffee only (the bread without butter and the coffee without milk or sugar) was finished our train proceeded on its way, but so slow was its progress that we did not reach Cumberland until rather late in the afternoon. This place I noted in my diary as being "a thriving city" remarkable for "the beauty of its location" and the picturesque scenery in the midst of which it is placed. I also observed that while the city was grimy with coal dust and smoke the women were exceptionally fair and fine looking. At Cumberland we left the train for an hour or so and were served with bread and coffee as at Harper's Ferry. (Gen. Cutcheon says with "bread, meat and coffee," but if there was meat I saw none of it). Another most uncomfortable night was spent on the train and when morning came the slow train had proceeded no farther than Grafton. At Grafton we received coffee and at the next station bread was passed into the cars. A part of the entry in my diary for that day--March 24--is as follows:

"Our route lay through an exceedingly mountainous country. Passed through 23 tunnels. Reached Parkersburg between five and six P.M. Embarked on the 'Bestona', a first class river steamer. Our company put in the dining saloon. Plenty of room. Rations of hot coffee and soft bread dealt to us on the boat."

The Bestona left Parkersburg at ten o'clock

in the morning of March 25th and after a delightful trip down the Ohio, occupying the remainder of that day and the whole of the succeeding night, we arrived at Cincinnati early in the morning of March 26. The Bestena was one of the palatial steamers which were common on the western rivers in those days, and the journey all the way from Parkersburg to our destination at Louisville was probably the most pleasant that we enjoyed during our service.

General Cutcheon is in error in his account of the incidents of our stop at Cincinnati. The facts are that General Burnside met the boat at the wharf and by his orders the regiment disembarked and was reviewed by him from the east front of the Burnet House while the regiment was on the way to the Fifth Street Market. This time the General was heartily cheered, as the officers and men of the regiment realized the fact that their future service under the General would be very different from what their service was under him while he was in command of the Army of the Potomac. Arrived at the market building we were given a bountiful breakfast of bread, meat and coffee and speedily re-embarked on the Bestena and proceeded down the river to Louisville where the boat arrived at about ten o'clock in the evening. The regiment remained on board the steamer all night.

Early in the morning of March 27th we left the steamer and were given an excellent breakfast, then marched through and out of the city and encamped in a locality called "Preston's Woods," an eastern suburb of the city. Here we resumed our shelter tents and had no other during the remainder of our service. My recollection is that either here or at Bardstown two others were added to my mess (Larkin having left it) and that Frank Howe, Perry Manchester and I slept under one tent, while "Vet" Lewis, as he was called, and the other two slept under another tent, one shelter tent usually covering three persons.

P.M.

At about two o'clock of March 28th we marched to the station of the Louisville and Nashville

Railroad and, after a long delay, took cars at about six o'clock in the afternoon for Bardstown, Kentucky, at which place we arrived at about five o'clock in the morning of the 29th. At Bardstown our camp was in a large grove of yellow poplar trees on the plantation of Ex-Gov. Wickliffe and there we remained until April 2nd, waiting for the whole of the two divisions of our corps to arrive. April 2nd we marched at daylight, marching that day from Bardstown to Springfield, a very long and fatiguing march of eighteen miles and very trying to men who had made no long march in several months. And as soon as the march was over for the day I was detailed for camp guard, so failed to get sufficient rest during the night. At five o'clock in the morning of the following day the march was resumed, but continued for only ten or twelve miles and until early in the afternoon, when we reached our destination--Lebanon, Kentucky, and went into camp in a fine meadow east of the town. The march from Bardstown to Lebanon illustrates the want of sense of some commanders in moving troops and armies. The march on the first day should not have exceeded fourteen miles at the most, and the longer part should have been reserved for the second day. Fortunately the weather was very cool with light snows, else the suffering from the march on the first day would have been even greater than it was.

In the camp near Lebanon our division and, I think, both divisions of the corps, remained from April 3 to April 27, devoting the time to drill, inspections, reviews and other activities designed to promote the discipline of the troops. The weather, which during all the spring had been unusually cold and stormy, became suddenly mild and warm--even hot at times--and the days at this camp passed very pleasantly. Here we first met the Twenty-fifth Michigan Infantry, of which one company was from Kalamazoo county, and among its members was Sergeant Homer Elwell, my favorite and the most advanced pupil in the first school I taught, and one of the officers

of the company was B.F. Travis, a young lawyer from Galesburg, Michigan. Among my most ambitious dreams at that time there was no place for a vision of the time when I should be one of the attorneys in cases before Justice of the Peace Travis, when Homer Elwell would fill an important county office and he and I would be better friends than ever before and when I would be the principal speaker at reunions of that regiment for a number of consecutive years.

In the spring of 1863 Union meetings were being held all through the State of Kentucky, as they were during the whole period of the war. I was in Lebanon on the 6th day of April for a short time while a meeting of that kind was in progress and caught a passing glimpse of one of the speakers, Hon. Charles Wickliffe, a former Governor of the State. On the same day I received my pay for four months, amounting to fifty-two dollars, my pay as a corporal being then the same as the pay of a private soldier.

In the early part of my service I was occasionally called upon to assist the officers of the company in their clerical work, being excused from drill for that purpose. And later I was sometimes called upon to assist the officers of the regiment in the same way. I was a wretched penman but could spell well and when told what the officer wished to say could put it in good shape. This service brought me into a closer association with the field and staff officers of the regiment and this association was of value to me both during and after the war. And one of the peculiar things for which it was never possible for me to account was the fact that even before the close of the Kentucky campaign I began to be known and was always afterwards to every one in the regiment, not as "Corporal Buck" or "Sergeant Buck", as military rules required and as was the case with others, but to all the members of the regiment, officers and soldiers alike, I was known as "George." And this fact occasioned a ludicrous occurrence that took place some years after the close of the war and which I do not remember relating elsewhere.

In 1884 a reunion and encampment of the soldiers and sailors of southwestern Michigan was held for several days at Battle Creek. It was a very large assemblage and the encampment was conducted under strict military rules in all respects, including the addressing of all officers by their proper military titles. At the first dress parade I, as Commander of Orcutt Post, was the first to report at the color line with my command. Former Adjutant and Quartermaster Warner of the 20th Michigan was the Adjutant of the camp and to him I reported with all due military formality, to which he responded with like formality. Then, after posting the guides, he turned to me and, in a moment of forgetfulness, said, "George, bring your men up here."

During our stay in the camp near Lebanon, services were held in the regiment or brigade occasionally, the services on one Sunday being conducted by Rev. F.W. May, the chaplain of the Second Michigan and a brother of my then future law partner, and at another service a very able and eloquent sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Bayliss, the chaplain of the 16th Kentucky Infantry.

In the night of April 26, we received marching orders and at five o'clock on the following morning marched in a southerly direction and were, by some foolish commander who was wholly indifferent to the welfare of his men, compelled to march about twenty miles that day, although the weather was intensely hot and the roads very dusty. I blistered one of my feet badly and there was much suffering among the men of our brigade on account of the fatigue, the heat and the dust. On the following day we marched only about twelve miles between seven o'clock, A.M. and two o'clock, P.M., forded the Green River at a point a little below the piers of a turnpike bridge which had been destroyed by the Confederates in the preceding January, and went into camp near Tampice about two miles beyond the river.

This march from Lebanon to Green River was intended to be the first stage in the journey

of our brigade on the way with the rest of the Army of the Ohio to East Tennessee, our brigade to stop at Green River long enough to rebuild the bridge just mentioned so as to facilitate the transportation of supplies to the army after its entry into East Tennessee. But at Green River an order was received that our regiment should be detached from the brigade and sent to join a force of cavalry under Colonel Richard T. Jacob, then on the Cumberland River, about thirty-five miles south of Green River. Accordingly, after resting over night, our regiment, with a section--two guns--of the Twenty-fourth Indiana Battery, set out at daybreak on the 29th, marched about nine miles to Columbia where we stored our knapsacks, then went on in light marching order about ten miles farther and bivouacked. On the following day we marched about sixteen miles and came up with the command of Col. Jacob, consisting of portions of the 9th, 11th and 12th Kentucky Cavalry then encamped on the Cumberland River several miles south of Jamestown, Kentucky, in a region of almost virgin wilderness, a number of miles from any human habitation, their camp commanding a view of one of the most enchanting portions of the beautiful and quiet Cumberland. On the following day--May first--the crossing began in the forenoon but the river was not fordable and there was nothing but a small, half-rotted, leaky ferry-boat on which to cross, making it necessary to swim the horses, so the cavalry and artillery were not across until about ten o'clock at night. Our regiment then crossed by means of the boat but so few could be taken at a time that it was past midnight before we were across. We then marched about three miles and bivouacked at about two o'clock in the night.

After sleeping about three hours we were awakened, arose, ate a hasty breakfast, marched about sixteen miles that day--May 2--and at mid-afternoon arrived at Monticello, Ky., the objective of the expedition, the primary purpose of the expedition being to create a diversion in favor of General Carter, who, in command of a

force of cavalry and the 27th N.J. Infantry,, went by another road, crossed the river at another point, arrived at Monticello before us and drove out a force of Confederate cavalry under Gen. Pegram. In the evening of the day of our arrival at Monticello I entered in my diary that the Confederates were driven out by the cavalry forming a part of our expedition. I supposed at the time that this was true but learned afterwards that it was not.

Before the close of the first day's march from Lebanon both my feet were badly blistered and during the remainder of the march to Monticello were much swollen, inflamed and sore, so that every step that I took caused me much suffering, but I kept my place in the column. But before we arrived at Monticello the inflammation and pain in my feet made me positively ill but I made no application to be excused from duty. So immediately on our arrival at Monticello I was detailed for guard duty as the only corporal in charge of a small guard to protect the property of a citizen who owned a large plantation just outside the town. And as I had to attend to changing the guard every two hours and dared not trust the soldiers who might be on duty as sentinels to remain awake, I had practically no sleep that night, although I had slept less than three hours on the preceding night. In the morning the citizen asked me in to breakfast and though he was a secessionist he did not poison me as a German would have done under similar circumstances, but gave me a good breakfast and refused my offer to pay for it. At about eleven o'clock in the forenoon I and my men were relieved by another guard and I devoted the rest of the day to sleep. In the night a terrific thunderstorm drove me and my tentmates from our sleeping place and compelled us to change the location of our tent in the midst of the storm. I was still quite ill but gained rapidly on the following day.

The object of the expedition having been accomplished, a retrograde movement was begun in the forenoon of the 5th of May. A heavy shower

of rain drenched us to the skin while we were forming for the march and rain fell at intervals through the day. The following day--the 6th--brought us to the Cumberland which we found greatly swollen by the recent heavy rains making its passage even more difficult than on the southward march. So our regiment remained quietly in camp during the greater part of the sixth and the whole of the seventh and eighth of May while the cavalry and artillery were crossing; the men, guns and horse equipage on the ferryboat while the horses were made to swim. It was a slow process and a number of the horses were drowned.

It should be stated here that all the way from the Cumberland to Monticello and back our boys, the battery boys and the cavalry boys were on the most fraternal terms and as the rapid marching was hard for us some of our boys were at times allowed to ride the battery or cavalry horses while their riders rested themselves by walking. In spite of the wretched condition of my feet I did not attempt to relieve them by riding, fearing that after riding for a time walking would be more painful than before. While on the way to Monticello, as we halted for a few moments one day and I was eating a few mouthfuls of food, a cavalry boy came along and told me a hard luck story of losing some of his rations. By this time much the greater part of the three days' cooked rations with which we had started from Columbia was gone, but I cheerfully shared what I had left with the Kentuckian, for which he seemed very grateful. I mention this circumstance because it explains something that happened later.

In the evening of May 7th as I was going to bed a member of my company went to a stack of rifles in front of our shelter tent, picked up a rifle, cocked it and pulled the trigger, without thinking that it was loaded. The bullet went through our tent so soon after I had laid down that had I been a fraction of a second later in lying down the bullet would have gone directly through my chest.

Late in the afternoon of May 8th a citizen came into our camp and reported the presence of a band of guerrillas some eight miles away, and Col. Jacob gave permission to Captain Wiltsie of our regiment to take men from our regiment and from two of the cavalry regiments and break up or capture this band. In support of this movement our company went with the detachment out on the Monticelle road about three or four miles and there halted while the detachment went on. This movement was executed a little after dark on May 8th. And where our company bivouacked for the night. Captain Barnes, thinking it well that there should be an outpost to give warning should the enemy approach, called for three volunteers for that purpose and Sergeants White, Bidwell and I volunteered and stationed ourselves on the road about ten to fifteen rods on front of the company. I was suffering from a severe nervous headache and that, with my desire to be alert, kept me from sleeping during the night.

I should have mentioned before that when we left Columbia on the Monticelle expedition Captain Barnes asked me to act as file closer, as both Sergeants Barney and Chadwick were for some reason absent and Sergeant Freeman was with the colors. It should be explained that, according to the tactics then in use, on a march the first sergeant marched at the head of the company and the captain by his side, the two lieutenants and the four duty sergeants occupied positions at intervals at the right of the column and acted as fileclosers, while the corporals had places in the front--or left--rank in the column. While moving to the front in line of battle, the first sergeant retained his place at the right of the company, the lieutenants and duty sergeants retained their positions in the rear, while the captain was stationed at the rear of the fileclosers and opposite the center of the company and the corporals kept their places in the front rank. It was the duty of the fileclosers to keep the men in their places, to prevent them from straggling on the march and to see that

they maintained the proper intervals and kept the ranks closed up while on drill or when advancing in line of battle in an engagement. Being a file closer did not give me the rank or the duties of a sergeant except when the company was formed and under arms, although I was generally regarded and treated as a sergeant after the time when we left Columbia.

As the place where we bivouacked in the evening of May 8, 1863, was afterwards a part of the battlefield of Horse Shoe Bend and was the place which we occupied during the greater part of that engagement, I will describe the locality as well as I am able. The description of the battle on pages 52, 53 and 54 of the History of the Twentieth Michigan is inaccurate in many respects, but the following from that work is correct:

"The Cumberland River opposite the mouth of Greasy Creek, near Jamestown, makes a grand curve, returning upon itself, so that after a detour of not less than five miles, it forms a narrow neck not more than one-third to one-half of a mile across. This is known as the 'Narrows' and the curve is designated as 'Horse Shoe Bend.'"

Our camp at Greasy Creek Ford (or Ferry) was at the toe of the horseshoe, the place where we bivouacked was at the extremity of the heel and the extremity of the "Narrows." At that point the road from Greasy Creek Ford to Monticello runs nearly due east and our company was in line on the right hand (south) side of the road, at right angles with it and facing east. In our front was an open field of about thirty acres, from twenty to thirty rods across, to a piece of dense woods, the clearing extending only a few rods on the south side of the road and somewhat farther on the north side. Across this clearing and near the woods in our front and on the north side of the road was the Coffey house (so called from the name of the owner) an ordinary log house, some twenty to thirty rods from our position. To the south of the clearing were dense woods, the ground sloping down to the river some distance away. In our rear were dense

woods extending to within about half a mile of our camp on the river. Immediately in our rear was a deep ravine, our position being at the crest of a very slight eminence nearly on a level with the cleared field in our front. The Monticello road coming from the east made a sharp turn southerly to the rear of our position, running along the ravine mentioned almost parallel with our line. The whole country in that region was broken into high ridges and ~~and~~ deep ravines, and Colonel Jacob (who had served in the Mexican War) afterwards wrote me that on the way to Monticello he observed how admirably adapted the country at the Narrows was for defensive purposes and remarked to some of his officers "that here was the very place to fight a 'Buena Vista' fight."

The forenoon and early part of the afternoon of Saturday, May 9, passed without any unusual incident so far as our company was concerned. My headache was less severe but I made no effort to sleep. Provisions were becoming scarce in our company as they were among all the troops taking part in the expedition. Col. Jacob says in his report that some of the men engaged in the fight on the tenth had had "nothing to eat since the day before." So when some of the members of our company went down the Monticello road for a short distance and brought back several pounds of bacon I was glad to receive a generous piece of it. It was from a razor-back hog that had fed on beechnuts and acorns instead of corn, but I think that at no other time in my life did I eat bacon that tasted so good to me as that did ~~in my~~ half famished condition. Our orders were to remain where we were until the return of the detachment under Captain Wiltsie which was to have been back before noon. Noon came and passed with no tidings of the detachment and the afternoon wore on until about three o'clock when we heard vigorous and rapid rifle firing in our front and some distance away.

To explain this firing it will be necessary

to relate what was happening within the Confederate lines. When Pegram was driven out of Monticello he retired into Tennessee and communicated with General John H. Morgan, who was at Franklin, I think, in command of seven or more regiments of cavalry and a battery of six pieces of artillery. Gen. Morgan at once put this force in motion and followed the route we had taken in our retirement from Monticello, his small army proceeding as rapidly as possible in the following order: First, an advance guard of about three hundred men. Second, Cluke's brigade, consisting of the Eighth and Eleventh Kentucky (Confederate) Cavalry, under Major Bullock and Col. Chenault. Third, Five or more regiments of cavalry under Gen. Morgan, and, lastly, Morgan's artillery.

Captain Wiltsie's orders were that he should return to our camp not later than noon of the 9th but he failed to comply with them and, as stated in a letter to me by Captain Allen, (afterwards Rev. Dr. Allen of Detroit) frittered away the time, seemingly indifferent in regard to the danger of such a course. The result was that the detachment was attacked by the advance force of Gen. Morgan, part under Captain Wiltsie being driven from the Monticello road and escaping down the river on a raft to our camp and part, under Captains Allen and Carpenter, were driven back on the Monticello road. The story of the conflict between the detachment and Morgan's advance troops would be an interesting one, especially that part of it which would give an account of an encounter between Lieutenant Lounsberry and three Confederates, but as these things formed no part of my army life, I refrain from relating them here. Should I live to finish this work an appendix may give some facts not included in the main text.

The firing that we heard in the afternoon was from the part of the detachment under Captains Allen and Carpenter. As soon as we heard it some of us asked Captain Barnes to take us to where the fighting was going on, but he replied that he could not do that as his orders were to

hold that position until the detachment came in. But the firing continued and grew in volume and kept coming nearer, showing that our men were retreating. Soon some of us could endure it no longer and surrounded the captain and importuned him to let at least a part of us go to the rescue of our comrades. Captain Barnes almost wept ~~very~~ in replying to our request by saying that he wanted to go quite as much as we, but that his orders were imperative and he dared not leave that position. But in a moment an idea seemed to come into his mind and he darted down the road in our rear and in a few moments returned, saying that Captain Grant with Company D on picket about a quarter of a mile nearer camp would take our place. We at once set out towards the front as fast as we could run and kept that pace for about four miles when we met Captains Allen and Carpenter with about twenty men, who had been attacked and separated from the rest of the detachment (under Captain Wiltzie but had--as they then supposed--beaten off the attacking party and were returning leisurely to the camp. As Captain Barnes was anxious to get back to his place as soon as possible we at once turned about and hastened back along the road over which we had come until we had almost reached our first position when we again heard even heavier firing at a distance much nearer than before. We at once faced about and went at a double quick pace until at the edge of the woods just beyond the Coffey house we again met Captains Allen and Carpenter with the men under them, they having been again attacked. And I shall never forget how Captain Allen looked as he came into view, his hat gone, his long hair streaming in the wind and his face flushed with the excitement of battle. He hastily explained how he and the men with him had been again attacked soon after we left them and had been slowly retiring, fighting all the way, closely followed by a force of the enemy much larger than their own. We at once advanced along the road and into the woods but could not overtake the enemy who had hastily retired at our approach. So we returned to the position we had

been holding. Night was now approaching and Captain Barnes, thinking such a movement not only justified but required, as he knew that all our forces were now well across the river and that Col. Jacob was anxious to return to Columbia as soon as possible, took command of Companies C and D and the men who had joined us under Captains Allen and Carpenter and started to return to our camp on the river. But on the way we met Major Cutcheon who directed us to return to our former position as nothing had as yet been heard from Captain Wiltsie. So we returned to the place we had been occupying for the preceding twenty-four hours, and part of Company K that had come up with Major Cutcheon was stationed on our right. Shortly afterward Lieut.-Col. Smith arrived with the remainder of our regiment and at about the same time Col. Jacob arrived with a battalion of the Ninth and a battalion of the Twelfth Kentucky cavalry, both dismounted, the latter being stationed at the left of the road with the bulk of our regiment and the former stationed in the rear in reserve. It was now dark and after a word or two with the Captain, White, Bidwell and I took our position as an advanced picket post at the same spot that we had occupied during the preceding night. After about half an hour a sentry who had been stationed by Captain Barnes near the Coffey house came running in and said to us as he ran past that the rebels were coming. After a very few minutes we could discern three horsemen approaching from the direction of Monticello. Bidwell stepped into the road and challenged. "Friends without the countersign" was the reply. "Advance, one of you" said Bidwell. The response was a shot from a carbine, which did no damage. We instantly returned the fire, as was proper, but nearly half a dozen of the men in the regiment lost their heads and fired also, some of the bullets from their rifles coming nearer to our heads than did the bullet from the carbine. Not wishing to be between two fires we hastily retired to the line, while the captain sterned at the men in the line who had fired without orders.

I had hardly taken my place in the company when Lieutenant Hammond of Company K (afterward Judge Hammond of Jackson and one of my best friends) came to me and by order of Lieut.-Col. Smith took six men from Companies C and K and myself and conducted us for a few rods down the descent to the right of our company and regiment and there, in the midst of a dense forest of beech and maple trees, established a temporary picket post under my command, to prevent a surprise attack on our right flank. I told the men to make themselves as comfortable as they could and that they might sleep but to keep their rifles within reach and be ready to spring to their feet if they should hear me call to them or hear the discharge of my rifle. They at once lay down and fell asleep but I did not dare close my eyes for an instant, so I had no sleep on that night either.

In the midst of the night David Russell of Company C at first became restless and then arose. Fearing that he might disturb some of the others, I spoke to him rather impatiently, asking him what was the matter. He replied that he had just had a bad dream about his little boy who was ill at home and that he was also oppressed with a feeling that some trouble of some kind was going to happen to himself or to his boy, that he was going to be killed or that his boy was dead or going to die. Not having then learned so much about presentiments as I learned later, I thought the matter of no moment but spoke to Russell in a soothing and reassuring way, telling him that his having a bad dream was nothing to be troubled over, that I believed that the boy was all right and that I did not believe that we were to have any fighting soon and if the rebels dared attack us we would drive them out of Kentucky without any loss to ourselves. Apparently reassured by my words, Russell lay down and went to sleep. He was mortally wounded on the following day and died a few days later. Just before he died I read to him a letter from his wife telling him of the death of their child, a boy about two years old.

My vigil during that warm, bright, May night was a weary one, as I had had no sleep on the preceding night. Otherwise it was not unpleasant. All the wild life of the forest seemed to be astir and there were innumerable, indescribable voices of night birds and the call of nocturnal wild animals. Just before the day began to dawn I was sure that I could hear some one or something slowly and stealthily approaching. I had always a fear, amounting almost to a horror, of creating a false alarm, so I waited and still waited, while the rustle of fallen leaves indicated the deliberate and cautious approach of many feet. Finally, as I was raising my rifle preparatory to challenging, the characteristic grunt of a hog made it evident that the sounds of feet that I had heard were caused by a herd of swine searching for beechnuts.

The morning came on, bright and beautiful, and at sunrise I reported to Lieut.-Col. Smith and was directed by him to dismiss the picket guard under my command and repair to my place in the company. Scarcely had I finished washing my face and hands, drying them without a towel and combing my hair with a small comb and brushing my teeth--the extent of my soldier toilet--when I saw a citizen coming from the direction of the Coffey house, driving a horse attached to a small vehicle in which were different kinds of food, chiefly very small and very poor pies. Just at that moment I saw Col. Jacob approaching from the other side of the road and from the rear where he had passed the "uncomfortable night" of which he tells in his letter to me. In that letter he also mentions two citizens and also coffee and meat, but I saw only one citizen and no coffee nor meat. All that may have happened later and after I had gone to the Coffey house, but I am inclined to think that the recollection of the colonel was at fault when he wrote me and that he obtained the coffee and meat of some of his officers or men.

With Col. Jacob was an officer whom I did not know but have since thought must have been one of the officers in command of a portion of the

dismounted Kentucky cavalry. To this officer Col. Jacob was complaining bitterly of Captain Wiltsie for not keeping his word and returning when he promised and thus delaying the return of the expedition to Columbia. I heard Col. Jacob say, "I will wait for him a little while and only a little while. In the mean time I am going to send a detail to bury the body of a peer fellow who was killed in the woods yesterday. I don't want to leave it there for the hogs to eat. As soon as the body has been buried I'm going to start back and leave that captain to follow as best he can."

The colonel went to the vehicle and asked a few questions of the citizen and I heard the latter state that his name was Alcorn. By this time a group of very hungry soldiers had gathered at the vehicle and Col. Jacob, looking at us with a sly wink, said, "Boys, you must pay for what you get of this man. I'm going to pay for mine." He then proceeded to select some things to eat and with them went in the direction from which he had come. The boys then began taking articles of food from the vehicle, the greater number paying for what they took, others paying nothing. But the citizen seemed to care little whether he was paid or not, which confirms the belief I have always had that he was, in reality, a Confederate spy.

I bought of him enough biscuit for one good meal, prepared and ate my breakfast of bacon, biscuit and coffee, then went to where many of Company C had gathered near Captain Barnes. As I came up Captain Barnes was saying, "Boys, there ought to be some one out at that house to watch the road," at the same time pointing to the Coffey house. White turned to Bidwell and me, saying, "Well, come on, boys," and together we ~~xxxx~~ started down the road. On the way we met the Kentuckian with whom I had shared my rations and he stopped me and asked where we were going. "On picket", I told him. He thereupon proposed an exchange, he taking my Springfield and I his Henty rifle, the latter a sixteen shooter cavalry carbine. He also lent me his cartridges.

belt containing sixty-four rounds, making, with the sixteen in the magazine, eighty rounds. It was between seven and half past seven o'clock when we went to the Coffey house and for a time we lounged about, at the sides of the road or in the dooryard of the house. But after a time we heard a horse coming and soon we saw a horseman approaching. As soon as he saw us he quickly reined his horse into the wood and dismounted. We then saw that he was armed. Immediately behind him came another horseman and he executed the same maneuver. Just then Captain Barnes came up and to him we pointed out the situation and asked instructions, as we were uncertain as to the character of the horsemen. The captain looked at one or two who had just come up and said, "Boys, these men are rebels. Fire at them." White immediately stepped to a corner of the house and fired. The shot was returned from the woods, the bullet striking in one of the logs of the house, and the battle of Horse Shoe Bend had begun.

The captain returned to our lines to report the situation and White, Bidwell and I prepared to defend our outpost. We entered the house and decided that White should take the door next to the road, Bidwell the door in the side of the house farthest from the road and I the window fronting the enemy. In this way each of us would be somewhat protected from the fire of the enemy, none of us wholly so. I raised the window a few inches, rested my Henry rifle on the window sill, scanned the wood in front of me carefully and when I saw one of the enemy took careful aim and fired. All the time the regiments of Cluke's brigade were coming up, dismounting and forming in line at some distance from the edge of the woods but near enough to furnish a good mark from my position. White and Bidwell were in the meantime keeping up a steady fire, each coming into the house to load and then going out and firing from a corner of the house, where he was partially protected from the fire of the enemy. And all the time the enemy was keeping up a steady fire, the bullets strik-

ing the side of the house and soon one or two came through the window. This brought me to a realization of the fact that the woman of the house was still in the room with two small children, she denouncing us and demanding that we leave at once. I went to a trap door leading to an excavation under the house, threw it open and told the woman to go down into the cellar. On her refusal I caught her by the arm and in no gentle manner pushed her down the ladder leading to the bottom of the cellar, passed down her two children and told her that if she tried to come out I would close the trap door and fasten it down. I then returned to the window and removed it. Just as I finished doing so a bullet came through the window, hit the forepiece of my cap at one edge and near the crown and tore its way through from near one edge to near the other, not cutting the forepiece away but spoiling the looks of the cap.

I continued to fire from the window for a time and then, finding that position too exposed, I got down on the floor, removed from between two of the logs of the house the chinking and the clay plastered over it, and was thus able to take aim and fire between the logs, they affording me almost complete protection. So far as I knew at the time, only one bullet coming from the enemy went between the logs and that one did not come within two feet of me, though a good many came through the window. Twice the enemy came nearer to the house with the evident intention of attempting to take it by storm, but the rapidity of the fire from the Henry rifle led them to think that a large force, armed with muzzle loading carbines, was in the house, as they had no knowledge of repeating rifles.

But White, Bidwell and I could see that there was danger that they might either charge on the house with a large force or get on the flanks of our position, and that if they should adopt either policy it would be all up with us. And as we had already stayed longer than could have been expected of us, we resolved to go while es-

cape to our lines was possible. So we slipped out at the doors and putting the house between us and the enemy as far as possible we ran with all our might till we reached our lines. A few bullets were fired after us but without effect. I returned the Henry rifle to my Kentucky comrade and on examination it appeared that of the eighty cartridges I had taken less than ten were left. I expressed regret at having used so many, but he answered heartily, "That's all right. I'm glad you used 'em fer I reckon you put a good many of 'em to good use. There's lots more in the ammunition wagon across the river and if I need more today the boys'll let me have 'em."

In his report Lieut.-Col. Smith said:

"At about 8 A.M. the enemy vigorously attacked our pickets with dismounted cavalry, and after a brisk resistance for fifteen minutes, drove them in upon the main line."

In fact the first shot by White was fired at exactly 8.05 o'clock, A.M. When we reached our line it was precisely 8.35 o'clock, A.M.

I took my Springfield rifle and went to my company. Almost immediately an orderly came and took White to Col. Jacob. When White returned Bidwell was summoned and on Bidwell's return I was called. I learned afterwards that on being interrogated by Col. Jacob, White had estimated the number of the Confederates in our front at about eight to ten hundred and Bidwell about the same and that the colonel had received their replies with manifestations of evident impatience. In reply to his inquiry I stated that to me there appeared to be from a thousand to twelve hundred. At this Col. Jacob said, sarcastically, "Sergeant, Don't your eyes multiply this morning?" I was as mad as a hatter, but knowing that it wouldn't do to answer as the question deserved, I replied courteously but with some show of spirit, "No, colonel, I have not multiplied the number in the least. There are certainly not less than a thousand and I think there are more." In fact there were nearer fifteen hundred than a thousand. As I started

to return to my regiment I heard Col. Jacob say to an officer who stood near, "My God, I don't know what this means." The fact was that at that time Col. Jacob had not the remotest idea that Morgan was within a hundred miles of us. In his letter to me he says:

"I thought at first, in common with others, that we were only dealing with thieves or guerrillas."

He then states that soon afterwards he concluded that we must be fighting regular troops and infers that ~~this~~ this must have been at about the time of our interview. But as I had written him nothing as to what took place between us and as he had evidently forgotten about it, it could have been nothing but an inference by him. And from what was said by him to Captain Barnes about noon, I am inclined to think that until about four o'clock in the afternoon Col. Jacob was wholly at sea in regard to the number and character of the forces opposed to us.

Soon after White, Bidwell and I had left the Coffey house, the enemy advanced a part of his troops and took possession of the Coffey house and formed a strong line of skirmishers along a fence running at right angles with the road from near the house and lengthwise the open field, this fence being between us and the orchard. From these vantage points, the house and the fence, the enemy opened on us a deliberate skirmish or picket fire, to which we replied, the firing being brisk at times and nearly or wholly ceasing at other times. And this skirmishing continued in this way during the remainder of the forenoon and until about mid-afternoon. It was in the forenoon that David Russell was mortally wounded.

I do not think that I fired my rifle more than two or three times during all the skirmishing, as the enemy was well hidden. I very seldom saw any one of them who exposed enough of his body to form a fair mark, and I always made it a rule not to fire unless I had a fair mark. At one time I felt so overcome by weariness

iness from want of sleep and the exertions of the fight in the morning that I lay down and slept lightly for about a half hour.

At about noon Captain Barnes came from a consultation with Col. Jacob and said to a small group of us, "Col. Jacob says he don't know who these fellows are but he's going to find out. He has sent for one of the guns. Col. Jacob says in his report:

"I ordered one piece of cannon to be crossed over the river, being determined to discover the numbers and intention of the enemy."

But the gun did not arrive on the field until between three and four o'clock, the delay being occasioned, as Col. Jacob indicates in his letter to me, by the fear of the captain of the battery that he might lose the gun. Col. Jacob expresses the opinion in his letter to me that had the gun been brought over promptly we might have defeated Cluke's brigade before Morgan came up. This is very probable.

The cannon was planted on the crest of the ridge, on the opposite side of the road from where Company C was, at a short distance from the road and far enough within the woods to be concealed from the enemy. As soon as the gun was in place it opened on the fence at close range and those of the enemy who were behind the fence instantly fled and as they were fleeing were fired upon by the cavalry and the infantry all along the line with disastrous results to the enemy. A shell was then sent crashing through the upper part of the Coffey house and another into the woods beyond, and then came the order, "Forward, double quick, march!" and the entire line, our regiment and the battalion of dismounted cavalry, charged. Not far in our front the woods and brush approached the road so closely that our company, on the extreme right of the regiment, was obliged to oblique to the left considerably. This broke up our line somewhat so that I found Captain Barnes, Dick Elliston and myself two or three paces in front of the others and running

"with all our legs", as the French say, instead of the measured and regular step of the double-quick. When about half way to the Coffey house we were met by a heavy fire out of the woods, which continued almost without interruption during the engagement.

Arrived at the Coffey house Captain Barnes kicked in the door and entered, followed by El-liston, myself, and others. The house was still filled with debris and dust from the effect of the shell that had passed through it and near the center of the room sat the foolish creature who had come out of the cellar, pale as death and crying hysterically, with her two children clinging to her skirts. As Col. Jacob says, had the shell exploded in the house, as it was intended that it should do, it is more than likely that the woman and children would have been killed.

I gave only a hasty glance at the woman and then looked out of the window towards the woods and there an appalling sight met my eyes. Cluke's brigade which we had driven from the orchard and house with our artillery and by the charge, had fallen back precipitately upon what looked like a fair sized army in line of battle. Morgan had arrived with from five to seven additional regiments of cavalry, had dismounted his men and formed them for action just before our charge was made. We at once saw the hopelessness of any further aggressive action on our part and at once retired, without orders so far as I knew, but deliberately and in good order, taking with us the body of Lieutenant Green who had been killed, and those who were wounded in the charge.

Major Cutcheon afterwards received, through political influence, a Congressional medal for leading this charge. He took part in it, keeping his place in the rear of the line, as did Lieut.-Col. Smith, but in no sense did he lead the charge or display any conspicuous gallantry in it. If any one more than another led the charge, it was Captain Barnes.

In retiring from the Coffey house we took

with us a prisoner who had been captured in the charge. When we reached our lines Captain Barnes directed me to take a guard of two men and deliver the prisoner to Col. Jacob. As soon as I looked at the prisoner I recognized Mr. Alcorn who had sold us the feed in the morning. Up to the time when I received Col. Jacob's letter I had always believed that the colonel had ~~thoughtlessly~~ allowed Alcorn to leave our lines at his own pleasure. The colonel's letter sets the matter in a new light, though he seems never to have believed, as I did and still do, that Alcorn was a spy. But why Col. Jacob should remember two men while I can recall but one, I do not understand.

When I found Col. Jacob and delivered Alcorn to him, the colonel's face bore a look of extreme anxiety. I do not know just what his thoughts were but I do know what mine were. They were, "Confound your old eyes, I wonder what you think now about my eyes multiplying." He was then fully aware of "the numbers and the intention of the enemy" and realized the critical situation in which he and his command were placed. It was only by our determined and desperate fighting that afternoon that any of those who were connected with the expedition were saved from annihilation or capture.

Almost as soon as we had arrived at our former position the enemy emerged from the woods in two strong lines of battle, outnumbering us, as Gen. Cutcheon says, "at least eight to one," Col. Jacob says, "at least ten to one." I do not remember that any order was given to fire, nor was one needed. Instantly the advancing enemy was met by a withering fire from the whole length of our line, while shell after shell from our one piece of artillery burst in their ranks, the combined effect of the artillery and rifle fire causing them to waver, break and retreat to the shelter of the woods, only to reform and come on again. And this was repeated I knew not how many times. And all the time they were firing upon us, their bullets flying about among us like bees from a hive in summer. But although

our boys could see how greatly we were outnumbered they not only stood their ground but fought with a vigor and determination I have never seen excelled. White, Bidwell and I were the only acting sergeants present, Freeman being with the colors on the other side of the river, and all three of us were not only loading and firing our pieces as rapidly as possible but were, with the captain, all the time cheering and encouraging the men. I can remember saying to them, "Aim carefully, boys, aim carefully." And "Aim low, hit them in the legs," with encouraging injunctions, such as "Remember old Michigan, boys," and "For the credit of Battle Creek, give it to them." The captain, White and Bidwell were doing something of the same sort at the same time. And all the time the steady roll of the musketry, the explosions of the cannon and the crash of the bursting shells made a fearful din, varied by the spiteful hiss of the bullets aimed at us. Demorest of our company was wounded in the arm or shoulder and had to leave the field. At one time while I was loading my piece a bullet passed so close to my lips that they were made sore for days afterwards.

Our position was well protected if we chose to avail ourselves of the protection it afforded. We had only to lie down just below the ~~ext~~ crest of the ridge to furnish a very small mark to the enemy and diminish the chances of our being hit by bullets that were being fired at us without taking aim, as most of them were. But we were too little accustomed to fighting to do this and many, indeed nearly all of us, stood up near the top of the slope in order to facilitate the loading and firing of our rifles. It is possible that our recklessness was our salvation. But after a time the captain began to caution us not to expose ourselves to the fire of the enemy so recklessly but to go a little way down the slope to load and then lie down to fire our pieces. Obeying this direction, at one time when about to fire my rifle I lay down behind a decayed log on the crest of the ridge and, resting my rifle on the log, was taking a

rapid but careful aim when a member of the company standing below me fired his piece without taking aim, the muzzle of his gun being between my head and the head of Henry Knox who was lying next to me and engaged in the same way. The bullet from the careless soldier's rifle entered the leg and burned powder from the gun was blown into the side of my face and my right ear was almost deafened for a time. Knox had just fired his piece and at once sprang to his feet and with bitter maledictions proceeded to rain vigorous blows on the face and head of the offender, when the captain interfered and put a stop to that encounter so that the combatants could devote their energies to the more important battle which was just then going on.

Our men were greatly encouraged by the visible effects of our fire and the fire of the cannon. Col. Jacob, in his letter, tells how he stood by the cannon and directed the fire and we could see for ourselves the havoc made in the ranks of the enemy by the exploding shells and by our steady, well-directed fire. And in this way the battle raged from about four to five o'clock in the afternoon. Then the enemy abandoned the attempt to drive us from our position by an attack in front and, holding what was little more than a strong skirmish line just within the edge of the forest, the greater part of their force moved around on our right and left flanks. A sharp rifle fire was still kept up, with frequent shots from the cannon, but more bullets began to come to us from our right flank than from our front, and a still stronger demonstration was made on our left flank. An order to retire was given, but we did not hear it and Companies C and K held their ground until we saw the cannon come down the hill and through the brush into and down the road, the horses galloping, followed by the cavalry and by that part of our regiment on that side of the road. Looking up the road toward our front, I saw a group of three or four Confederates spring from the field on the other side of the road and start down the road to get in our rear. The men of our company were then hastening down the

hill past me, so I raised my gun, took a tee hasty aim at one of the group of Confederates and fired but missed and with Dick Elliston and Henry Knox went rapidly down the hill and overtook the company.

Among those who were fighting under Mergan that day was one who was afterwards Senator McCreary of Kentucky and another who was in after years Judge Lurton, Judge of the Federal Circuit including Michigan, and later one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. I never talked with Senator McCreary about the battle (though Gen. Cutcheon did) but I once chanced to meet Judge Lurton when he was holding court at Grand Rapids and in a brief conversation with him I told him that I thought that I recognized him as the one at whom I fired just as I was leaving the ridge, and that, on the whole, I was not sorry that I failed to hit him. He replied, in the same vein, that he thought that I must be mistaken as he was back with Mergan at the time "Fer," to quote his language, "I didn't care to get as near as that to you Yankees just then."

I left the place where we had been fighting too hurriedly to pick up anything, so lost my blankets and haversack, everything in fact except my rifle, ammunition and canteen. As in the morning, of over sixty rounds of cartridges that I had at the beginning of the fight I had less than ten left.

We retired deliberately for only a short distance and at the first position that was at all adapted to defence--and where Captain Grant's company had been on picket--we halted and formed in line, our regiment at the right and the Kentucky battalion at our left, as before. And there we waited for from fifteen minutes to half an hour expecting another attack but none was made, the Confederates having had all the fighting with us that they desired on that day. So after a time we slowly took our way back to the river. Gen. Cutcheon is wrong in stating that the summons to surrender came while we were at the Narrows. When it was sent Gen. Mer-

gan supposed that we were still there but we had in fact gone to the river. Col. Jacob gives the incident in full in his letter to me and my recollection agrees with his except as to the exact language used by him in his reply to the summons to surrender. As I remember it (and I stood but a few feet from him at the time) his language to Lieut.-Col. Helman was, "Tell him to go back to General Morgan and say to him that I don't belong to the surrendering breed of dogs. If he wants us he must come and take us but I'll never surrender while there's a shot left in the locker."

The cannon that had been with us, with the horses, had been taken across the river when we arrived and our regiment, with the battalion of the Twelfth Kentucky Cavalry and the one hundred and twenty-five men who had been in reserve and not engaged in the fight, all crossed the river in small detachments that evening. As soon as our regiment was across we marched a short distance and bivouacked. I was so overcome with weariness and stupor from being two nights without sleep, the double quacking on Saturday and the fighting on Sunday, that in the short march after crossing the river I slept soundly while marching but kept my place as a file closer at the right of and near the rear of the company. As soon as we halted I threw myself on the ground and continued to sleep. I had had nothing to eat since early morning, had nothing with which to cover myself and the night was cold, but I heeded neither the hunger nor the cold. Several times during the night I started up, the thunder of the cannon and the crashing of the musketry still sounding in my ears. This hallucination occurred to me many times afterwards, following battles that we fought later during the war.

Another account of the battle of Horse Shoe Bend is given in the history of the Twentieth Michigan on pages 52 to 54, and in the letter of Col. Jacob to me, which I now intend to attach as one of the appendices to this work.

While it was one of the minor engagements of

the war, the Battle of Horse Shoe Bend was in several ways one of the most important of any of the thirty or so with which the Twentieth is credited. Although technically it would not be called a victory for us as we were obliged to leave the field, it could not be called a victory for the enemy as, in spite of their great superiority in numbers, they were unable to pursue us and their losses were vastly greater than ours. As to the numbers engaged, I knew that there were but two hundred and ninety-two of the Twentieth as these figures were taken from the morning report on the morning of the tenth of May. And while the whole number of the 12th Kentucky Cavalry may have exceeded Col. Jacob's estimate it could hardly have exceeded one hundred and twenty-five, while twenty would be a liberal estimate of the number of men handling the gun. But Col. Jacob greatly underestimates the number of the opposing force. There were certainly seven regiments engaged, and as the policy of the Confederates was--unlike that of the United States--to keep their regiments as near the maximum in numbers as possible, Morgan could not have had less than three thousand five hundred men and probably nearer four thousand. And the latter was the number at which I estimated them at the time.

As to the losses on each side, Col. Jacob's statement that the Confederates lost one hundred and fifty-seven killed is, no doubt, substantially correct. It is certainly conservative enough. And this would indicate a loss of not less than four hundred and fifty wounded. According to an entry in my diary May 13, our loss, as then reported officially, was six killed and fourteen wounded. In the official report of Lieut.-Col. Smith he puts the number of killed at four, wounded, eighteen.

Morgan made no attempt to follow us but retired with the greater part of his force to Monticello, leaving what was little more than a strong picket force at the Cumberland.

At about eleven o'clock in the forenoon of the eleventh of May we set out for Columbia,

marched about fourteen miles that day and eight miles on the day following, reaching Columbia before noon. Then followed a period of more than half a month of comparative inaction, the time being given to drill, largely, with occasional activities caused by reports that Morgan had crossed the Cumberland and was approaching, none of these reports having the slightest basis in truth. And all the time preparations for the invasion of East Tennessee were being made.

May 16, 1863, Captain Barnes made an order appointing me acting sergeant in place of Eugene T. Freeman who was color sergeant and thus not liable to duty as sergeant of the company. This appointment was much appreciated by me as it made my duties less onerous in some ways though carrying greater responsibility. And I think that the appointment was fairly satisfactory to the men of the company also. At the beginning of my service I was conscious of the fact that I was far from being liked by many of the company for a variety of reasons. One reason was that I belonged to the student and not the laboring class and while I was liked by some all the better for this by others I was looked upon as being wholly out of sympathy with them. I also took pains to keep clean and to be neatly dressed, my clothes clean and tidy, my shoes blacked and, worst of all, I generally wore a collar instead of wearing none as was the rule. Then while on duty as corporal I insisted that everything should be done in a military way. And in the army scrupulous care as to dress and military conduct was called "putting on style" and I had not been a member of the company long before I began to be referred to in a good-natured way by the soubriquet of "Style." But although the name stuck, the feeling gradually wore away. And a few days after the battle of Horse Shoe Bend I heard one of the members of Company C say to another: "They may say what they please of Style, he fights like a cuss anyway." And the quality of efficient courage in a soldier was always appreciated by his comrades, whatever his defects might have been.

Two days after my appointment I was detailed for picket duty and was with the reserve on the Elizabethtown road. On the 31st of May our company went on picket and I was placed in command of the extreme outpost on the Jamestown road. It was at a time when one of the periodic scares in regard to the approach of Morgan was afloat, and the lieutenant in command of our company was cautioned that an attack on that road was probably imminent during the day or night and that there was no cavalry outpost in our front. The greater part of the day passed without incident, I keeping the men together and alert but at ease. About four o'clock, P.M. I observed an officer approaching on horseback and recognized the Major of the Twenty-eighth Massachusetts Infantry, a Bostonese Irishman and one of the most pompous beings I ever saw. I also saw by the sash that he was that he was the field officer of the pickets for the day. As he approached, instead of forming the guard in line and having them present arms to him, I stood at attention and as he came up I gave the regulation salute. He looked black as a thunder cloud and broke out, "Sergeant, is this the proper way to receive the field officer of the pickets? Why didn't you turn out your guard?" "Major," was my reply, "I have always been instructed that no honors are to be paid to any one when near to or in the presence of the enemy. This is an extreme outpost and we are theoretically, and perhaps actually, in the presence of the enemy." "Right, Sergeant, right," was his rejoinder, a broad smile on his face, "I am glad that you are so well informed in regard to your duties." (It was doubtless the fact that the idea had not occurred to him before.) He then dismounted and got off his high horse at the same time and we had a very pleasant interview for about fifteen minutes. To please his vanity I submitted to him for his approval my plans for the disposition of the guard when night should come on and for the conduct of the retirement on the reserve should we be attacked. These he enthusiastically approved and commend-

ed, at the same time telling me that I would have need of these plans, as we would in all probability be attacked before midnight. At the close of our consultation he took a very courteous and cordial leave of me and went his way. I heard some time afterwards that he took pains to say some very complimentary things of me to our brigade commander, Col. Morrison.

Before night came on I gave all the guard full instructions what to do in case we should be attacked, especially if I should be killed or wounded. I told them that they were not to run down the road in a body but to retire in pairs, two in the road, two on one side and two on the other side of the road, each pair to retire as skirmishers, loading and firing in alternation, and if attacked by mounted cavalry to shoot the horses first, and in any case to fall back as slowly as possible without being captured, so as to give time to the troops in camp to form. I then posted one of the guard at some distance down the road to act as a sentry and give the alarm should any one approach. This sentry I changed every two hours. The day had been fair and the moon was near its full but the darkness came on rapidly as a severe thunder storm was approaching from the west. Shortly before the moon was obscured the sentry came to me and told me that a man was approaching from the direction opposite the camp. The Field Officer of the Pickets had given explicit orders that if any one should come from that direction he was not to be challenged but fired upon without warning. But on looking at the man who was coming down the road I was satisfied that although he carried a gun, he was not an enemy. So I directed the sentry to remain in concealment and concealed myself until the man was within challenging distance, then stepped into the road, challenged, and discovered that he was a member of my own company who had in some way eluded the pickets on another road and had gone foraging.

The thunder storm which had been gathering in the early evening broke between eight and nine

o'clock and raged about two hours. Our clothing was saturated with water but we kept our ammunition from being damaged. When the storm ceased I allowed all the guard except the sentry on duty to sleep, but I remained awake until two o'clock then slept about two hours and was awakened and arose as early as an early attack would be likely to occur. But ~~that~~ there was no attack and at 8.30 A.M. we were relieved and returned to camp. At dress parade that evening we learned that the composition of our brigade had been changed, the 100th Pa. taking the place of the 17th Mich., and Col. Leasure of the former regiment becoming commander of our brigade and General Welch commander of our division.

These changes presaged a movement of the corps, and late in the evening of that day, June 1, orders came to prepare eight days' cooked rations and be ready to move. And at about eleven o'clock on the 3d of June, 1863, we received orders to march at daylight on the following morning. We assumed that, as a matter of course, we were about to start for East Tennessee. So what was our amazement when, setting out at five o'clock the next morning, we started northward instead of southward. We did not learn until some days afterward that Gen. Grant, then engaged in the siege of Vicksburg, had sent an urgent request for reinforcements to protect the rear of his army from a threatened attack by the Confederate General Jos. E. Johnston, and the War Department had decided to again postpone the fulfillment of President Lincoln's desire for the deliverance of East Tennessee and to send our corps to Vicksburg. Our unintended, undesired and unexpected campaign in Kentucky had been concluded.

CAMPAIGNING IN MISSISSIPPI.

On that fourth day of June, 1863, when we left our camp near Columbia, Ky., at five o'clock in the morning, we marched about twenty-one miles,, most of the men in heavy marching order--which was fully equivalent to walking forty miles--and bivouacked near Campbellville, about a mile from the place where we bivouacked on the night of the 27th of April preceding. On the morning of June 5th we marched at 4.30 o'clock and made nineteen miles before noon, reaching Lebanon, Ky., at that hour. There we were densely packed in freight cars for Louisville where we arrived at daybreak on the following morning, after an exceedingly uncomfortable night. Disembarking immediately, we marched to the Ohio river, crossed to Jeffersenville, Ind., and in the afternoon again took freight cars on the Jeffersenville and Terre Haute R.R. and reached Seymour, Ind., at dark that evening. Getting off the cars at that place, we were furnished hot coffee, which, with food from our haversacks, constituted our supper. Re-embarking at once on freight cars of the Ohio and Mississippi R.R., we passed another uncomfortable night, reaching Washington, Ind., before daybreak and Vincennes, Ind., at sunrise on Sunday, the 7th. There we left the cars only long enough to eat some soft bread and crackers and drink coffee, then re-embarked and continued on our way, arriving at Santeval, Ill., at about noon. There we were again packed into freight cars on the Illinois Central R.R. and proceeded on our way and reached Centralia, Ill., at about four o'clock, P.M. At that place we rested for a few hours, partaking, meanwhile, of the first food we had been given since breakfast, this food consisting of only hot coffee and fresh beef. During our brief stay at Centralia on that Sunday afternoon a large crowd of citizens of both sexes and all ages assembled to greet us and as our train got under way there was a most enthusiastic demon-

stration in our honor.

After a third very uncomfortable night, we arrived at Cairo, Ill., a short time after daylight on the 8th of June and spent most of the day looking about the town. Cairo (pronounced as if spelled Kay-ro, long e) was then a mean, low, dirty town, but its location made it a most important shipping point, so it was full of soldiers and civil employees of the government and of goods arriving or awaiting shipment. Late in the afternoon we went on board the river steamer "Nebraska," which, however, did not leave its moorings that night. Like nearly all government transports, the Nebraska was old and dirty, but our quarters, though quite restricted, were not so closely packed with men as had been the case on the cars.

Our boat got under way at about nine o'clock in the forenoon of the 9th and reached Columbus Ky., about noon. In the afternoon the boat halted at Island No. Ten, which was a place of much interest to us on account of the success of the Union army and fleet in their operations against the Confederates not long before. Our steamer reached a point near the Arkansas line by nightfall and there tied up until the following morning about three o'clock, then proceeded down the river to Memphis, which was reached at about five o'clock in the afternoon. There we remained during the night of the 10th and the whole of the following day and night, while we amused ourselves as we liked.

That voyage down the Mississippi River, the earlier stages of which I have just described, was to me a very important and, despite its discomforts, a most pleasing event. I had never seen that river before we reached it at Cairo, and the view of it at that point and lower down, fully a mile in width, as it swept on its majestic course to the Gulf, while we were floating on its tide day by day, impressed me profoundly. I have seen it a number of times since then at different points along its banks, from St. Louis to Minneapolis, and the sight of it has always recalled to my mind the emotions which I felt while going down it on the way to

Vicksburg.

With the exception of the highlands near Columbus, Ky., Memphis, Tenn., and a very few other points, the scenery along the Mississippi for the entire distance from Cairo to Vicksburg was monotonous and dreary. The country was flat, there were some swamps bordering the river, but for the most part the country was made up of uncultivated plantations lying desolate and in many cases apparently deserted, while we were almost constantly in sight of dead, leafless trees on which perched crows and turkey-buzzards, surveying the forlorn and gloomy landscape.

Our steamer again took up its course down the river at daybreak on the morning of the 12th and that day progressed as far as Napoleon, Arkansas, where it anchored for the night. On the following day we got under way at about three o'clock in the morning and before noon we were fired upon from the shore by a large party of guerrillas and three men wounded but none killed. We at once returned the fire and the guerrillas fled. A gunboat a little farther down the river came up speedily and shelled the woods, with what result we had no way of knowing. These attacks by guerrillas on boats plying up and down the river were so frequent that nearly every vessel had its pilothouse protected by boiler iron or thick planking, our boat having the latter.

The small river fleet, of which the Nebraska was a part, reached a point a few miles above Vicksburg at a little before dark on the 13th and early in the morning of the 14th ran down to the wharf a short distance above the city and as near as was prudent to approach the enemy's works. There, at a place called Young's Point, we disembarked on the Louisiana side of the river and on the peninsula formed by a large bend in the stream. There we stayed during the day and the night following, and I was greatly interested in one of the boats belonging to our mortar fleet, this boat being anchored near the place where we were lying. The

mortar on this boat was one of the largest in use during the war and fired a shell weighing two hundred pounds. Instead of the mortar being mounted on a carriage, the timbers supporting the gun were a part of the structure of the boat itself. When the mortar was to be fired the crew left the boat, threw themselves on their faces on the ground and closed their ears with their hands. In spite of these precautions, the concussion was sometimes so great as to force blood from the ears and noses of the crew. At night the flight of the shell could be plainly traced by the light of its burning fuse as it arose with seeming slowness into the air to a great height, described an immense parabola and, descending with increasing velocity, burst above the city or fell within it, fully four miles away. When I was in the city after the siege, I saw where one of these shells had struck the court house, practically wrecking that structure, and on every hand were evidences of the havoc wrought by the bombardment. Many of the inhabitants had dug caves in the sides of the hills within the city, to which they resorted when the shelling was going on.

On the morning of the 15th reveille sounded at 2.30 o'clock and at six o'clock we marched across the peninsula to a point on the river below the city and there remained all day, expecting to cross the river and take our places in the works, relieving some of General Grant's troops. In the forenoon I was detailed as sergeant of the guard, but at noon orders to embark were received and the guard discharged. In an hour or so the order to embark was countermanded and the guard recalled. Late in the afternoon marching orders came and the guard was again discharged. Who was responsible for this confusion of orders I never knew.

At dark we recrossed the peninsula and again encamped near Young's Point and on the following day--the 16th--we embarked on the steamer "New Kentucky," and went up the Mississippi to the mouth of the Yazoo River, then up the latter river about sixteen miles to a point near Sny-

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der's Bluff and on the following morning disembarked, marched about four miles and went into camp on the banks of a small stream and at a place called Milldale which, if I remember aright, was not even a hamlet. And there we remained for about twelve days, holding a position guarding the rear of Grant's army, building fortifications and making other preparations for repelling an apprehended attack by the army of General Joe Johnston. Almost every day either the entire regiment or working parties from it (of some of which parties I was in charge) went out and threw up earthworks, or felled trees, or did other work of that sort, under a broiling midsummer sun, in one of the hottest as well as one of the most insalubrious parts of Mississippi, and one of the most miasmatic in the south. The season was an unusually rainy one and terrific thunderstorms with heavy rains were frequent, and at such times the little creek running through our camp would overflow, and when the water receded the rank smell from the land that had been submerged was most unwholesome. The effect of all these things, the excessive heat, the hard labor and unsanitary surroundings, upon the health of the men was most unfavorable and soon fevers and other illnesses began to be very prevalent and of these ailments I had my full share. Indeed for about four months or more after we arrived in Mississippi I did not know what it was to feel well.

On the twenty-fifth day of June, 1863, at a dress parade of our regiment, an order by the commanding officer of the regiment was read, promoting Sergeant White of Company C to the rank of First Sergeant, promoting Corporal Knight and myself to the rank of Sergeant and Privates Elliston and Bryant to be Corporals; all to rank from May 1, 1863. In my case this promotion is not mentioned in Gen. Catechon's History of the Twentieth Michigan, doubtless through some oversight, although I do not know that the order is noted in the official history of the regiment, as omissions of that sort are very frequent in the official records. However,

it never made any difference to me or to any one else whether the promotion was entered on the official records or not.

Through the midst of the camp of our regiment ran a highway which crossed the stream that has been mentioned by means of a bridge and a shallow ford directly below the bridge. Horsemen and teamsters going along the highway frequently crossed the stream by the ford instead of the bridge for the purpose of watering their horses. As we were wholly dependent on the stream for water for drinking and cooking, a guard was stationed at the bridge, with orders to permit no one to ride or drive through the stream. On the 26th of June I chanced to be sitting in the shade of a tree near the bridge, writing a letter. While thus engaged my attention was arrested by the approach of a party of horsemen and, looking up, I saw General Parke, the commander of our corps, and what I took to be his staff. As the party approached the bridge one horseman detached himself from the rest and started to cross the stream below the bridge. The guard on duty at the time was Wm. H. Barber, of my company, who at once challenged, "Halt! It is against orders to ride through the creek. You will have to cross by the bridge." The rider hesitated for a moment and Gen Parke rode quickly over the bridge and said to Barber, "Never mind, guard, never mind. That is General Grant." "That makes no difference", was Barber's reply, "Neither General Grant nor the President of the United States, nor any one else can ride through that creek until my orders are changed." Gen. Grant at once rode over the bridge and the party went on its way. This was the first time that I saw General Grant, whom I saw a number of times afterwards during the war and a few times after its close, as is stated in another work.

On the 29th day of June our brigade marched to Flower Hill Church on Oak Ridge, about eight miles east of Milldale and on higher ground. I had been quite ill on the preceding day and was unable to accompany the regiment, but on the

following day, with a member of our company who was also ill, I managed to make my way to the camp of the regiment. In the new position our corps formed a line from the Big Black river to the Yazoo, and the time was occupied in building defensive works until July 4th, when General Pemberton surrendered his army (of about 32,000 men) and the city to General Grant. The terms of capitulation were agreed upon at about noon and the news reached our camp within a half hour. When it came I was in the chair of the regimental barber, being shaved. At the end of the process I declared that I would not have my mustache shaved again until after the close of the war. It has never been shaved since that 4th of July, 1863.

Early in the afternoon of that day I saw General William T. Sherman riding through our camp, attended by a single member of his staff and followed by one orderly. The General was wearing what was called a "slouch" hat and a fatigue coat and in no way by his appearance conveyed the impression that he was an officer of high rank. I do not now remember seeing him again during the war and can recall but one occasion when I saw him after the war and that was at the National Encampment of the G.A.R. at Boston in 1890.

At two o'clock in the afternoon of July 4th we received marching orders and at four o'clock were on our way. We went in light marching order. I have read that in the Vicksburg campaign of the preceding May, Gen. Grant's personal baggage consisted of a rubber blanket and a toothbrush. On the expedition against Jackson, Mississippi, in July, my personal baggage was a duplicate of the general's while each of my two tent-mates carried a piece of shelter tent. Our column consisted of the two divisions of the Ninth Corps and one division of the Sixteenth Corps under General Wm. Sooy Smith, the whole under General Wm. T. Sherman. July 4th we marched until nearly midnight, but as the weather was very hot we marched slowly, making only about seven miles in as many hours. On the way

we amused ourselves by singing sacred, patriotic and comic songs, ending the program with "Michigan, my Michigan."

Sunday, July 5th, religious services were held in our camp, with a sermon by the chaplain of the 100th Pa. Infantry of our brigade. At 1.30 o'clock, P.M., we marched but proceeded only 3 or 4 miles and bivouacked. On the following day we moved at about three or four o'clock in the afternoon and after going a short distance we were ordered to return to the place from which we started. Just as I had lain down to go to sleep the regiment was ordered to advance to the Big Black river and picket the line of the river. After we reached a point near the river the regiment halted, I posted a part of our company as pickets, placed that part of the line in charge of two corporals then returned to the reserve, where I belonged, and slept. The pickets of the enemy were on the other bank of the river and a few shots were exchanged during the night, but there were no demonstrations by either side.

July 7th we remained on picket until about 3.30 o'clock, P.M. when, the enemy having retired and a bridge, made largely of bales of cotton with timbers and planking laid thereon, having been constructed over the Big Black, we marched to and over the bridge and, by the cruel folly of our division general, the march was continued for about three miles farther without halting. I think that that day was the hottest that I ever knew at any time or anywhere. As General Cateheon says, the mercury must have been above 100° in the shade, the river bottom across which we marched was low and destitute of shade and the dust so stifling that when we halted I was in acute agony for nearly an hour. Many were overcome by heat and a few deaths resulted from this cause. After halting we rested for about an hour and Dr. French, the division surgeon, told me many years afterwards how he interposed his authority and forbade the division general giving the order to march sooner, under penalty of a formal complaint and trial by court-martial.

After we resumed the march and soon after¹⁵⁶ dark, there came on the hardest thunderstorm I ever witnessed. Gen. Cateheon thus describes it: "The rain came down in sheets, the thunder pealed terrifically, the lightning flashed and blazed continuously, and the roads became torrents, at times, with water ankle deep. No one who was in it will ever forget that night march." So great was the darkness, the violence of the storm and the danger from lightning that we were compelled to halt, invert our rifles and stand in our places in the road for about an hour. Then, the storm having abated somewhat, we moved on through the deep mud until about eleven o'clock at night, having marched not less than ten miles on that dreadful day and night of heat and storm. We bivouacked in an open field by the side of the road and Gen. Cateheon states that "Soon many fires were blazing and the men were cooking their suppers and drying their clothing and blankets." Something like x that may have been done in other parts of the regiment (though I can hardly see how it would have been possible, as it was still raining) but I know that so far as those under my charge were concerned nothing of the kind occurred. My messmates and I simply ate a little food from our haversacks, gathered a few fence rails and laid them on the ground to keep us out of the mud, placed upon them our rubber blanket and pieces of tent, lay down upon these, in our wet clothing, and let the rain pour down upon us as it did during the whole of the night, while we each slept the sleep of the thoroughly exhausted soldier.

We remained in camp on the following day until half past three o'clock in the afternoon before resuming the march towards Jackson. Thenceforth our route lay through a rich, well cultivated country, with large plantations and fine mansion houses to which were appurtenant x extensive negro quarters and other outbuildings, while the fields were well stocked with sleek-looking cattle and mules, the amount of live stock in that part of the country being

greater, I think, than at any time since the war. Among the plantations of that description that adjoined the road over which we marched that day was that of Joe Davis, a brother of the President of the Confederacy. The house was most richly furnished, with costly furniture, including a grand piano, and a large library.

Shortly before we reached the Davis plantation word was passed along the line that the inhabitants of the country through which we were passing had poisoned all the pools and cisterns (the latter being the only source from which drinking water could be obtained) on our line of march and that two or three horses had already died from the effects of the poison. General Sherman at once issued a retaliatory order and soon heavy columns of smoke from burning buildings and cotton were rising in every direction, the Davis mansion being among those thus destroyed. Cotton gins were also wrecked and all animals which could be of any value to the army were driven away. A detachment of troops was sent in advance of the column and all reservoirs of water guarded in order to prevent the soldiers from drinking any of it. And as the day was very hot the suffering from thirst was great.

During the time that we were in the vicinity of Vicksburg our supply of rations, though not ample, was not very scanty. But on the march to Jackson rations from the government ceased and we were obliged to "live off the country." Corn was then at the proper stage for eating green and the quantity was practically unlimited, the whole country being given up to raising corn for the Confederacy. Indeed on our march to Jackson by one road and my return over another I saw but one field of cotton and two of cane, all the rest of the cultivated land being planted to corn. And this corn was generally most productive, some making a prodigious growth, many stalks containing two ears and a few three ears of corn. And I saw for myself an experiment tried by an officer of our brigade who, in a field of corn, stood on top of the

saddle on his horse and vainly attempted to reach the lowest ear of three on a single stalk of corn. Fresh beef was also very abundant, so we had all the green corn and fresh beef that we could well eat, a diet not conducive to good health in that hot climate, but it enabled us to live.

On that 8th day of July we marched about ten miles and bivouacked at about eleven o'clock at night. On the day following we marched slowly from about seven o'clock in the morning until dark, making about ten miles and halting for the night about seven miles northwest of Jackson. This day, like a number preceding it, was intensely hot and a number of men in our regiment suffered from heat prostration.

On the tenth of July we set out at six o'clock in the morning and marched until two o'clock, P. M., then halted and made coffee. After resting until about four o'clock the order to march was given and we proceeded a mile or two when I observed a mounted aide at some distance in advance of the column and when we arrived where he was he directed us--our regiment being in the lead--to turn to the right into an open field bordering a cornfield. We filed to the right and at once began the movement "on the right by file into line" and this movement continued until not only all our corps but Smith's division as well had passed the rear of our regiment and formed in line of battle on our right. This brought our regiment on the extreme left of the line. When we began turning into the field I surmised that we were going into camp or to bivouac for the night, but very soon we all understood what the movement meant. And one member of the company (afterwards killed in a charge on the enemy's works at Petersburg) said, "I wish they would take me to the surgeon and let him cut my right arm off above the elbow and let me out of this." And I think that he expressed the feelings of nearly every one who heard his remark. For, as Gen. Catechon xxx says in his work, "It was supposed that General Johnston could offer a strong resistance in de-

fense of the capital of the State of the President of the Confederacy, and a severe battle was anticipated." I think that "apprehended" would have been the better word. And I reflected that we should have to fight, (the hardest of all hard work that I ever did) under that burning Mississippi sun, with the mercury not far from 100° in the shade and that the danger from the heat would be at least equal to that from hostile missiles, without considering the likelihood of being severely wounded and lying on the battlefield in agony from pain and heat and thirst. These are things that every soldier naturally thinks of when a battle is imminent. I plucked some large green leaves from a shrub near by and placed them in my cap as a partial protection from sunstroke and one of my tent-mates (who lost a leg in 1864) afterwards told me that I gave him my pocket diary with directions what to do with it in case I should not survive the battle. I have no doubt of the correctness of his recollection, but I have no remembrance of the occurrence.

Presently we observed the 79th New York Infantry deploying as skirmishers in our front and advancing and soon the command, "Forward, guide right, march!" came to us and we moved forward in line of battle. Gen Cutscheon thus describes the scene: "The day was lovely; the skies were blue and the meadows were 'clad in living green,' as the brigade came into line with colors unfurled and arms shining in the afternoon sun. The line of battle stretched away to our right in plain sight for more than a mile, through a succession of open fields, and it was as fine a pageant of war as the eye ever rested upon."

At a very short distance in our front was a large field of corn which we entered at about the same time that the skirmishers of the enemy, stationed in the railroad cut, opened fire on our skirmishers, many of the bullets going over our heads or falling among us, and at the same time two small cannon of the enemy opened fire on us, the shells going over the line and ex-

ploding or falling in rear of the line. Instantly there was a total revulsion of feeling in my mind and, doubtless, in the minds of my comrades. The spiteful hiss or wail or moan of the bullets and the shrieking, chattering, or howling of the shells awoke all that was combative in my nature, and I was at once dominated by an eager desire to get at the enemy as speedily as possible and wipe him off the face of the earth. Under the impulse of this feeling the men pressed forward rapidly through the cornfield, until a commanding voice called "Halt!" and at once the entire line stopped. Looking up, we saw Colonel Leasure, the brigade commander, who said to us severely, "You Twentieth Michigan men! Remember that the guide is right. Don't follow these corn rows and rush along like a parcel of boys going fishing and throw the line out of place. Keep back in your places, observe that the guide is right, keep the line straight and don't be in such a hurry. I'll promise that you'll get there as soon as you'll care to." Giving the command "Forward, guide right, march!" the colonel rode to his place and the advance was resumed.

When we reached the railroad cut we found that it had been cleared by our skirmishers and for a short time both the musketry and the artillery firing ceased, but many of our men had been prostrated by the excessive heat. On the farther side of the cut was a belt of woods with undergrowth so dense that to maintain a line while passing through it would be impossible. So the order was given, "By the right of companies to the front," and in that formation we passed through the woods in columns of fours, and on emerging into an open field we were again thrown "on the right into line" and the advance continued without halting. We soon found ourselves on the Canton road and at right angles with it and pushed forward at a rapid pace, although as soon as we emerged from the woods the artillery of the enemy again opened on us -- to which our artillery replied -- and again the skirmish firing became lively in our front. All this time we were momentarily expecting to come

upon the main line of the enemy when our skirmishers would retire to our main line and we take up the contest. But nothing of the kind occurred, the skirmishers of the enemy slowly retiring but keeping up a brisk fire, and our skirmishers constantly pressing them backward. Soon we reached the State Insane Asylum, a mile or more from the city, and there a greater show of resistance was made by the enemy's skirmishers, supported by their main line, but they were soon thrown back by our skirmishers and when we arrived at the Asylum we could see, at some distance away, the main force of the enemy moving back towards the city to get out of our way. Encouraged by this sight we pushed on for perhaps a quarter of a mile beyond the Asylum, but the sun had now set and night was coming on, so we were ordered to halt and bivouack for the night.

On the morning of the eleventh of July we moved promptly at four o'clock, formed in line at some distance in front of the Asylum and at first moved forward slowly and with frequent halts to allow the 16th corps to keep in line with ours, we chafing all the time at the delay, and our skirmishers clearing the way as on the preceding afternoon, though a different regiment was then on the skirmish line. After a time, becoming impatient and the configuration of the ground favoring such a movement, we went forward at a double quick for about a quarter of a mile and lay down in a deep ravine, the skirmishing in our front being lively and the bullets coming into and over our line rather thickly and there were a few discharges of artillery by the enemy, but there were few casualties, though to us, in our inexperience, there seemed to be many. Presently we pushed forward again, through dense chapparal bordering a deep gully, or ditch, into which some in the line fell, to their great and laughable discomfiture. Once across the gully we halted for a moment to reform our line and while we were thus engaged the bushes parted and "old Roemer" (as we called him) the captain of one of our batteries, stuck his head out and

anxiously inquired, "Poys, do you see any goot blace for a pattery?" We informed him that we did not and he withdrew in good order. The grim old fighter was seenting a battle and was so eager to be in it that he had left his battery and followed in the rear of our line, anxious to find a "blace" for his "pattery" where he could get into the fight at the earliest possible moment. In an article that I wrote for the National Tribune several years ago and which may be found somewhere in my "Writings," I told of the conduct of that fighting old German during the battle at Fort Steadman. And I want to state right now, in this month of January, 1918, that while I had not the highest opinion of the fighting qualities of some of the Germans who fought in our armies in the Civil War, those that I knew always impressed me as being mighty good fellows, and their patriotism and devotion to the cause of human freedom, which they showed by taking up arms for the Union, were beyond all praise. But the Germany of that day was the Germany of Carl Schurz and Franz Sigel and was not the Germany that delivered itself, body and soul, to the Hohenzollerns in 1871.

Our line reformed we pushed forward up a steep ridge to its crest and lay down. There we remained for some time in momentary expectation of an order to charge the works of the enemy in our near front, we being then under a strong fire from a Confederate battery in our front and less than eighty rods away, this battery being known as "The Cottonbale Battery", defending the Canton road. But no order to charge came. Instead, there came an order from General Sherman to halt where we then were. The reason for this strange order requires explanation and it is furnished by the recital of the following facts:

At that time there was in the western Union armies some criticism of the Army of the Potomac because of its failure to capture Richmond, the narrow minds which conceived this criticism not being able to comprehend the reasons for this failure. Gen. Wm. Sooy Smith was one of that number and when General Sherman made known

to Gen. Parke and Gen. Smith his plan for the advance on Jackson, Gen. Smith requested that that the position of each of the two corps in the line should be changed, as the left of the line would have the more difficult task and the harder fighting and he feared that if that place were given to the Ninth Corps it might "fall back." To which Gen. Sherman--whose military service in the war began in the east--replied, somewhat tartly, "When the Ninth Corps falls back, sir, do you fall back without waiting for any orders from me." In the advance on Jackson on the morning of the 11th of July, the 16th corps encountered less opposition than the 9th, but advanced much more cautiously and did not press the enemy with the courage, the vigor and the determination that characterized the movement of our corps. The consequence was that the 16th corps fell far behind the 9th and Gen. Smith sent word to Gen. Sherman complaining that the 9th corps was moving too fast and getting out of touch with the 16th corps. Gen. Sherman thereupon sent the order that has been mentioned. This was the sort of "falling back" that the Ninth Corps did in the engagement at Jackson on the 11th of July.

I have always regarded the order of Gen. Sherman as a military error. Had it not been given we would, no doubt, have charged upon and captured the works in our front and this would have resulted in the destruction of Johnston's army or compelled its surrender. Col. Leasure, commanding our brigade, says in his report: "I had no doubt then, nor have I now, that if that order had not arrived at that moment, in twenty minutes the First Division would have been in the city, or at least held the heights that command it." Gen. Cutcheon, in his work, apologizes for the Sherman order by saying, "It was no part of General Sherman's plan to make an assault on Jackson." General Sherman, like General McClellan, was always careful of his men and nearly always preferred the successes won by the slower processes of strategy and ~~and~~ tactical dispositions to the results achieved at the expense of a ruthless slaughter of his men. The oppo-

site course was pursued by McClellan at Antietam and by Sherman at Resaca, the former resulting in a victory, the latter in a defeat. But I have never doubted that at Jackson Gen. Sherman would at least have permitted us to go forward and take the line in our front, had it not been for the objection made by Gen. Smith, based on the inability or unwillingness of his men to press the enemy as vigorously as the 9th corps was doing.

I will stop here to record my opinion that the feeling of some officers and soldiers in the western armies toward the Army of the Potomac never had the slightest basis in truth or reason. Having served with the western armies in Mississippi and Tennessee, I never had any prejudice for or against any army in the service. But my observation taught me that in fact the Army of the Potomac, owing to its training by McClellan, was superior in efficiency to any other army in the service. But the western armies were never used as the tool of incompetent officials and designing politicians, as was the Army of the Potomac, and were allowed to work out their own plans in their own way, as the Army of the Potomac was not. It is also to be considered that the western Confederate soldiers were in no way to be compared with the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia in courage or endurance. Had the Union armies of the west been opposed by Lee's army, many of the successes accomplished by the former would never have been possible. And the reverses suffered by the western armies at Chicamauga (where they were crushed by Longstreet's corps from the Army of Northern Virginia) and in the summer and autumn of 1862, fully offset many of those suffered by the Army of the Potomac. The fact was that there was no difference between the men of the eastern and of the western armies in heroism or endurance. The difference, if any, in the degree of success achieved by them, was in no way attributable to any difference in their ability or moral or physical qualities.

Shortly after the order of Gen. Sherman was received we were ordered to move from the left

to the right of the Canton road which brought us a short distance farther down the slope of the ridge and under some large trees, where we again lay down. Meanwhile the fire of both infantry and artillery in our front increased, bullets and grapeshot singing and howling and crashing through the boughs over us, bringing down leaves and twigs and branches upon us, the missiles occasionally falling in our midst, but no one was seriously injured. Roemer's and Benjamin's batteries also joined in the fray and for a time the firing was like that of a severe engagement. The Second Michigan Infantry, on the skirmish line in front of us, mistaking an order, charged on the enemy, drove back the Confederate skirmishers, captured the first line of works and drove the supporting line back within the main line of works. As Col. Leasure says in his report: "Indeed, so far as that regiment was concerned, it was a battle." The loss of the Second Michigan in that charge was nearly sixty in killed and wounded, among the latter being Sergeant William Shakespeare, who afterwards became and continued to be until his death, one of my staunch friends in Kalamazoo.

At some time in the forenoon of that 11th of July, Lieutenant Hicks of our company was struck by a grapeshot that had largely spent its force. The result was only a severe bruise but the force of the impact created nausea, so the lieutenant asked me to accompany him to the rear, so I assisted him to the surgeon's quarters near the Asylum, and then returned to the company. The day passed with no further demonstrations beyond the continuous skirmish and frequent artillery firing which I have mentioned. We constructed no earthworks as we ought to have done by all military usages, but simply lay in line of battle by day and slept on our arms at night. And it is a fact that I have many times stated as showing the foolhardiness of many young soldiers, that during the whole of the siege, whenever our division was on the line, my tentmate, Eugene Freeman, the color sergeant of the regiment, and I, when night came on would remove all our accoutrements and outer clothing and lie down

with one piece of shelter tent under us and another over us and slept soundly in spite of the frequent firing in our front and the sounds of the missiles flying over us or falling about us. After the war I once mentioned this fact to Colonel Grant of our regiment and suggested that my tentmate and I would have been in a sorry plight had a night sortie been made by the enemy, which, there was much reason to apprehend, might occur at any time. To this the colonel replied that if a sortie had been made, on our rising from the ground the sight of us would have so terrified the enemy that they would have retreated at once.

At daylight on the morning of the 12th our division was relieved by the Second Division of our corps and we retired to the rear and near to the Asylum. On the morning of the 13th we moved back into a piece of woods about half a mile from the Asylum. In the afternoon of that day I was detailed to take charge of a fatigue party and report to Lieutenant Benjamin, then in command of Captain Edwards' battery (known always to us as Benjamin's battery) a battery of the regular army and attached to our division. I reported with my men to the lieutenant and he stated that he wished some earthworks constructed as a protection to his guns in case of necessity, his battery being in plain sight and within easy range of the enemy's works. While the men were doing this work, under the direction of a corporal, the lieutenant was very chatty and communicative and said to me that he had little apprehension that the protection for his guns would be needed as the enemy did not seem disposed to be at all aggressive. He said that if the enemy were to leave their caissons exposed as he--Benjamin--was leaving his, he would blow them into fragments within five minutes. He then went on to tell me of the efforts the enemy had repeatedly made to erect lookouts from which to see what was going on in our lines. He said that he always waited until one of these lookouts was completed and then proceeded to knock it down with one or two shots from one of his guns. He then called my attention to a

sergeant who was standing not far away and asked me if I observed the man who sighted the guns of his battery at Fredericksburg. I replied ~~that~~ that I remembered well the man in a white shirt who ran from gun to gun sighting each one as fast as the guns could be loaded. The lieutenant said, "That is the man. That fellow will hit anything within range that can be seen, by firing not more than three shots--generally with the first one."

Lieutenant Benjamin was a small, unprepossessing looking man, so nearsighted that he had to hold the paper within three inches of his eyes in order to write even his name. If I live to write the story of the assault on Fort Sanders, I shall have more to tell concerning him. He married a daughter of Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State in Grant's cabinet. Benjamin was prominent not only in the army but socially in New York and after his retirement from the army some years after the war, for years his was a frequent and prominent figure in some of the best clubs in that city. He died quite a number of years ago.

At 1.30 o'clock in the morning of the 14th of July we were called up and at about three o'clock we formed in line and moved to the front where our division--the First--relieved the Second Division at daybreak. That day and the following day were much like those which had preceded it after the siege began, there being some artillery firing and a little musketry, with few casualties in any part of the line. I was quite ill on both days, but refused to leave my place at the front although urged to do so by the officers of the company. At daybreak on the morning of the 15th our division was again relieved by the Second Division and we retired to a new camp not far from the one we had occupied two days before. That morning I obtained some medicines from Dr. French, our division surgeon, and was warned to be careful of myself as I was in a very bad condition. So I lay down and slept during the greater part of the day. During the night Johnston and his army evacuated their works and the city and about noon we received

orders to march at once and set out, as I supposed for a long time afterward, for Madison Station where the regiment went on the following day. I finally learned that in fact we were ordered to Grant's Ford on the Pearl River. I was feeling desperately ill at the time but started with the regiment. The weather was fearfully hot and after we had marched about two hours I was sun-struck and fell unconscious in the road. I knew nothing more until I found myself in an ambulance and on the way back to Jackson. The boys afterwards geyed me for keeping up all the time that any fighting was going on and then giving up after all danger was past, when prudence would have dictated that I give up when the fighting began.

My memory of the events of the next few days is decidedly hazy. I do not think that I was taken into the city at all but was carried to the division field hospital and left on the ground under a shelter of boards. My chief recollection is of a burning fever, an intolerable pain in my head and an unquenchable thirst. But Dr. French saw to it that I had good care and that I was made as comfortable as the circumstances would permit. But as the army was to return to Vicksburg, it was necessary that I should be moved. So in the evening of Sunday, July 19th I was placed in an army wagon with others who were ill (the ambulances being filled with the wounded) and taken that night about ten miles towards Vicksburg, the wagon train corraling about midnight. The wagon in which I rode was overcrowded and the trip most uncomfortable. When the train went into corral I spread my rubber blanket on the ground in an open field, lay down and slept during the rest of the night. On the following day the wagon train proceeded several miles towards Vicksburg and when night came I again slept on the ground but with two of the members of my company who were also ill and were being taken to Vicksburg.

On the morning of the 21st we were awakened at two o'clock, given coffee, and before sunrise were again on the way. The wagon train reached the Black River bridge before ten o'clock in the

forenoon and there we were transferred to railway cars and arrived at Vicksburg early in the afternoon. As I was beginning to feel somewhat better, I spent some time looking about the city and that night slept alone on the ground near the railway. The next morning I took passage on a little river steamer, the "Diligent," up the Mississippi and up the Yazoo to Snyder's Bluff and from there rode in an army wagon back to our old camp at Milldale. On the following day the regiment arrived and I went back on duty, having recovered from fever, although still quite ill from the effects of the sunstroke. I have always questioned whether I ever recovered from it entirely and it is certain that I did not recover from it even measurably until during the siege of Knoxville.

During the remainder of our stay in Mississippi the time was passed in comparative idleness, although there were occasional company drills and frequent dress parades of the regiment. On the 27th of July I was appointed ordnance officer for the company and thereafter had charge of all the weapons with which the company was supplied, keeping an inventory of the same, turning over any surplus to the ordnance officer of the regiment and accounting for any lost in battle or otherwise.

On Sunday, the 2nd day of August, General Grant issued a congratulatory order to the Ninth Corps, referring in terms of high appreciation to the services rendered by the corps in protecting the rear of the army during the siege of Vicksburg and in afterwards attacking and dispersing the army of Johnston at Jackson; and in the order he directed that there should be inscribed on the battle-flags of the several regiments and batteries of the corps the names "Vicksburg" and "Jackson."

On the 3rd day of August came the long expected and desired order to march, and the same afternoon we marched to the landing near Snyder's Bluff on the Yazoo and embarked on the river steamer that was to convey us north. And thus ended our campaign in Mississippi. And, as Gen.

Cuteheon truly says: "It was a very hard, trying and exhausting experience, which left its permanent marks on all who survived. * * * The Mississippi campaign was almost as prolific of disease and death as the camp at Fredericksburg, though the morale and spirits of the soldiers did not suffer so much." But we of the Twentieth Michigan were always proud of the fact that we had a part in the operations around Vicksburg and at Jackson, the result of which, with the result of the battle of Gettysburg, marked the beginning of the downfall of the Southern Confederacy.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DELIVERANCE OF EAST TENNESSEE.

The boat on which we embarked at the landing near Snyder's Bluff started at about three o'clock in the morning of August 4, 1863, and before daylight ran out of the mouth of the Yazee (the "River of Death" as its name signifies and as it proved to be to many of the boys in our regiment) and, entering the Mississippi, took its way northward. The return voyage was much slower than the one down the river, the boat calling at the same places we stopped at in the preceding June. Landing at Cairo, we returned over much the same route by which we had come on the way south. But instead of going to Louisville we kept on to Cincinnati where we arrived in the forenoon of August 11th. After taking dinner at the Fifth Street Market, where we had breakfasted on the preceding 26th of March, we crossed the Ohio to Covington, Kentucky. There we lay in the streets for some hours, although the day was, as Gen. Cutchenn says, "gloomy and nasty," and were then taken to what Gen. Cutchenn aptly describes as "some filthy old barracks," where we were quartered until late in the following afternoon. In my diary I recorded the fact that in the morning I obtained some milk at the house of a Mrs. Fanning, for which I offered to pay but payment was refused. This would seem to be a very trifling circumstance, until it is considered that before that morning I had not tasted milk during a period of several months.

Late in the afternoon of August 12th we took the usual freight cars on the Kentucky Central Railroad and at dark started toward East Tennessee, arriving at Lexington, Ky., at daybreak on the following morning and remaining in that city only a few hours which I spent in seeing and admiring the beauty of the place, being particularly impressed by a fine monument to Henry Clay, erected in the home city of that eminent statesman. Proceeding on our railway journey,

we arrived at Nicholasville, Ky., a short time before noon and marched to a little grove near the town, where we bivouacked for the night.

I do not think that I could better describe the events and surroundings affecting our regiment during the following two weeks, than in the language of Gen. Cutchess in his History of the Twentieth Michigan:

"August 14--We marched at 7 o'clock to a point three miles south of Nicholasville, where, in the midst of a beautiful country, we settled down for a two weeks' rest and recuperation. Our camp was in a beautiful open grove of stately oaks, in the midst of the 'blue grass region' with a great abundance of springs of the purest water near at hand.

"The camp was named 'Camp Parke' after our corps commander, and was located on the east side of the macadamized road leading down to Hickman's Bridge, Camp Nelson, Crab Orchard, and on toward Cumberland Gap. * * * *

"Among the pleasant memories of its campaigns, the men of the regiment will always remember the days spent at Camp Parke. There was no enemy near, duties were light, and but for the number suffering from disease contracted in Mississippi, nothing could have been wished more pleasant in the way of soldiering. The usual parades and inspections were maintained, and camp guards were kept up, but rather as a matter of discipline than of necessity."

And we were also well supplied with feed and with rations of soft bread instead of the usual army hard bread.

But during all this time I was ill, the entries in my diary nearly every day varying only from simply "ill" to "quite ill" or "very ill." On some days I was reported by the orderly sergeant as being ill in quarters and was too ill to sit up, on other days I was on duty during the whole or a part of the day. On the 17th of August I recorded that I was in command of our company on fatigue duty in the morning, later sewed my sergeant's chevrons on the sleeves of my coat, and at dress parade that evening acted

as right general guide of the regiment. But that was one of my better days. My nerves had been badly broken down by the sun-stroke in Mississippi and I suffered from the usual results of nervous weakness--headaches, disordered organs of digestion, want of appetite and mental depression. So that my memories of Camp Parke are not so pleasant as otherwise they would have been.

Late in the evening of August 27th we received orders to march at daylight on the following morning and when morning came the reveille sounded at 3.30 o'clock and after many irritating and causeless delays we set out at about 7 o'clock, marched past Camp Nelson, crossed the Kentucky River at Hickman's Bridge and at about noon arrived at Camp Dick Robinson, about ten miles from Camp Parke, where we halted during the remainder of the day and the night following. On the morning of the 29th we arose at four o'clock, set out at five, marched about 14 miles before noon, passing through Lancaster, Ky., on the way, then bivouacked until the following morning. On the morning of August 30, we again rose at four o'clock, started at five and after a march of about ten miles we encamped on the turnpike about two miles southeast of Crab Orchard, Ky., a rather prominent watering place. Gen. Cutcheon states that we were sent there because it was hoped that drinking of the springs of mineral water "might be of benefit to those who were still in bad condition from the Mississippi campaign." However that may have been I had little interest in the springs but noted in my diary that our camp was in a field covered by blackberry briars loaded with fine specimens of that fruit.

We remained in this camp near Crab Orchard until September 10th, I employed much of my time when not on duty in reading one of Hugh Miller's works on geology, a science in which I have always had much interest. But my condition of health did not improve and on the 4th of September I was attacked by a severe neuralgiae pain over my right eye, which would come on

regularly seen after sunrise and remain until near sunset. After a few days I consulted the assistant surgeon of our regiment and was ordered to abstain from military duties of all kinds. The assistant surgeon also gave me very large doses of quinine and morphine but with little avail. As I have before stated, I did not recover from this malady until in the following winter.

Marching orders came on the 9th and on the 10th day of September, 1863, we arose at three o'clock, A.M., fell into line at eight o'clock but did not move until eleven o'clock. Before the order to march came I saw the assistant surgeon and he strongly urged that I should not attempt to accompany the troops but should remain at a hospital at Crab Orchard. He predicted that I would be unable to endure the fatigue of marching and said that the ambulances would be needed for those who fell ill on the way and that those who were ill as I was ought not to encumber the column by trying to accompany it. But I insisted on going, telling the assistant surgeon that I would promise not to ask to be carried in an ambulance under any circumstances, but would like to have him give me a general "fall out ticket" which would permit me to march where I liked. This he did, with much reluctance and many protests, so that during the whole of the march into East Tennessee I went as I pleased, keeping in sight of the column but taking as easy a course as possible and resting when I chose, but bivouacking with my company at night. On the first day--September 10th--the march was about ten miles and we bivouacked that night near Mount Vernon, Ky. On the 11th we arose at 3.30 o'clock, A.M., set out at 5.30, marched about sixteen miles and bivouacked on the Rockcastle River at sunset. We had now entered the mountainous region of southern Kentucky and until we descended into the valleys of East Tennessee the way was rough and tedious. General Woodbury says that this was "as hard marching as was done by any army in the course of the war." September 12th we again arose at half past three

o'clock in the morning, started at 4.30, marched about eight miles and went into camp within 3 miles of London, Ky., at eleven o'clock in the forenoon. There we remained during the rest of that day and the whole of Sunday, September 13th. On the morning of the 14th we arose at 3.30 o'clock, marched at five o'clock, made about thirteen miles and halted for the night near Bear Creek. At noon on that day while stopping for a short time to make coffee, we met about 2,300 rebel prisoners, under guard, who had been taken prisoners at Cumberland Gap a few days before. The Gap had been invested from the north side by a force of Union troops and from the south by another force that had crossed the mountains through a gap to the west of Cumberland Gap, and toward the latter our course was directed.

On the morning of the 15th the program of the preceding morning was repeated, we rising at 3.30 o'clock and marching at five. That day we marched about fourteen miles, reached Barbeursville, Ky. about noon and bivouacked near that place. The next day we again arose at 3.30 o'clock, marched at five o'clock, made about nine miles before ten o'clock, A.M., and then encamped and there remained, not far from the Cumberland River, during the following two days. On the 19th we arose at four o'clock in the morning, marched at six o'clock, crossed the Cumberland River at a ford and after a march of about ten miles that day we bivouacked. On Sunday, the 20th, we passed through Cumberland Gap and were in East Tennessee. I was on duty with the wagon train that day and while the train halted in the Gap for an hour or so at noon, I went to the top of an elevation near by and from it had a sight of the landscape described by Gen. Cuthbert as follows:

"The mountains and hills rose in ranges to the east like great waves, range on range, until the vision was bounded by the great Smoky Mountain of North Carolina, about a hundred miles away."

A member of the 20th Michigan, Jacob Siebert, a native of Switzerland, standing by my side as we

surveyed the scene, said to me, "This looks like home. They call the White Mountains the Switzerland of America, but there's nothing in the White Mountains that resembles Switzerland as this does." From Cumberland Gap one may see portions of four different States--Virginia, Kentucky, North Carolina and Tennessee. On the night of the 20th of September we bivouacked about a mile south of Cumberland Gap, having gone about nine miles over the mountains during the day.

September 21st we arose at 4.30 o'clock, set out at 5.30, passed through Tazewell, Tenn., where we halted for a short time at about noon and after a march of fully nineteen miles that day and fording a branch of the Clinch River, we bivouacked near Sycamore, Tenn. On the following morning we followed the usual program as to the time of rising and marching, crossed the Clinch River in the morning, some on a ferry and some by a ford, passed over the Clinch mountains in the afternoon, forded the Holston River in the evening and halted for the night near Merristown, Tenn., having marched about twenty-two miles that day. My tentmates and I pitched no tent but slept on the bare ground with only the heavens for a canopy. On the 23d we marched to Merristown early in the morning and soon after noon took cars on the East Tennessee and Virginia R.R. to Greenville, Tenn., within twelve miles of the east line of the State. There we remained only a few hours, which I spent in looking about the town. If I remember aright it was in the yard of the house of Andrew Johnson, afterwards President of the United States, that I saw a fine weeping willow, said to have been propagated from a slip cut from a tree growing near the grave of Napoleon at St. Helena. Late in the afternoon we again boarded the cars and at dark set out on our return journey. We were on the train all night and at daybreak arrived at Knoxville. There we disembarked, but remained in line near the railroad until noon, then marched to a place on the Holston River not far from the city, where we went into camp. There

we remained until the 28th when we crossed the river Holston in the early morning and established our camp about two miles from the river. There we remained for about ten days, occupying the time with company and battalion drills and picket duty, of all which I did my full share although far from being well much of the time. On the 3d of October I visited the camp of the 104th Ohio Infantry and there met Sergeant Gustavus P. Reed (who was afterwards married to my cousin Caroline Buck) and a few others from near our old home in Portage county, Ohio.

On the 6th of October we received marching orders, and on the 7th (Gen Cutcheon is wrong in his dates) we arose at 4.30 o'clock, marched at 6.30 and proceeded as far as Strawberry Plains where we bivouacked for the night. On the following morning we crossed the river and took the cars for Bull's Gap where we arrived, after many delays, at noon. We remained inactive until the next morning when we marched at 6.30 o'clock, pushed forward rapidly a few miles, then halted and waited a few hours; then moved on slowly and until dark. All the afternoon we heard firing in our front where Union cavalry was engaged with a force of about six thousand Confederates under General Jones, who had invaded East Tennessee from Virginia. Our movement was for the purpose of driving this force from the State.

We arose early in the morning of October 10th but no orders came until about half past nine o'clock in the forenoon when we went forward rapidly and before noon came up with the enemy, who occupied a range of hills just beyond the little town of Blue Springs from which the battle took its name. Cavalry skirmishers were in our front and engaged the enemy but feebly until about four o'clock when our division of the Ninth Corps (the only one on the ground) moved forward, the First Brigade in front, our brigade, (the Third) next and the Second Brigade following us. Passing through Blue Springs the column filed to the right, moved along a low ridge until the movement was completed, then faced to the left in line of battle. This brought our brig-

ade in the center of the line. After a brief delay we moved forward under a severe fire of musketry and from a battery of four guns. We moved rapidly, firing as we advanced, and in less than an hour the Confederates were driven from their position and were in full retreat. Gen. Burnside in his report to the War Department said that the "Division moved forward in the most dashing manner," and Gen. Poe, then Chief Engineer of the Army of the Ohio, said in his report: "The attack was gallantly made and was eminently successful." But by the time that the Confederates were driven from their works it was too dark to make any farther advance that night. And before morning the enemy had retreated and continued the retreat to Virginia. The loss in our regiment was slight--one killed and two wounded.

Before daybreak on the morning following the battle we were up, and after a hasty breakfast of coffee and hardbread we started in pursuit of the enemy and before night had marched twenty miles to Rheatown, where we remained until the morning of the 13th when the brigade started to return to Knoxville. I was left behind in charge of a detail of men to take charge of arms and other property captured from the enemy. There was so little of this that the collecting and loading it took but a short time. But there was no transportation for us that was available until nearly noon of the 14th, when we took passage on a train for Knoxville and arrived at that place late in the afternoon. On the return of the brigade, on foot, our camp was established in a pleasant little grove east of the city. There we enjoyed a much needed rest of a few days after the fatigues of the marching and the fighting in the expedition to and beyond Blue Springs. But on the morning of October 20th the reveille sounded at four o'clock and at six o'clock we were marching through Knoxville on the way to Loudon, Tennessee. After marching about fifteen miles that day we bivouacked near Thomas' Station on the East Tennessee and Georgia R. R. On the following morning we were called up at three o'clock and marched at 4.30 o'clock.

Rain poured down upon us for several hours, a cold, driving rain, that drenched all our clothing and blankets and made the marching difficult and wearisome. Fortunately the rain ceased before the close of the day, so that when, after marching about eleven miles that day, we halted for the night, we were able to dry our clothing and blankets enough to admit of our having a few hours of restful sleep. On the 22nd we did not move until after noon, the forenoon being employed in cleaning our arms and accoutrements and trying to remove the mud stains from our clothing. That afternoon we started at three o'clock, marched a distance of about four miles, crossed the Tennessee on a pontoon bridge after dark, passed through Loudon and encamped at a little distance beyond the town. The pontoon bridge had been thrown across the river in place of a bridge that had been destroyed by the Confederates on their retreat from Knoxville.

In this camp near Loudon we remained for a week, picketing towards the southwest and in the direction of the Confederate army under Bragg then besieging Chattanooga. But on the 29th of October we recrossed the Tennessee and established a new camp near Lenoir, about two miles from the river. This camp was in the midst of a large and beautiful wood of small trees and here we were directed to prepare quarters for the winter. And as the weather was cold, rainy and disagreeable during much of the time, we obeyed these instructions with alacrity and pleasure. So we proceeded to build log huts, somewhat after the style of those we had occupied near Falmouth in the preceding winter, but larger and more commodious. These quarters we confidently expected to occupy in peace and quietness during the winter, as there were then no indications which could lead us to expect anything to the contrary. At the same time we prepared for all contingencies, and on the 4th day of November, as ordnance sergeant of the company, I received and distributed eighty rounds of ammunition to each member of the company. This ammunition was destined to be very useful to us within the next two weeks.

Gen. Long's sheet under land
in Atlanta for July 20 years after
his death - 1874

X

On the 6th of November my messmates and I finished the work on our cabin and I devoted the latter part of the afternoon and all the evening to constructing the berth (or "bunk" as we called it) on which my bunkmate and I were to sleep during our occupancy of the cabin. I have described these articles of furniture in telling of our quarters near Fredericksburg. I did not get to bed that night until nearly midnight and had just lain down when an order came to pack up and move at once. We obeyed and took the cars at Lenoir Station and at about two o'clock at night started east, ran through Knoxville, to Merristown, arriving there at about eight o'clock in the morning of the 7th. (Gen. Cutcheon is in error when he states that we stopped at Knoxville. It was at Merristown.) We remained on the cars until afternoon, then disembarked, marched a few miles towards Rutledge, halted and bivouacked. Our movement was in support of troops sent to repel a raid by the enemy. On the 9th we returned to Lenoir and again occupied the cabins we had built.

But our stay in them was of short duration. When we were directed to prepare comfortable quarters for the winter there was no apparent likelihood that we should be called upon to take part in any important military operations before spring. President Lincoln's wishes and purposes concerning East Tennessee had been accomplished; all that region from the Tennessee River to the eastern border of the State had been freed from the presence of the enemy and all that seemed to be necessary was to hold what we had won. But events that were occurring to the west of us brought about a decided change in our prospects. The Union armies of the west had been badly defeated at Chicamauga, had retreated to Chattanooga and were there being besieged by the Confederates. General Grant had been appointed to the command of the department and was at Chattanooga directing the Union military operations in that quarter.

But General Bragg and General Longstreet, who were in command of the Confederate forces, besieging Chattanooga, had quarreled. I think that

it is in Gen. Longstreet's book "From Manassas to Appomattox," that a funny incident is related illustrating Gen. Bragg's quarrelsome disposition, but the story is too long to be related here.

It was at this juncture of affairs that Jefferson Davis, the marplot of the Confederacy, visited the Confederate armies before Chattanooga. Partly because of the quarrel between Generals Bragg and Longstreet, partly because our occupation of East Tennessee was a thorn in the side of the Confederacy, Jeff Davis resolved upon the exceedingly unwise project of detaching Longstreet's forces from those of Bragg and sending the former to drive us out of East Tennessee. Knowledge of the movement of Longstreet's army reached us about the 11th of November and on that day we received orders to keep on hand at all times cooked rations for three days and to be ready to move at a moment's notice. These orders came after we had been called up before daylight in the morning and kept under arms for about an hour, followed by a rigid inspection. On the 12th and 13th the same motions were gone through with, greatly to our mystification, as we did not then know the facts of which General Burnside had been informed. At daylight in the morning of the 14th we were ordered to pack up and move to Knoxville. We were speedily in line but some time elapsed before any movement was ordered and in the mean time White's division of the 23d corps arrived at Lenoir, having fallen back from Loudon on the approach of the enemy. At once our brigade was put in motion and proceeded in the direction of Knoxville a short distance when an order to halt was given and while we were standing near the railway track a train, consisting only of a locomotive, one passenger car, and one freight car containing saddle horses, came tearing by from the direction of Knoxville, with General Burnside himself at the throttle of the engine, driving the train at a most dangerous rate of speed. The train stopped at the station and at once our orders were changed, we were faced about and started at a rapid pace towards Loudon. The roads, of stiff

clay, had been so saturated by recent heavy rains that we sank almost over the tops of our shoes at every step, and frequent halts were necessary to prevent many of the men from falling out from exhaustion and to enable the artillery to keep up with the infantry. So slow was our progress that it was late in the afternoon before we arrived at a point not far from the Tennessee and opposite Loudon. A brigade of the 23d corps was in advance of us and as we approached the river brisk skirmishing in our front began, with an occasional shot from the artillery on our side. We did no more than halt for a few moments opposite Loudon and at some distance from the pontoon bridge, and then pushed on down the river about five miles farther, the brigade in our front driving the skirmishers of the enemy steadily back until we reached the vicinity of Hough's Ferry, where Longstreet's army was crossing the Tennessee. There it was found that the enemy had established what is known in military parlance as a "bridge-head", that is, a considerable body of troops, strongly fortified and covering the crossing of the army. We had then marched about ten miles in all during the day, part of the time in line of battle, and were weary to the point of exhaustion. It had rained during the day and the rain continued during the night as we lay on our arms in line of battle, without food or fire. At about eight o'clock at night we were called up by an attack on the pickets in our front, but the attack was repulsed and we lay down again. There was little that could be called sleep for us that night. During the night Gen. Burnside received orders from General Grant to get back to Knoxville with his command as speedily as possible and fortify and defend the place. By this movement Gen. Longstreet would be prevented from going to Bragg's rescue when Grant was ready to carry out his plan for raising the siege of Chattanooga by assaulting the Confederates on Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain. Besides, Burnside's army had not sufficient men to cope with that of Longstreet. At that time our corps did not number more than

five thousand men all told, and while I do not know the strength of the Twenty-third Corps, I am sure that it could not have greatly exceeded that of the Ninth, making the total of Burnside's army a scant ten thousand men of all arms, while Longstreet's army, including a division of cavalry under General Joe Wheeler--of Civil War and Spanish-American War fame--numbered between thirty-five thousand and forty thousand men.

At about three o'clock in the morning of Sunday, November 15th we were called up and moved stealthily back in line of battle about half a mile, then halted and ate a hasty breakfast and at about four o'clock set out for Loudon and early in the morning reached a point opposite Loudon and there halted and formed in line of battle to support the brigade in our rear which was having a sharp encounter with the advance guard of the enemy. During this skirmish a bullet came so close to me that I dodged, and a lieutenant standing near said, "They're after you, George?" I made a laughing reply to the effect that they would have to look closer than that if they caught me. Soon we were on the road again and toiling through the deep mud on our way to Lenoir, where we arrived between noon and one o'clock, halted and made coffee and ate as substantial a meal as the low state of our provisions permitted. At two o'clock we were ordered to fall in and marched back on the Loudon road about three miles to the Kingston road where we stayed for an hour or so, then moved back to near Lenoir, stacked arms and lay down on the ground for a much needed rest, but were at once ordered back on the Loudon road to Lenoir, where we arrived at sunset. There we were sent to the left, formed in line and lay on our arms through all that cold night, without fire or food, the men not being allowed to remove their accoutrements or even their knapsacks. Gen. Cutcheon says of that night:

"As we lay there, tired, sleepy, muddy and hungry, we could not help thinking of our comfortable huts, hardly more than a mile away, which we had built with so much care and labor, and left only twenty-four hours before."

At half past three o'clock in the morning of October 16th we were ordered to join the other regiments of the brigade, which we did and moved with them to a place near our old camp. Here Company C was detailed to destroy a number of wagons containing rations, ammunition and baggage of officers, the mules having been taken to haul artillery, the state of the roads making it necessary to use twenty to twenty-four horses or mules to haul one gun. The ammunition was removed and thrown into a small pond near by, the wheels of the wagons chopped down and the wagon tongues chopped off. At daylight we started towards Knoxville, our regiment being one of three forming the rear guard of the army. Our progress was necessarily slow and we were also obliged to halt at times and form in line of battle facing the rear and there remain for some time in order to allow the artillery and wagon trains to get out of the way. We saw the enemy frequently, following us at a safe distance in the rear, but they made no attempt to overtake us until about ten o'clock in the forenoon, when we heard the then somewhat unfamiliar rebel yell and saw a strong line of the enemy coming down on us at a rapid pace. We had just crossed a little stream called Turkey Creek and at once went into line on the left of the road, the Second Michigan being on the right and the Seventeenth Michigan in line on the other side of the creek and somewhat in advance of us as we faced the enemy. Two guns of Roemer's battery were with us, one on the right and one on the left of the road. Here we fought a heavy rearguard battle, the three regiments and two pieces of artillery successfully holding in check for a time the advance of Longstreet's army. But the enemy outnumbered us by at least three or four to one, and the 17th Michigan suffered so severely that it was obliged to retire, made a rapid movement to the left, dashed through the creek, passed around the left of our regiment and went back a short distance to the shelter of a small piece of woods. While this was going on the enemy made a strong attack on us in order to capture the gun that was with us, but we all stood our

ground and with rifle bullets and canister shot drove them back. The gun then limbered up and dashed to the rear and the Second Michigan and the Twentieth followed slowly, loading our pieces as we retired and facing about and firing as often as possible. We reached the piece of woods to which the Seventeenth had retired, took our position on their right and on the left of the road as before. While we were making this retrograde movement, a member of our regiment who had a light frying pan fastened on the back of his knapsack, was hit in the back, the bullet going through the frying pan and lodging in his knapsack. Instead of being glad on account of his escape from being killed, the soldier audibly and vociferously cursed the rebels for spoiling his frying pan. As we were falling back steadily and in the manner I have described, one of the "Johnnies"--as we called the Confederates--who was at some distance to our left and in front of the 17th Michigan and who had in some way discerned the badge of our corps on the caps of our men, called out at the top of his voice, "Hey, you Army of the Potomac fellows! what are you doing down here?" Evidently the rank and file of Longstreet's army had not before learned that the Ninth Corps was in Tennessee.

When we had fairly gained the shelter of the woods and reached the right of the line of the 17th Michigan, we halted, faced about and again opposed the advance of the enemy. And for a time a fierce and bloody conflict raged all along our short line. Almost immediately Lieut.-Col. Smith, in command of our regiment, was killed and other losses followed in quick succession. Under the strong pressure of the greatly superior numbers of the enemy the 17th Michigan began to give ground, when Col. Humphrey, in command of our brigade, rode up to the rear of the line and ordered a charge on the enemy. We at once set up as loud a yell as our lungs were capable of and charged with such vigor that the Confederates broke and ran. As Col. Humphrey had already received orders to retire his brigade, we went back deliberately, for some distance in line of battle and then "by the flank" as it is call-

ed, that is, in column of fours, moved some distance to the right and rear of the line we had been holding and there joined the main body of our army then formed or forming near the little village of Campbell's Station where Admiral Farragut was born. Here we were placed at or near the extreme right of the line and in the front line.

Scarcely were we in position when the Confederates sprang out of the woods which we had left but a short time before. They were formed in a strong line of battle and with so perfect an alignment that to me it looked as if a line drawn from the first man on the extreme right to the last man on the extreme left would touch the breast of every man in the line. I have always thought that Longstreet's corps was the best disciplined of all the corps engaged in the Civil War on either side and the result of the training of the men was probably best shown at Gettysburg, but was very much in evidence that day at Campbell's Station. Piping the rebel yell, and with arms at trail, they came on at a rapid pace, but they had hardly emerged from the cover of the woods when a storm of shells from our batteries went crashing through their ranks or exploded in front of or above them, the shells to be soon succeeded by canister shot, all these missiles tearing gaps in their line which closed again almost mechanically. But when they had approached to within a convenient distance and we opened upon them a withering blast of rifle fire, the combined fire of our artillery and infantry was more than flesh and blood could endure and they first wavered, then halted, fell back slightly and lay down in the tall grass that covered their part of the field as well as the part where we were. We were lying down also and almost immediately both the infantry and the artillery of the enemy opened upon us and for between two and three hours, as nearly as I can now recall the time, the battle raged, each of the two lines pouring into the other as deadly and rapid a fire as it could deliver. Having to both load and fire while in a reclining position was an awkward procedure, but one in which we

soon became expert. After one had fired his rifle he turned on his side, took a cartridge from his cartridge-box, tore off the end, inserted the cartridge in the muzzle of his rifle, rammed the cartridge down with the ramrod, took a cap from his cap-pouch, placed it on the nipple of his rifle, turned on his face, raised his head slightly from the ground, took aim and fired. When we left the front line our regiment had an average of less than two cartridges to each man, of the eighty that had been given out but a few days before. As I was ordnance sergeant of our company I had more cartridges than the others, but I had less than five when we ceased firing.

At about the time when the battle fairly opened rain began to fall and continued during the rest of the day and all night. At some time between two and three o'clock we saw the Second Brigade (ours being the Third) under Col. Christ, which had been in reserve, approaching us in line of battle from the rear. We lay on our faces and Christ's brigade marched over us and lay down. We arose and moved by the flank to the rear. As soon as we began this movement it brought us into plain view of the batteries of the enemy and one of them paid particular attention to us so that shells flew and exploded about us more numerous than they had done at any time before during the engagement. But we kept on steadily and deliberately and fortunately sustained few casualties during the movement. As the movement was "left in front" it made me the left guide and in the lead of the regiment. The captain of our company, one of the bravest men I ever knew, was in his place walking by my side when I suddenly noticed that he was very pale. I asked with much apprehension, "What is the matter, Captain, are you wounded?" "No, sergeant," was his reply in a low tone so as not to be heard by any one else, "I'm not wounded, but I'm scared half to death." I have often thought of this as one of the best illustrations of true bravery that ever came under my observation, the heroism of a man to whom there comes in battle, as not infrequently comes to the bravest of the brave, a feeling of fear amounting almost to

overwhelming terror, but who keeps his place, does his whole duty and puts forth his best efforts to win the battle.

We retired to a small ravine where we were out of close range of the guns of the enemy and were there held in reserve, ready to go to the support of any part of the line if necessary. We had scarcely halted when Gen. Ferrero, the commander of our Division, rode in front of us and lifting his hat and bowing low said, "Officers and men of the Third Brigade: I have come to thank you and congratulate you. You have done nobly, grandly. I am proud of you." Three cheers for the general was our response as he again lifted his hat, turned his horse and returned to his place in the rear of the troops then engaged in our front. We remained in the ravine until some time between half past three and four o'clock, then were ordered back a short distance to support Benjamin's battery. We passed through Campbell's Station, moved a little way toward the right of our line and took our position a short distance in the rear of the battery which was on a ridge not far north of the village, and on the extreme right of our army. Not long afterwards a brigade of the enemy advanced against us in an attempt to turn the right flank of our army, but the guns of the battery poured upon them such a deluge of canister shot that they broke and fled in confusion before we were called into action at all. Darkness fell at an early hour and soon the thunder of the artillery and the crackling of the musketry died away and comparative silence fell upon the scene, broken by few sounds except that of the pouring rain.

And thus ended the battle of Campbell's Station. It was fought by a Union force numbering less than ten thousand men, who by their courage and determination successfully repelled for several hours the assaults of of three or four times their number of veteran soldiers commanded by one of the ablest generals of the war. The losses in our regiment were three killed, thirty wounded (of whom several died from their wounds) and four missing. The loss in Company C was one wounded--Germane J. Williams. In the midst of

the fight I heard a profane and vociferous outcry at a little distance to my right and turning my head I saw that Williams had been slightly wounded. As he was able to walk, the captain ordered him to go to the rear and as I had fired my gun so many times that it was not only difficult to load but slightly dangerous to use, I told Williams to give me his gun and take mine, which he did.

General Cutcheon concludes his account of the battle of Campbell's Station with a fine and ~~wakk~~ well-deserved tribute to Gen. William Humphrey, who was in command of our brigade at the time of that engagement and afterwards at intervals until his final retirement from the service, late in 1864. He was, as Gen. Cutcheon says of him, "a courageous, clear-headed and capable commander." In addition to holding the office of Auditor General of Michigan for an unusually long period, he was for a number of years Warden of the Michigan State Prison at Jackson. Owing to the difference in rank I had nothing that could properly be called acquaintance with him during the war, but in "The Story of My Life" I have mentioned the fact that in 1869 when Gen. Humphrey was chosen Department Commander of the Department of Michigan, G.A.R., I was elected to the office which was next in rank, that of Senior Vice Department Commander and that I was, as I have always believed, chosen to that office through Gen. Humphrey's influence. And from that time until the close of his life he and I were firm friends. In the work above mentioned I have also referred to the fact that a number of years after the end of the Civil War, Gen. Humphrey once said to me, "When we went into a fight there were three non-commissioned officers in my brigade that I always depended on. They were Shakespeare of the Second, Marston of the Eighth and you in the Twentieth. And I always looked to you three boys to help both by the example you set of conspicuous courage and determination and by your encouragement to the men in the ranks with you. And not one of you ever failed me. I have always considered this the highest compliment I ever received from any one."

Just as we were about setting out from the battlefield of Campbell's Station on the retirement to Knoxville, I was directed to report to army headquarters for special duty. I found the army headquarters at some distance in the rear and on reporting to the Assistant Adjutant General he at first expressed surprise and disappointment on finding that I was not an officer's orderly as what was wanted was an orderly to take the place of one who had been disabled by a fall. But as there was no time to correct the error, the Ass't Adj't Gen'l asked me if I could take a note to Knoxville. I expressed my willingness to do so and was directed to turn my gun and accoutrements over to the headquarters wagonmaster and take a horse that would be furnished me and deliver a note with all reasonable dispatch to Captain Devereux, the Post Commissary at Knoxville. Here General Burnside, who had ~~been~~ been standing near, interposed and said, "He will need to be on the alert, I am not very sure of my communications with Knoxville." I inquired, "In case I should be in danger of being captured, what shall I do with the note?" "Nothing," replied the General, "It could do no harm if it should fall into the hands of the enemy."

I took the note, the horse was turned over to me by an orderly, I fastened my blankets on the rear of the saddle, mounted and set out. The mud was so deep that I did not dare urge the horse to make his best speed, but proceeded at a good pace and arrived at Knoxville between eight and nine o'clock, found Captain Devereux at his office, delivered the note to him, took the horse to the stable where I had been directed to leave him, took my blankets and found a place near the foot of White's Hill, in the rear of what was afterwards Fort Sanders, gathered some sticks and built a fire, put up two pieces of shelter tent that I had with me, gathered some pine boughs for a bed, lay down in my wet clothes with my feet to the fire, and though wretchedly hungry, I was so utterly exhausted by the marching and fighting of the day that I slept like a trooper all that night. By going to Knoxville as I did I escaped the hardest march the 20th Michigan ever made,

the one from Campbell's Station to Knoxville.

I awoke fairly early on the morning of the 17th and after some difficulty I found the wagon that had carried my arms to Knoxville. I had still more difficulty in finding something to eat, but finally succeeded. With less trouble I found my regiment on White's Hill and already engaged in the construction of a line of rifle-pits northward from the earthwork that was afterwards named Fort Sanders. Gen. Cutcheon ~~gxxx~~ gives a somewhat detailed description of the defenses at Knoxville, which is too long for insertion here, but a brief statement concerning these defenses would seem to be necessary in order to a proper understanding of what follows in regard to the siege of Knoxville and my part in it.

Knoxville was at that time a town of perhaps five thousand inhabitants, although I question whether there were anywhere near that number. But it was called the capital of East Tennessee on account of its being the largest town in that portion of the State. It was a place of considerable political and social importance and reputation and of as much commercial importance as a place of that size in the south could well be. It was the home of William G. Brownlow--generally called "Parson Brownlow"--a Methodist preacher, a noted politician, the editor of the Knoxville Whig and a writer of ability on both religious and political subjects who had reduced the abuse of a religious or political opponent to a science, a regular southern fire-eater but on the side of the Union. A nephew of Parson Brownlow was a very prominent member of the House of Representatives during nearly or quite all the time that I was in Washington and was one of the few acquaintances I had among the members of the House.

Knoxville is situated on the north bank of the Holston River and the place where I found my regiment on the morning of November 17th was on an eminence known as White's Hill, west of the town and on the north side of the road leading to Loudon. On White's Hill was an unfinished earthwork, partly constructed by the Confederates and named by them Fort Loudon. After the begin-

ning of the siege this fort was completed and all the other defenses of the city constructed under the direction of General Poe, then Chief Engineer of the Army of the Ohio. Gen. Burnside gave to the fort the name Fort Sanders in honor of General Sanders, a Tennesseean, who was killed in front of the fort and of our line on the morning of November 18th.

Beginning on the morning of November 17th and continuing for a number of days and to some extent during the siege, we toiled on the fortifications nearly all the time when not on picket or in line behind the works in expectation of an assault. So that our condition was not very different from that of the Jews under Nehemiah when "every one with one of his hands wrought in the work and with the other hand held a weapon." Every morning we were called up at daybreak and took our places behind the works, expecting an attack and after an hour or so details were told off and work on the fortifications begun for the day and continued until dark, with brief intermissions for rest. As the number of sergeants in our company was proportionally larger than the number of private soldiers, I was not detailed every day for either picket or fatigue service, but most of the men were. On one of the days when I was in charge of a fatigue party I noted in my diary that it "commenced raining in the morning and continued all day. Pleasant in the evening when too late to dry my clothes."

On the morning of November 18th the Union cavalry under General Sanders, at some distance in our front, was attacked by the Confederates, General Sanders was killed and the cavalry forced to retire within the fortifications. This battle was plainly seen from our main works on White's Hill, but to me it was obscured by a fog which settled on the low land at some distance in our front where I was in charge of a portion of the picket line. On the evening of the 20th of November the 17th Michigan made a sortie for the purpose of burning some buildings, which they accomplished and returned to their place in the line with slight loss. On the 24th the Second Michigan was ordered to capture and hold a rifle

pit of the enemy in front of our brigade. They succeeded in taking the line but were unable to hold it, and lost in the attempt more than half their number in killed and wounded, among the former being Major Byington of Battle Creek. Nearly every day the artillery on both sides was active and picket firing and sharpshooting constantly going on and a greater or less number of casualties of daily occurrence. Captain Wiltsie of the 20th and Lieut.-Col. Comstock of the 17th were both mortally wounded on the 25th of November. Gen. Cutcheon, after mentioning the death of the latter, says: "Thus each of the three Michigan regiments lost its commanding officer; Smith of the Twentieth on the 16th; Byington of the Second on the 24th and Comstock of the Seventeenth on the 25th."

Even before the siege began our rations were greatly diminished in quantity. In my diary, under date November 25, I noted, "Food very scarce. Am hungry all the time." Our supply of food from the north was entirely cut off, no store of rations had been accumulated in the city before the siege, so that we were soon reduced to the most meager allowance of breadstuffs and meat and nothing else. A large quantity of salt had been stored in the city by the Confederates before our arrival and this was the only article of food of which we had enough. Not long after the beginning of the siege and for months after its close our total allowance of food per man for twenty-four hours was four ounces--less than a teacup full--of flour or corn meal and about three-fourths of a pound of fresh beef, including the bone, without coffee, sugar, or vegetables of any kind. The flour and corn meal were ground from the poorest sort of grain and Gen. Draper asserts that the corn was ground cob and all. As for the beef, Rev. Dr. Callen once told me that he was a boy living near Knoxville at the time of the siege and assisted in driving cattle into our lines, and that many of these cattle were so thin and weak that if they lay down they had to be helped to their feet. And this allowance of food was to men who had to perform hard manual labor while exposed to the cold of winter,

with insufficient clothing and nothing that could be called shelter from rain or cold. And much of the time we had to sit in our picket pits for twenty-four hours with our feet and legs immersed in cold water nearly up to our knees. And from these conditions there was no release, no respite. There was no looking forward to night or morning or to tomorrow to bring either food or shelter, peace or comfort. Day after day and night after night, every man was in imminent and constant danger of death or wounds and was never for a moment free from the pangs of hunger and the suffering from cold, and seldom from great weariness. It would be hard to say which we felt most acutely, hunger, cold or weariness, but I think that the first named caused us, on the whole, more poignant suffering than either of the other two, as there were times when we were partly rested from our work and when the cold was not so intense, but there was no time, by day or by night, when we did not feel the pangs of hunger so keenly as to drive us almost frantic. We could think of nothing else, talk of nothing else, and even our dreams were invariably of being in sight of food which, somehow, we could not reach. I have always believed and often said that we would have suffered less had we been denied food altogether and starved to death for then, according to the testimony of those who have fasted for many days, we should have suffered for only a few days. But we were given just food enough to produce a ravenous desire for more, with nothing to appease that desire. And this condition lasted from the middle of November until well toward the latter part of the following January. While the siege of Vicksburg was in progress, it was asserted that the Confederates were without food to such an extent that they ate the flesh of mules. During the siege of Knoxville the Confederate pickets would often call to our pickets and ask us how we relished our mule meat that morning.

In my diary under date of November 26th I made this entry: "I find that the neuralgia which has troubled me from the time we left Mississippi, has in some way gone, I know not when, nor how, nor why." But I did not regret its departure.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ASSAULT ON FORT SANDERS.

It required neither prophetic vision nor profound knowledge of military science for us to foresee that an assault would be made on our works by the Confederates before many days and that it would be directed against the western front of the defenses of Knoxville. After the battles of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge --of which we first learned from the Confederates--we half hoped that Longstreet might raise the siege of the city without further aggressive movements, and that the preparations made by the enemy for storming our works (which preparations were carried on before our eyes almost every day) were only a feint to cover a retreat. But this did not seem to us to be at all likely and we simply increased our vigilance and our preparations to withstand an assault. Under date of November twenty-eighth the entry in my diary mentions the fact that it was my birthday and then proceeds: "Raining till near sunset. Heavy cannonading by the rebels, beginning just before dark and lasting till well into the night. Assault by the rebels upon our picket line at 11 P. M. Our company ordered into Fort Sanders. Stood to arms all night."

This entry is the briefest possible statement of the inception of the assault and before proceeding farther it may be well to give a brief description of the fort and an equally brief statement of the defending and of the assaulting forces.

Fronting page 328 of "Burnside and the Ninth Army Corps," is an excellent map of the operations preceding the siege, and fronting page 344 of the same work is another accurate map of Knoxville and its defensive works. It will be observed that many of these works, such as Sanders, Huntington Smith, Wiltsie, Comstock, Byington, Galpin, Noble and Billingsley, were named for Union officers who were killed just before or during the siege. Byington and Galpin were both from Battle Creek. The former I knew but slightly, the latter I knew well. In referring to the ac-

curacy of the maps mentioned, it should also be stated that General Woodbury's account of the assault, while reasonably correct in its main features is very inaccurate in many of its details.

Fronting page 88 of Gen. Cutcheon's "History" is an alleged picture of the assault of which another copy, which I procured soon after the event, is inserted so as to front page 348 of "Burnside and the Ninth Army Corps." This picture gives no idea whatever of the assault, as the figures shown do not number one-fifth as many Confederates as were crowded into the space shown in the picture. But the picture is a very accurate representation of the fort. The objects appearing on top of the parapet are cotton bales placed there to protect the artillerymen from the batteries of the enemy on the other side of the river.

During the siege, by the genius of Gen. Poe, the fort had been perfected according to the requirements of the highest military art, and to make it still more defensible Gen. Poe had caused a number of small trees standing in front of the fort and of the adjacent works to be felled with their tops toward the enemy and telegraph wire to be strung from stump to stump of the trees, the first time, so far as I have any information on the subject, that wire entanglements were ever used in war.

The forces assailing and defending the fort were as follows: On the Union side, of artillery, four guns of Benjamin's battery of twenty-pounder Patrots and two guns of Buckley's battery of twelve-pounders were in the fort, and two of Roemer's twelve-pounders were at the right of the fort where they took part in the fight. The Confederates had in our front in their earthworks three batteries and other guns, numbering in all about eighteen guns, and across the Holston one battery of six guns which fired into the fort preceding and during the assault. Besides these there were a number of batteries of light artillery not placed in the trenches but which took part in the assault, making the number of guns supporting the Confederates in their assault not less than thirty.

The Union infantry consisted of the regular garrison of the fort, the 79th N.Y. "Highlanders" as they were called, numbering from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five men; four companies of the 29th Massachusetts, possibly seventy-five men; four companies of the 2nd Michigan, not exceeding sixty-five men; and Company C of the 20th Michigan, about thirty men. Both Gen. Ferrero and Gen. Humphrey state that two companies of the 20th Michigan were sent into the fort, but both are wrong and Gen. Cutcheon is right in saying that only Company C of that regiment was in the fort. To the numbers above stated there should be added about one hundred men of the 20th Michigan who were at the right of the fort but who were able to reach the enemy by their fire. A liberal estimate of the number of the Union infantry defending the fort would, therefore, be about four hundred men. Of the artillery there were possibly one hundred and fifty to two hundred more, making the total possible number of defenders of the fort not more than six hundred men all told, and the number was probably at least one hundred less than this figure.

The assailants were McLaw's division, consisting of Kershaw's, Humphrey's, Wofford's and Bryan's brigades, the first containing five regiments and one battalion of South Carolina troops; the second four Mississippi regiments; the third three regiments, two legions and one battalion from Georgia, and the fourth four Georgia regiments. The morning reports of this division, made only a short time before, showed that there were present for duty four hundred and forty-two officers and four thousand six hundred and fifty-three men; total, five thousand one hundred and ninety-five. Making all reasonable deductions, there could not have been less than four thousand five hundred in the assaulting force, exclusive of those belonging to the artillery.

As stated in my diary, we stood to arms during the whole of the night of November 28-29. Our pickets were driven in not far from eleven o'clock and there was furious artillery firing on both sides in our front and by the batteries across the river from about dark until past mid-

night. Late in the evening, while the cannonading was still vigorous, Gen. Burnside came to the fort from the city and visited every part of the fort, saying, "They're coming tonight, boys. They will be upon you before daylight. Look out for them. Every man must stand his ground whatever happens. Don't let them in here," and other injunctions of the same kind.

Shortly before daybreak on Sunday morning, November 29th, the batteries of the enemy opened on us furiously and our batteries replied with equal vigor, and just at daybreak we could hear, above the thunder of the cannon and the crashing of bursting shells, the rebel yell in our front, but no enemy was visible for some time, owing to the darkness and to a dense fog which covered all the low land where, as Gen. Cutcheon says, "it lay like a vast sea of milk." Our company was in a salient of the fort near the headquarters of Gen. Ferrero, and while we were anxiously waiting and straining our eyes for a sight of the enemy, an officer came along with three men of the 79th N.Y. and said to me, "Come with me." I went with him and after we had gone a few steps he said the same to a sergeant of the 29th Massachusetts who fell in with us and the officer stationed the group in a small angle of the fort a few paces to the left of our company and left us there wholly apart from the troops in the rest of the fort. At about that time the lines of the enemy became dimly discernible and a heavy musketry fire from them was directed against those in the fort, which was promptly replied to by the infantry in the fort, and the fire of our batteries was now diverted from the batteries of the enemy and directed against the charging lines of infantry.

A good and fairly accurate description of the battle was written by the correspondent of the New York Herald--who was in the fort at the time--and from it the following extract is made:

"The battle--for it could now be called so--became deafening. The roar of the artillery on all sides, the bursting of the shells and the rattle of the musketry were grandly commingled. Despite the storm of canister which howled around

them on came the rebel host, with brigade front, slowly pouring over the railroad cut, anon quickening in motion as the ground presented less obstruction, until at last, emerging from the nearest timber, they broke into the charge.

"Across the open space which intervened between the timber and the fort, and which was crossed with logs and the stumps of felled trees, they now came at impetuous speed. The first check was given when the foremost of the column stumbled over a line of telegraph wire which had been stretched through the low brush and coiled from stump to stump out of ordinary view. As they halted here momentarily, one falling over another, until the cause of the obstruction was discovered, our batteries in the fort had full play, and Benjamin, Buckley and Roemer poured in their rounds quick and fast, while the infantry of Ferrero kept up a galling fire with musketry.

"The embrasures of the fort and the whole line of the parapet blazed at once with the discharges. Still the rebels pressed on, their battle-flags of red, with cross of blue, floating defiantly above their heads, over the serried line of bayonets. Rallying over the temporary obstruction, leaping the stumps and logs and pushing through the brush, they were within pistol shot of the fort. Our men, during the last few minutes, had received orders to reserve their fire until each could single out his target at close range, while Benjamin treble shot his guns and Buckley loaded with his terrible canister.

"And now together all launched forth. The effect was terrific. Broken in their line, a few of the more desperate of the rebels sprang into the ditch, clambered up the glacis, and, almost side by side with the flag of the Union, planted the banner of treason. But, confused, panic-stricken, the rear of the column gave way and retreated down the hill; others, again, afraid to advance or retire in the face of what was certain death, and appalled by the heaps of slain which strewn the field, threw down their arms and surrendered.

"The most desperate--and a gallant band they

were--remained fast by their officers, who valiantly kept the lead to the very fort itself, and following them as they jumped into the ditch, attempted to scale the glacis, each to receive his death-wound as his head appeared above the parapet. * * *

(The foregoing extract relates only to the first assault on the fort; there being two distinct assaults, the second taking place while the first was still in progress.)

In a few minutes after the rifle fire began, one of the 79th Highlanders in our group received a flesh wound in the arm. He at once set up a dismal howl and stood in his tracks, helplessly, until I shouted to him so as to be heard above the roar of the battle, "Skin to the rear and find your surgeon." He then started towards the rear and the other two of the 79th with him. I called out to them, "Where are you fellows going? Come back here and keep on fighting." One of them turned to me and asked, impertinently, "Are you an officer of the 79th Haylonders?" "No," I answered, "I am an officer in another regiment. But you have no business to sneak off in this way. That man can get along without the help of either one of you." "Then," said the 79th N.Y. craven, defiantly, "if you're no' an officer of the Haylonders don't you give orders to us," and the two poltroons marched away with the one wounded man. During this colloquy I had not for an instant interrupted my work of loading and firing, and as I was again about to fite my rifle the sergeant of the 29th Massachusetts shouted in my ear, "Let them go. I guess we are as well off without them."

Inside the fort and a few feet below the top of the parapet, was a ledge of earth about two feet wide, on which the soldiers stood while discharging their rifles. After firing we stepped down and crouched or lay down close to the parapet while loading. The Massachusetts sergeant and I loaded with about equal celerity, so, without designing it, we for a time fired alternately. Once after discharging my rifle I noticed that he did not fire during the interval while I was loading, and looking over to his place some

feet away, I saw in the dim light that he was lying on the ground. I called to him and he did not answer. I went over and touched him and discovered that he was dead. He had been shot through the brain while firing on the enemy and the words he had spoken to me a few moments before were the last that he ever uttered. I afterwards saw his name in the list of casualties but I have forgotten it.

The enemy had at about this time reached the fort, some were pouring into the ditch, others were sweeping the top of the parapet with a fierce musketry fire. The batteries of the enemy had ceased firing but bullets from the weapons of thousands of their infantry were flying over or coming into the fort, filling the air with their peculiar hissing, wailing and moaning, a sound wholly indescribable but which once heard, with its fearful portent of death and wounds, can never be forgotten. And I was left in that little angle of the fort, wholly alone. But I did not for one moment give way to fear, indeed, I had no fear for myself. Whether I should live or die was to me a matter of so little moment that I cannot remember that the thought came into my mind. But I was almost crying with apprehension lest the rebels should get into the fort at the place that I was defending. So, to prevent such a calamity, I loaded and fired, loaded and fired, with all the speed of which I was capable. Fortunately the movements of the enemy were hindered by the depth of the ditch and the steepness of the glacis--the slope of the fort--and also fortunately for me the main assault was delivered a little to the right of my position, so that none of the enemy reached the top of the parapet where I was. In a few minutes an officer on Gen. Ferrero's staff who was passing by came into the angle and first demanded of me in a peremptory way what I was doing there and next where the others were, and on being told hurried away saying, "It's a damned shame," and in a very few minutes a lieutenant with a small party of men came into the angle and I went back to my company without asking leave of any one.

The first assault was then at its crest. The ditch in front of the fort was filled with men, and others were trying to make their way into it, others were clambering up the steep slope of the fort, those who succeeded in reaching the top being instantly shot down or made prisoners, while hundreds of the enemy were standing near the edge of the trench and firing at the top of the parapet. Benjamin's cannoniers had ceased firing as it was no longer possible to depress the muzzles of the guns enough to hit any of the enemy. I was a few feet to the left of our company, loading my rifle, when I heard Lieut. Benjamin, who was standing near, say to an artillery sergeant, "Sergeant, hand me a * * * shell." (Giving it a technical name that I have forgotten). The sergeant brought a shell and Benjamin with his pocket knife cut the fuse still shorter and lighted it--not with a cigar, as the newspapers afterwards stated, but with a small burning stick that he took out of a little fire that was burning a few feet from where he stood. All this happened in much less time than one can read this account of it, and in the mean time I had finished loading my rifle and had turned toward the parapet to discharge it, when Benjamin put his hand on the back of my head and saying, "Down, boy," pressed me down almost to the side of the parapet and at the same instant flung the shell over the parapet. In a second or less came the crash of the explosion which must have occurred at the instant that the shell reached the struggling mass in the ditch below. One or two more shells were brought and used by Benjamin in the same way and then Benjamin turned to me and with a sardonic grin on his face, said, "That sort of stills them down, doesn't it?" And indeed it did. But at about the time when the first shell was thrown, the second assault of the enemy was in full swing, with more herculean but vain attempts by the assailants to force a way into the fort in sufficient numbers to compel its surrender. But every effort on their part was met by the steady, effective fire of the defenders of the fort, cannon roaring out their death-dealing canister, the infantry firing without pause into the

densely massed assailants and Benjamin, at a risk to himself and to those near him that seemed the height of recklessness, continuing to throw lighted shells into the ditch at frequent intervals. During the fight the colors of one Mississippi regiment and two Georgia regiments were captured on the parapet of the fort, the color bearers being either killed or taken prisoners. One Confederate captain climbed up to and into an embrasure and, standing directly in front of one of Benjamin's guns, demanded the surrender of the fort. For answer the gun was discharged and in this way the captain escaped being counted among the dead, as there was nothing left of him to count.

Gradually the firing slackened, then ceased, those assaulting the fort having fled or surrendered. And as soon as the smoke lifted we could look upon one of the most fearful scenes of all that were visible at any time during the war. From the front of the fort down to the valley, on the whole slope of White's Hill, the ground was so thickly covered with the bodies of the dead and severely wounded, that Washington Gardner, who came to Knoxville with the Fourth Corps a few days after the assault, walked all over the slope, stepping on the pools of blood from the bodies of those who had lain there. This he told me some years later. The ditch in front of the fort was nearly filled with the bodies of assailants, some dead, many more wounded, and a few unhurt, but held down by the bodies of the dead and wounded. As Major Cutcheon wrote the Detroit Advertiser and Tribune not long after the assault, "God's mild, loving, sunlit Sabbath never looked down on a more fearful sight."

The losses on either side were as disproportionate as the numbers engaged. Of the Confederates the loss was never accurately known, but a count of the dead left on the field showed about one hundred and thirty, which would indicate a total of more than one hundred and fifty, as many of their dead were known to have been removed by the Confederates on their retreat and before the flag of truce. A hasty count of the wounded

showed four hundred and fifty-eight, indicating a total of more than five hundred, as many who were only slightly wounded must have made their way back to their lines before the count. Of unwounded prisoners we captured two hundred and twenty-five, with three battle flags and over five hundred stands of arms.

The total Union loss in the assault was eight killed, about twenty wounded, some mortally, and twenty-two captured on the picket line. In the Twentieth two were killed, sixteen wounded, a few mortally, and twelve captured, the loss in our regiment in killed and wounded being greater than that of any other regiment in the army. Of Company C Phil Ryan was mortally wounded, Joe Holcomb seriously (arm amputated) and Steve Bryant slightly.

The correspondent of the New York Herald affirmed that in respect to the losses on either side at Fort Sanders, the only parallel that could be found was in General Jackson's battle of New Orleans. But at New Orleans there was no such disparity in the numbers engaged as at Fort Sanders, and at the former battle the British lines had to advance at a slow pace for a long distance over an open plain and were practically destroyed while they were at some distance from the American intrenchments. At Fort Sanders the charging lines had but a short distance to go to reach our line and moved at double-quick under cover of darkness and a dense fog, so that the fighting was almost hand to hand and close to or almost within the fort.

The repulse of the assault on Fort Sanders is justly regarded as one of the most brilliant victories won by either side during the Civil War. Fort Sanders was no stronger than many earth-works that were taken by assault during the war, no stronger than the works on Missionary Ridge that only four days before the assault on Fort Sanders were captured by a force not greatly superior in numbers to the defenders, not so strong as Fort Mahone which was stormed and taken by one of the brigades of our division in April, 1865. Those who assaulted Fort Sanders were a-

mong the bravest and best disciplined troops that took part in the war on either side and their superiority in numbers to those who defended the fort has been pointed out, and the losses on each side in proportion to the numbers engaged bear witness to the sanguinary nature of the conflict. The only possible reason that can be assigned for the result is the obstinate, determined, indomitable valor of the defenders of the fortress, their coolness under fire, their skill in the use of rifles and cannon, the deliberate and accurate way in which they used these weapons and their refusal to entertain a thought of flight or surrender. In writing these words I am not referring in any way to the inconspicuous part taken by me in the battle, I am thinking and writing only of the heroic men who were my comrades in that illustrious event.

The news of the victory was received everywhere throughout the north with great joy. On the 7th of December President Lincoln issued a proclamation in which after referring in congratulatory terms to the fact of the retirement of the enemy from before Knoxville "under circumstances rendering it probable that the Union forces cannot hereafter be dislodged from that important position," he recommended that "all loyal people do, on receipt of this information, assemble at their places of worship, and render special homage and gratitude to Almighty God for this great advancement of the national cause." And the Congress of the United States adopted and the President on the 28th of January, 1864, approved, a joint resolution providing "that the thanks of Congress be, and they hereby are, presented to Major General Ambrose E. Burnside and through him to the officers and men who have fought under his command, for their gallantry, good conduct and soldierlike endurance."

In his account of his campaign in East Tennessee, and especially in that part of it relating to the assault on Fort Sanders, Gen. Longstreet is not only so inaccurate and unfair as to make his statements wholly valueless, but in some regards, notably his table of losses, he deliberately

ly falsifies. I shall not take up and refute his erroneous statements as such a course would add nothing to what has already been stated in this work. His pretence that the assault was abandoned almost before it began, was intended to avert, as much as possible, the effect of the disastrous and overwhelming defeat suffered by him and his army. He afterwards meanly tried to shield himself from criticism by laying the responsibility for the repulse on Gen. McLaws, but the latter promptly demanded a court of inquiry, and Longstreet dared not press the charge. His account of the battle of Campbell's Station is equally incorrect and valueless and was evidently written--as was his entire book--for southern readers. His entire story of the East Tennessee campaign is wholly unworthy of the gallant general by whom it was written.

I came out of the battle unhurt, a slight rent, too small to need patching, made by a missile of some sort in the left sleeve of my coat below the elbow, being all the mark of the conflict that I received.

Gen. Cutcheon says in his "History" and I think correctly,

"If called upon to name the operations in which the Twentieth Michigan played the most important part, and was able to render the greatest service, we would without hesitation select the battle of Campbell's Station and the defense of Fort Sanders." And farther on,

"The defense of Fort Sanders was among the most heroic as well as most important events of the war. It decided the campaign in East Tennessee. It permanently severed the connection between the rebel capital and the main Confederate army in Virginia on the north and the great food-producing regions of the Confederacy on the south. It forever settled the status of East Tennessee as a loyal part of the Union." And still farther on,

"In the light of these official reports of the Confederate commanders, we are constrained to the belief that no command in the entire army did more or so much for the defense of Fort Sanders,
* * * as did the Twentieth Michigan."

Immediately after the repulse of the enemy, Gen. Burnside caused a flag of truce to be sent to Longstreet's lines, offering the privilege of removing the wounded and dead. The offer was accepted, and while the work was going on many of the men who an hour or two before had been putting forth their best efforts to kill each other, met at our picket line and talked pleasantly with each other, laughed over some of the features of the charge, especially the effect of the wire, and good-naturedly chaffed each other, until General Ferrero came down and put a stop to it. Before night everything in and about our lines had resumed its wonted appearance. But we did not for a moment relax our vigilance as we were apprehensive of another assault. In my diary I recorded the fact that we stayed in our rifle pits all day on the 30th of November, and the further fact that on the following day I received my rations for twenty-four hours at seven o'clock in the evening, ate the whole of them at eight o'clock and went on picket at nine.

CHAPTER X.

THE END OF THE EAST TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN.

On the 28th of November, 1863, Gen. Grant ordered Gen. Sherman to take two corps and proceed to the relief of Knoxville. This Sherman proceeded to do and on the 3d of December rumors of the approach of this army reached us and on the 4th these rumors were confirmed and I entered in my diary that evening that I had "starved with a good heart all day." It must be remembered that after the 17th of November we were cut off from all communication with the world outside of Knoxville except what was told us by the Confederate pickets, or when, on one or two occasions, an aide succeeded in making his way through the Confederate lines by way of the river or otherwise. The loyal citizens succeeded in getting a small amount of foodstuffs to us by floating them down the river on flatboats, but the quantity that we obtained in this way was practically negligible.

On the morning of December 5th we awoke to find that the siege was raised and that Longstreet's army had retreated towards the east. On Sunday, the 6th, there was a regimental inspection and on the next morning we were awakened at four o'clock and at seven o'clock set out in pursuit of Longstreet. We marched about eleven miles that day and bivouacked at about four o'clock in the afternoon. The marching was very hard owing to the condition of the roads and to the condition of the men, weakened by hunger, exposure and hard toil, especially the first. On the 8th we continued the march, arising at four A.M., and starting at seven, or as soon as it was light enough to see the way. That day we marched to Blain's Cross Roads and on the 9th we marched almost to Rutledge, went into line of battle and remained in that formation until nearly dark, then bivouacked and remained in camp three days. On Sunday the 13th we arose at four o'clock, A.M. marched at six o'clock and proceeded to Thurley's Ford near Farley's Mills on the Holston, where we encountered a brigade of Confederate

We had always heard, in our Southern history books, that part of the reason for the defeat of the Confederates was due to lack of clothes, food, small arms ^{ammunition} and big guns; I had always thought of the Northern armies as being lavishly supplied with all the necessities of warfare. But this presents an entirely different picture.

cavalry and were met by a heavy fire of artillery. A sharp skirmish ensued in which a number of our men were wounded. We advanced rapidly in line of battle and the enemy was beginning to retreat when we received orders to halt. Later we were ordered to retire which we did, first to near Rutledge and on the following day to Blain's Cross Roads, where we remained until January 16th following. Our regiment was on the extreme left of a line of defense, facing east and extending from the Clinch Mountain southerly across a valley to a range of hills, and was composed of all the men in the Army of the Ohio who were able to be on duty. On the other side of the Clinch Mountain, Sheridan's and Wood's divisions of the Fourth Corps, from Sherman's army, extended the line northerly across another valley, blocking the Tazewell road. The left of our regiment was at the foot of and as close as possible to the Clinch Mountain.

Our experiences during the time that we were in camp at Blain's Cross Roads were, in some respects, among the most severe of any that we had in the service. The quantity and quality of our rations were no larger nor better than during the siege of Knoxville. I find in my diary frequent allusions to this fact and to the consequent hunger from which I suffered, and these records were made simply because I was too hungry to think of anything else. And besides the want of food many of the men suffered acutely on account of the lack of clothing, blankets and shelter. Our camp was at a considerable altitude in a mountainous region, where the winds seemed to be excessively cold, and the winter of 1863-4 was the coldest that had been known for many years. And yet an inspection of our brigade of four regiments, on January 4th, 1864, showed that of 1015 men--the total number on duty--374 were without any underclothing; 386 were without shoes; 65 were without blankets; 471 were without overcoats; 218 were without tents; 657 were without socks; 295 were without trousers and 186 had no coats. In our regiment, numbering three hundred men, 59 had no underclothing; 121 had no shoes; 75 were without tents; 169 had no socks;

123 no overcoats, 17 no blankets, 79 no trousers and 51 had no coats. And this condition was not the fault of the men. Much of their clothing had simply worn out and some had been lost with their knapsacks which were destroyed at Lenoir, by whose order was never known. I was better off than many of the others as I had not only a coat, trousers and one suit of underwear and a pair of socks, but also an overcoat, a piece of tent and a pair of shoes. But I have seen men with nothing but cotton flannel drawers to cover their lower limbs on a bitter cold day, and others with their feet encased in pieces of green hide, and others walking with bare feet through snow over frozen ground, with blood oozing from wide cracks in their naked feet. As Gen. Cutch-eon truthfully says, "This was the Valley Forge of the Tennessee campaign."

During our stay at Blain's Cross Roads I was at times called upon to perform more than my share of military duty, owing to the fact that I was more warmly clothed than some of the other sergeants, but of this I never complained but on the contrary, on one occasion at least, I volunteered for extra service. I was also frequently placed on what was called "detached service", that is, called upon to do work--usually clerical--that did not pertain to my rank or ordinary service. I find in my diary a record that at one time I worked at brigade headquarters all day "making copy of proceedings of Board of Survey," but I have no remembrance of the event nor of the nature of the paper or papers I copied.

In spite of the suffering from hunger and cold there was--as was inevitable where so many boys and young men were congregated--a great deal of diversion in the camp, some of it quiet, but much of it consisting of rollicking merriment. In my diary I recorded the fact that on one evening I was one of a quartet that met to sing, the other members being the brigade commissary--a lieutenant of our regiment--a soldier of the 36th Massachusetts and another of the 100th Pa., all except myself being fairly good singers. One of the favorite diversions of a soldier of the 36th Mass., from the city of Charlestown, was to tell

his mess-mates, from the same city, what he would do if he were in a certain restaurant in Charlestown, recount the dishes he would order and describe his enjoyment in eating them. The effect on his starving auditors can hardly be imagined.

The first day of January, 1864, has ever since been known throughout the nation as "the cold New Years," probably the coldest day ever known in the history of the country. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, both in the army and in civil life, perished from cold. Fortunately there was no loss of life in our regiment from that cause, although there were many cases of frozen extremities of those who were more than ordinarily exposed to the cold. Wood was abundant in the region where we were and great fires were kept burning all through the camp and in this way the suffering from cold was made less acute and less dangerous.

My total income for the year 1863 was two hundred and one dollars and ninety three cents, and my total expenses sixty-one dollars and eight cents. All my income was derived from my pay, as corporal at thirteen dollars per month until May 1, and after that as sergeant at seventeen dollars per month. From my pay deductions were made for extra clothing that I had drawn from the government. My expenditures were for clothing and food that I purchased, and for other things such as books, writing paper, photographs, and other trifles of like sort.

Early in January, 1864, our regiment was transferred, greatly to my regret, from the third to the first brigade of our division and brigaded with the 79th N.Y., 36th Mass., and 45th Penn. The 45th Penn. "veteranized" as it was called soon afterwards, that is, reenlisted and was sent home on furlough, but otherwise the brigade remained the same during the remainder of the time that we were in East Tennessee. General Ferrero remained in command of the division, but the command of the Army of the Ohio had been changed in December, General Burnside retiring and General John G. Foster being appointed in his place. Gen. Burnside was summoned to Washington and had

a conference with the President at which it was agreed that the Ninth Corps was to be recruited to the number of fifty thousand men and at the opening of the coming spring was to proceed under the command of General Burnside to Wilmington, North Carolina, capture and occupy that city and take and occupy the railroads in the interior of North Carolina. I have always thought it a serious mistake, as well as a great misfortune to us, that the plan thus laid was not adhered to. Had it been carried out it would have deprived the Confederates of the main source of their supplies both in this country and from abroad, would have compelled the evacuation of Richmond and the greater part of Virginia, or the detaching of so much of Lee's army that the task of the Army of the Potomac would have been much easier than it proved to be in the great campaign of 1864. And I have always seriously questioned whether the co-operation of the Ninth Corps with the Army of the Potomac had any decisive influence in bringing about or hastening the result of that campaign. The part which our corps took in the battles that were fought, the terrible losses which it sustained, doubtless made the losses in the other corps lighter, but had our corps taken no part in the movements and battles of the campaign I believe that the result would have been the same, and that our corps would have contributed much more to the success of our arms by the expedition to North Carolina than it did or could by its co-operation with the Army of the Potomac. And even if the expedition to North Carolina had not accomplished all that would have been expected of it, Wilmington could have been taken with comparative ease, as was proved later in the war, and once taken and fortified it could have been held, with the co-operation of the navy, against the whole of Lee's army. So that no disaster was to be feared, and in any event the movement would have weakened the enemy much more than our presence with the Army of the Potomac strengthened that army. And according to the most elementary rules of military science, it would, under the

circumstances, have been better to diminish the strength of the enemy than to increase our own.

Both the President and General Burnside were not only hopeful but very confident of the success of the expedition and that great results would be accomplished by it. I once made an address in Washington on "The Military Genius of Abraham Lincoln," in which I thought that I showed that Mr. Lincoln, in spite of his want of any instruction in even the rudiments of technical military science, in spite of the fact that he more than once entertained erroneous views in regard to certain phases of the military conduct of the war, was yet possessed of military genius of no mean order. And General Burnside, notwithstanding his frightful tactical blunders at Fredericksburg, was one of the ablest strategists of the Civil War. His strategic plan for the advance on Richmond was one of the best that was formed during the war. It failed through no fault of Gen. Burnside but because of Halleck's incompetency. And the concurrent views of two men like President Lincoln and General Burnside in regard to any plan were not lightly to be esteemed. Why the plan was not carried into execution will be told later on.

General Burnside was appointed to the command of the Ninth Army Corps January 7, 1864, but did not assume the command until in the following May. So the operations in East Tennessee continued as before under General Foster until February 9th, when Gen. Foster resigned and was succeeded by General John M. Schofield, who remained in command of the Army of the Ohio during the Atlanta campaign, afterwards in North Carolina and until near the close of the war. On January 14th, 1864, a wagon train laden with clothing arrived at Blain's Cross Roads and the men most destitute of clothing were made more comfortable.

Marching orders came to us in the evening of January 15th and on the 16th we moved across the country about eight miles in a southeasterly direction to a little town on the Holston River, called Strawberry Plains, where a young ladies seminary was located. The reason for this movement was that Longstreet, finding our line too

strongly posted to invite a frontal attack, essayed to reach Knoxville by an advance south of the Holston. At about the time of our movement the Confederates attacked and forced back a detachment of the Fourth Corps that had been stationed south of the river, and when we reached Strawberry Plains this detachment was retreating across the bridge over the river at that point. In the evening of the 20th of January quarter rations of coffee and sugar were received and issued for the first time in more than two months. As I was for a short time acting as First Sergeant of our company, I was up nearly all that night receiving and issuing rations and getting ready to move, marching orders having been received early in the evening.

At 2.30 o'clock in the morning of the 21st we were awakened and at half past three moved up the Holston about a mile and formed in line of battle fronting the river. Before noon the enemy arrived in force on the opposite side of the river and we were attacked by both infantry and artillery, a battery on College Hill where the seminary was located being especially annoying. Our division suffered many losses, there were a few in our brigade, but there were no casualties in our regiment. We withstood the attack during the day so that the enemy was unable to force a passage of the river. But at night, Gen. Foster, fearing for his communications with Knoxville, decided to withdraw his army to that city. Just after nightfall a part of our regiment was sent to picket the road leading to Blain's Cross Roads and I was in charge of a picket post, so I had no sleep that night.

Before the morning of the 22nd I was ordered to take command of a detail of men from our regiment to guard the wagon train of our brigade, and some time before daylight the train set out in advance of the troops. In the dark hours of the morning I was so overcome by the fatigue of fighting and by want of sleep that I was able to keep my place only by holding on to the feed-box that was chained to the rear of one of the wagons. At one time I unconsciously made my

way to the fence at the side of the road and lay down and was roused to consciousness by one of the advance guard of the army. I kept with the wagon train until it was well within the city, then dismissed the guard and, with as many as chose to accompany me, I went back to meet the troops. I found our regiment acting as rear-guard of the division, moving in line of battle and occasionally facing about and skirmishing with the enemy. Not long before sunset our division halted about three miles east of Knoxville, formed in line of battle and was speedily engaged by the enemy, a lively skirmish ensuing in which the enemy was not only repulsed but was driven back nearly half a mile. In this engagement the 20th Michigan took an inconspicuous part, the chief fighting being done by another brigade than ours.

On the day following the retirement of the army to Knoxville, we remained in line of battle and on the alert, but were not attacked. On the morning of Sunday, January 24th, we received orders to move and immediately fell in and marched to and through Knoxville and out on the Loudon road. After a march of about eight miles we halted and went into camp about five miles west of Knoxville, near Erin Station. Our camp was in a beautiful location, in a wood on the bank of a little stream and near the Holston River. This camping place we put in the best possible condition and resumed the work of drills, inspections and parades, which had been much relaxed since we left Lenoir, on account of the siege and the privations which unfitted the men for any severe labor except that which was indispensably necessary. And within a few days our rations were decidedly increased, so that while we had little more than half rations of meat, the allowance of hard bread was nearly normal. Besides this, the foraging which had furnished substantially all that we had to eat at Blain's X Roads, was continued, and the food thus obtained added largely to that which we received through the regular channels. And it also gave more variety to our fare. And this increase of food after long fasting, in conjunction with the pure air of the

mountainous region in which we were, caused us to gain flesh rapidly, so that early in the month of February I weighed one hundred and fifty-eight and one-half pounds, which was more than I had ever weighed before and more than I have ever weighed since that time.

On the first day of February word was brought to army headquarters that a large force of the enemy's cavalry was approaching Knoxville from the south side of the Holston. At about four o'clock in the afternoon we received orders to move at once and within a few minutes we were on our way, in light marching order. We marched rapidly to Knoxville, crossed the river on the pontoon bridge, went about half a mile from the river, halted and formed in line of battle and awaited the coming of the enemy, but waited in vain. At about midnight rations were sent over to us from the city, and shortly afterward we lay down and slept until morning. We remained at that outpost until nearly night on the following day, and then returned to our camp. I noted in my diary that on that day I picked a spring flower, which indicated that the winter was over and that spring had come, to my great joy.

At about one o'clock at night on the 15th of February, we were called up and ordered to get ready, at once to move within the fortifications of Knoxville. The occasion of that movement was one of the wild rumors and alarms that were rife during the later weeks of our stay in East Tennessee. At times it would be reported that Longstreet had gone back to Virginia, or had gone to again join Bragg's army, but more frequently it would be asserted that his army had been reinforced and was on its way to attack us. It was one of the latter reports that caused us to receive orders to move at once to Knoxville. At about two o'clock it began to rain, and continued to rain violently all day. In the midst of the downpour we packed our belongings and early in the morning we took the road to Knoxville, where we arrived at noon and encamped near Fort Sanders. The weather was cold as well as rainy, and before we had our quarters comfortably arranged,

and on the 18th, we were ordered to move and marched through the city and out on the Clinton road about two miles to the westward of Fort Sanders. There we remained for about a week, all the time under orders to be ready to move at a moment's notice. Once we were rushed out eastward to support a cavalry reconnaissance, at another time we packed our things and stood in line of battle all day for no apparent reason, but it was doubtless owing to one of the wild rumors to which reference has been made.

On the 23d of February Gen. Schofield concluded to make an aggressive movement against Longstreet, and at daylight on the morning of the 24th the army set out for Strawberry Plains, sixteen miles from Knoxville, where we arrived late in the afternoon after a march which was made quite uncomfortable by the heat. As an illustration of the variableness of the weather, I will mention that on the 21st of February snow fell to a depth of several inches; on the 23d I went in swimming in the Holston.

We remained in camp on the Holston opposite Strawberry Plains until the morning of February 27th, when we were carried across the river in pontoon boats--the bridge having been destroyed, and that day we marched about three miles and then halted for the night. On the 28th we marched about seven miles and encamped at Mossy Creek. On the 29th we marched about fourteen miles, arriving at Morristown, which had been the headquarters of Gen. Longstreet, at about three o'clock, P.M., the enemy having retreated hastily at our approach. It rained heavily all day and at dark I went to a private residence for shelter. The people were Unionists as much as they dared be in a country which would be occupied by each of the armies alternately every few days, so they did all that they were able for my comfort, allowing me to dry myself by their fire and to sleep in a disused stable in the rear of the house. I left word with the First Sergeant of my company where I could be found, and on the following morning, March 1st, at four o'clock, I was awakened by the guard with orders to be

ready to move at daylight as an attack might be expected at any time. We fell in line at daybreak but no attack came. We remained in line during the day and bivouacked at night. The next morning we were called up at four o'clock, fell in at daybreak and started towards Knoxville at six o'clock and marched fourteen miles that day to Mossy Creek. The reason for this retrograde movement was that Longstreet was reported to be advancing against us with a greatly increased force, and Gen. Schofield thought it more prudent to retire behind Mossy Creek before making a defensive stand. We arrived at the hamlet of Mossy Creek late in the afternoon and bivouacked. At midnight we were awakened and formed in line of battle and so remained until three o'clock in the morning of the 3d and were then ordered to retire behind the stream called the Mossy Creek, which we did and there remained in line of battle and under arms until daybreak, then stacked arms and had breakfast. We remained in line and alert during the day but no enemy appeared. On the morning of the 4th we went into camp and as soon as this had been done I went to a boarding house in the village, kept by one Henry Hubbard, and had breakfast. I have no recollection what the breakfast consisted of nor what I paid for it, if anything, but from what I know of the condition of that part of the country at that time, I can safely say that the food must have been of the plainest kind and not overabundant.

We remained at Mossy Creek until the 12th of March when we were awakened at two o'clock in the morning and received orders to move at once. We fell in immediately but no orders to move came until about five in the morning, when we pushed out on the Morristown road and encountered a small force of the enemy about sunrise. We attacked them vigorously and drove them slowly before us to Morristown. There we halted at noon and lay in line of battle all the remainder of the day and then bivouacked. On Sunday morning, the 13th, we fell in at daybreak and advanced our lines, but found no enemy and so halted and went into camp, where we remained all day and during

the night. On the following day orders came to our brigade at noon to fall in at once which we did and moved eastwardly and towards the river, the army commander, Gen. Schofield, and the division commander, Gen. Ferrero, accompanying us. Our brigade then consisted of only three regiments, the 79th N.Y., the 36th Mass. and the 20th Michigan. After a march of about four miles, the 79th N.Y. halted and the other two regiments kept on. After a march of two or three miles more, we reached the mouth of the Nolechucky, an affluent of the Holston, which figures in our annals as the "Chucky." There the 36th Mass. halted but our regiment went up the Nolechucky about a mile to a ford at a bend in the stream, on the opposite side of which was a camp of about two regiments of Confederate cavalry. At the ford the men threw off their knapsacks and we forded the stream--the water being a little above our knees--went into line of battle at double quick and charged up a high hill and down the other side to the Confederate camp. But when we reached the crest of the hill we saw that the cavalymen, though outnumbering our force, were in full retreat, firing as they fled, which fire we returned, but there were no serious casualties on either side so far as we knew. Arrived at the camp of the enemy, we found several horses, a number of stands of arms, saddles, bridles, blankets, camp equipage, and the supper of the troops being cooked in camp kettles over fires and other evidences that the cavalymen, instead of giving us battle or even forming to delay our progress and conducting an orderly retreat, had been panic-stricken and had fled in disorder.

This was our last encounter with the enemy in East Tennessee. And although the name "Chucky Bend" is on the list of the engagements in which we took part, and was, by order of the general commanding the army, inscribed on our battle-flag, the mention of the affair always produced more merriment than serious talk or contemplation. The picture it recalled to our minds was of a small but resolute band of men fording a stream, each one hurrying to his place in line of

battle under the eye of the general in command of the army and of the general in command of the division and feeling the tension of mind and nerve and spirit inseparable from the act of going into battle, and the sudden reaction of feeling when instead of meeting a stubborn foe we saw a large crowd of mounted "butternuts" in disorderly flight.

As it would have been useless for us to attempt to overtake the enemy, we recrossed the Chucky and bivouacked, and on the following morning returned to our camp near Morristown.

On the same day and at about the same hour that we were viewing the backs of our enemies at Chucky Bend, orders were received at the headquarters of the Army of the Ohio for the Ninth Corps to report at Annapolis, Maryland, without delay. Accordingly on the 17th of March we arose before daylight, packed up, and at five o'clock, A.M., set out for Knoxville. We marched that day a little over seventeen miles and bivouacked at New Market. On the 18th we arose at four o'clock, and at 6.30 o'clock were under way, crossed the Holston at Strawberry Plains and bivouacked within about seven miles of Knoxville. On the 19th we arrived at Knoxville at about ten o'clock in the forenoon and after about two days for preparation, the corps marched out of Knoxville at a little past noon of March 21st 1864, on a hike of more than two hundred miles to Nicholasville, Kentucky. For myself, and I am sure that this feeling was shared by most of my comrades of the corps, I felt jubilant at the thought of returning to the north and taking part in an expedition to the southern Atlantic coast. To us the winter in East Tennessee had been a dream of horror--of suffering from sleeplessness, exposure, bitter cold, and virtual starvation, in addition to the hard marching and desperate fighting which we had reason to expect when we entered the service and of which we had no reason to complain and did not complain. But the exposure, the nakedness and the starvation we had no reason to apprehend when we enlisted, and

although we did not complain, even of these, it was not unnatural that the prospect of warm clothing, a reasonable amount of food, a sea voyage and a campaign by our own corps in a new country, was an alluring one. And one of the pleasant features of this prospect was the fact that in this expedition we were to be under a commander whom we loved and honored as a corps commander, whatever his failures may have been as commander of the Army of the Potomac. The campaign in East Tennessee had given us a high opinion of Gen. Burnside as commander of a small army, when free from the immediate oversight of Halleck and the War Department, and we were confident that the coming campaign in North Carolina would be as brilliant and successful as the one in East Tennessee had been. Could we have foreseen what was in store for us of disappointed hopes and expectations, of wounds and death to many of our number and of lifelong sorrow to all of us, we would have shrunk from the prospect with aversion, dread and horror. Fortunately for us we could not know these things or even apprehend them.

On Sunday morning, March 20th, I received orders to report for special duty to Lieutenant Edward F. Emory of the 36th Mass., who was acting Commissary of Subsistence of our brigade. On reporting I learned that the commissary wished me to assist him in receiving and distributing rations for the troops before starting and while on the way to Annapolis. As I rather enjoyed having work of that sort and as I was to have my luggage carried in one of the wagons in return for this service, I was more pleased than otherwise to have the extra work to do. In the forenoon of the 21st, while the troops were preparing to leave, I went to the city and received and attended to the loading of eight wagon loads of subsistence stores of various kinds.

On the morning reports by the different regiments, showing the number of men present, the brigade commander based a requisition for the number of rations needed to supply the men while on the march and until the next depot of sup-

plies should be reached. This requisition called for a certain number of rations of hard bread, salt meats, coffee, sugar, beans, rice, and whatever else in the way of rations was to be carried by the men in their haversacks or in wagons. It was my duty to reduce the total of these rations to pounds, receive the same from the depot or post commissary in barrels, boxes or other packages, superintend the loading of the same, and turn the wagons over to the wagonmaster and there my responsibility for the receiving of the stores ended. The fresh beef, which formed a large part of the daily ration, was always driven on the hoof, slaughtered and distributed after the troops had halted for the night. If I assisted in the issuing of rations to the regiments--as I frequently did--then it was incumbent on me to see that the rations, of whatever kind, were distributed to the different regiments in the brigade so that the correct number of pounds of each article issued should be delivered to the commissary sergeants of the several regiments.

During the afternoon of the 21st of March the corps marched seventeen miles and bivouacked at half past nine in the evening. My work kept me engaged so that I did not lie down to sleep until midnight. On the following day we arose at five o'clock, started at six, marched all day through falling snow, forded the Clinch River and encamped about five miles from Jacksboro. The next day we stopped at Jacksboro long enough to have rations issued to the men and then the wagon train was sent back to Knoxville and for the next day or two I had to carry my dunnage. On the same day that we halted at Jacksboro we crossed the Cumberland Range through what was ~~then~~ then known, I think, as Big Creek Gap, through which the Louisville and Nashville Railroad now passes, but of this I am not sure. Our way was now through a very mountainous country and the marching quite difficult. But the scenery was among the most wild and grand that I ever saw. I remember ~~at~~ one place on the route where I saw in a valley an elevation of land--or, rather, of rock--almost square, of which the sides could not

have measured more than one hundred to two hundred feet in length and width, and which towered into the air several hundred feet and had large trees growing on its summit. The country was thinly settled and over one section of the journey we marched more than one hundred miles and saw but three houses in the entire distance. On the 24th we crossed what was then known as the Elk Fork of the Cumberland Mountains, marched about twenty-two miles during the day and as the weather had been warm through the day we lay down at night without putting up tents or shelter of any kind. But in the night snow fell to the depth of several inches and when I awoke in the morning and looked about me before rising, I saw that for a considerable distance in every direction the ground was covered with mounds of snow, looking like a vast graveyard in winter. At that moment the bugle sounded the reveille and instantly from every mound a human being rose out of the snow and stood upright. It was one of the most weird spectacles I ever beheld and looked for all the world like men arising out of their graves, and brought forcibly to my mind the words of Paul, "For the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall arise." (This quotation is not verbatim, but better expresses my thought at the time.) Rain began falling at about nine in the morning, but we tramped on through the storm, marching out of Tennessee and into Kentucky before night. In the evening I was again directed to report to Lieut. Emory on the following morning and on doing so I learned that he wished me to go ahead of the troops to Camp Burnside and have the rations for the brigade set apart and ready to issue as soon as the corps should arrive. I started at the same time as the brigade and was soon some distance in advance of the men, but before night I was satisfied that Camp Burnside could not possibly be reached that night, so when I was within six miles of that place and night came on, I withdrew from the road into the shelter of some woods and, without building a fire, ate some food from my haversack, unrolled my blankets, lay down and slept.

The next morning I arose at four o'clock, built a fire and boiled some coffee in my tin cup, ate what food there was left in my haversack for my breakfast and started on at daybreak. Shortly afterwards Lieut. Emory overtook me on horseback and together we went on to Camp Burnside, where we arrived early in the forenoon, but as our brigade was marching at the rear of the corps we had to wait until some time after noon before it arrived. An hour or more was consumed in distributing rations and eating dinner and we then moved on as far as Somerset, Ky., During the next two days I remained on detached service, keeping near the troops but going as I pleased, generally in advance of the column. On the morning of March 30th I asked leave to march with my regiment and that being given I put my blanket roll on the brigade headquarters wagon and took my place in my company. On the 31st we halted at Camp Nelson, where I assisted in the work of receiving and issuing rations, and that night we arrived at Camp Parke, where we had encamped for about two weeks in the preceding August. On the 1st of April we marched to Nicholasville, through a pouring rain, took cars at that place, and after being wet, cold and uncomfortable during the rest of that day and all night, we arrived at Covington, Ky., at daybreak on the 2nd. That evening I attended Wood's Theatre in Cincinnati, but have no recollection of the play. On Sunday morning, April 3d, we crossed the Ohio and took cars on the Cincinnati, Xenia & Columbus R.R. and reached Columbus after dark, Steubenville at eleven in the forenoon and Pittsburg at midnight on the 4th. At one o'clock in the morning of the 5th we left the train and were given a fine meal in the same hall where we were fed while on the way to Washington in September, 1862. After eating, we went to the station of the Penn. R.R., and at daybreak, for the first time since leaving Detroit in 1862, we were given passenger cars in which to ride to Baltimore. We were all day and all night in reaching Harrisburg and arrived at Baltimore at about three o'clock in the afternoon of April 6th. Putting my baggage on board the steamer on which we were to be carried to Annapolis, I spent

the evening in looking about the city, as I was still technically on detached service and could go where I pleased. At four o'clock in the morning of the 7th the steamer got under way and arrived at Annapolis at eight o'clock in the forenoon. There we disembarked and marched about two miles from the city to the camp which was to be our stopping place for nearly a month. The days of our soldiering in the west, were forever in the past.

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CHAPTER XI.

THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.

The year eighteen hundred and sixty-four was the battle year of the Civil War. Many battles had been fought before that year; but in the campaigns of 1864, and in those of the Army of the Potomac especially, the fighting was almost continuous and, to quote from another work, "The men of the Army of the Potomac were for more than two hundred days almost constantly engaged in conflict with the enemy; seldom enjoying an hour undisturbed by missiles from hostile weapons, and not often allowing their fancies to forget their proximity for a moment." But all this was in the future on that bright April morning when we disembarked at Annapolis; and while we hoped and expected to take an active part in the war during the then approaching summer, we had no thought that our field of operations would be in Virginia or that we would be a part of the Army of the Potomac.

Our stay in the camp near Annapolis was filled with activity and was exceedingly pleasant. Company and battalion drills and dress parades were, with few exceptions, of daily occurrence, brigade drills were frequent and guard duties and other duties of like nature were strictly performed. Our camp was well located, we were supplied with

good food and clothing in sufficient quantities, and in the hours when off duty we were frequently permitted to visit Annapolis and sometimes Baltimore, and at all times the companionship of our comrades, the games and sports common in camp, the serious talk and idle chatter among the boys, the writing and receiving letters, all tended to make the days go happily by.

On the second day following our arrival General Burnside rode through our camp, and no beloved monarch returning to his kingdom after an absence of a few months was ever received with greater demonstrations of delight, regard and enthusiasm than was he. A few days later General Grant, accompanied by Gen. Burnside, made an informal review of our corps, the officers and men of each regiment forming on the color line without arms. When the two generals paused in front of the center of our regiment the commanding officer of the regiment called for three cheers for General Grant. These were given in a perfunctory way, only about half the men cheering, the rest swinging their caps and opening their mouths but making no sound. Then three cheers for Gen. Burnside were called for and the response taxed the capacity of every man's voice to the utmost, every cap was thrown in the air and the "tiger" that followed was shrill and prolonged.

It may be as well to state here--what may have been said in an earlier part of this volume, although I do not remember it--that while the soldiers under Grant greatly respected him and admired his fine qualities as a military leader, they were never inspired with any enthusiasm for him personally. And that was as true at the close of the war as it was at the time of which I am now writing.

About the 20th of April the Ninth Corps was re-organized and the new regiments brigaded with the veteran troops. Under this re-organization our regiment was assigned to the 2nd brigade of the third division, Gen. Willcox in command of the division and Col. B.C. Christ brigade commander, the brigade consisting of the 50th Pa., 79th

N.Y., 20th Mich., 60th Ohio and First Michigan Sharpshooters. In the last named regiment Levant C. Rhines was then a captain, afterwards major, and the Battle Creek company--like the Battle Creek company of the 2nd Mich.--contained a number of my personal friends. While we were at Annapolis I met Maj. Rhines a number of times and the pleasant interviews I had with him are still most pleasantly remembered. Of our regiment Maj. Cutcheon had been promoted to the rank of colonel, Capt. Barnes to that of lieutenant-colonel and Capt. Grant to that of major.

When marching orders came in the evening of April 22nd the entire camp of the 9th Corps was aflame with excitement and joy. No one entertained the slightest doubt that we were to take transports for Wilmington, N.C. Indeed it had been currently reported in camp that the vessels were in one of the harbors of Chesapeake Bay. And Gen. Grant says in his Memoirs that he kept the War Department and Gen. Burnside in ignorance of his intention until the last moment.

And no one can picture the surprise, disappointment and regret that we all felt when, on the following morning, we set out from camp and saw that the column was headed for Washington. And we at once concluded that we were to join the Army of the Potomac.

In preceding pages of this volume I have expressed the opinion that the plan of President Lincoln and Gen. Burnside was much preferable to that of Gen. Grant. The latter in his Memoirs gives no statement of his reasons for overruling the plan of the President. But it is known that Gen. Grant's plan of the campaign was to cross the Rapidan and make a quick march to Spottsylvania Court House. This would place the Army of the Potomac between Lee's army and Richmond and it is evident that Grant wished the 24,000 men of the 9th Corps in addition to the Army of the Potomac in order to oppose Lee's army with one so greatly superior in numbers that it could not be driven from Lee's path to Richmond. But Grant's plan of the campaign was smashed to flinders by Lee in the Wilderness, so that the

greatly superior numbers of Grant's army availed him nothing in the campaign. Indeed in later years Grant asserted that his plan of the campaign was faulty and that instead of trying to make his way through the Wilderness he should have leaded his wagons with twelve days' rations and started for Lynchburg, Virginia.

The views of Von Meltke--of France-Prussian War fame--in regard to American military leaders are of no worth as he was not competent to form any opinion of value concerning the application of the rules of military science to conditions in this country. But he was unquestionably right in saying that Grant was "not an able strategist." The success which Grant achieved while in command of the eastern armies was not due to any ability which he possessed as a strategist but was due to his great ability in other directions and in spite of the want of strategic merit in his plans. And this lack was in no respect more clearly shown than in his setting aside the plan of the President and of Gen. Burnside concerning the Ninth Corps.

We had proceeded about two miles after leaving our camp near Annapolis when I was directed to return and report to Lieut. Emery for special duty. I went back until I met our brigade wagonmaster, turned over to him, for transportation in the wagons, my arms and my equipments--except my blankets--reported to the lieutenant at the camp and assisted him in turning over the stores he had on hand to the post or department commissary. We finished this work shortly before sunset then took the road leading to Washington but had proceeded only about four miles when darkness overtook us and we lay down by the roadside, covered ourselves with our blankets and slept until morning. On the 24th we made about twenty-eight miles. I noted in my diary that it was "a lovely Sabbath" and in spite of the length of our journey that day the fact that we two were carrying only our blankets made our walk through one of the finest parts of Maryland an easy and a pleasant one. When night came on we took shelter in a barn from an approaching rain-storm

and the next morning we walked about five miles to Hyattsville. We went to one of the finest appearing residences in that town and the lieutenant modestly made a request for breakfast. It so chanced that the lady of the house, to whom the request was made, was Mrs. Marien Hyatt, a member of the family for whom the place was named. She assented with much apparent cheerfulness, conducted us to the library, unlocked the bookcases and asked us to entertain ourselves with any books we might choose while she attended to the preparation of our breakfast. She returned shortly, took us to the dining room, seated herself at the table with us and entertained us with charming conversation during the meal which was indeed an excellent one and which seemed to us more delicious than anything we had ever before tasted. Our breakfast over, the lieutenant offered to pay for it, which offer was, of course, courteously declined and after an exchange of compliments we proceeded on our way.

We overtook the troops while they were halted between Bladensburg and Washington. Before we reached them we went past our wagon train from which I recovered my arms and accoutrements and took my place with my company. From that point our march was over the road and through streets that in after years became very familiar to me through my morning bicycle rides while staying in Washington. Our route lay down the Bladensburg road to the outskirts of the city, then over to New York Avenue, to 14th St., to Penn. Ave. and past the old Willard Hotel where the corps was reviewed from a balcony of the hotel by the President, Secretary Stanton and Gen. Burnside. Of that trio and of our further movements that day, Gen. Cutcheon says:

"Never were seen more dissimilar types of men. Lincoln was tall, angular, bowed, careworn, benignant; Stanton, short, broad, deep-chested, stern and positively aggressive; Burnside, erect, soldierly and strikingly handsome. The column marched by companies, and the Twentieth never marched more beautifully. General Willcox complimented their appearance to Colonel Cutcheon in the most flat-

tering terms. We continued the march to Long Bridge, once more crossed into Virginia over the low ground where we last crossed on September 4, 1862, then followed the road toward Alexandria for a mile or so, and turned up the valley beyond Arlington Heights toward Convalescent Camp, afterwards Freedman Village, within half a mile of our first bivouac in Virginia."

Gen. Cutcheon states that when the troops went past the hotel "There was no cheering," but he forgot or did not hear what I heard. At the first view of Burnside the boys near me set up a yell, not observing the President at all. Then some one called out, "Why, there's Old Abe!" and an attempt was made to raise a shout for Lincoln which was fairly successful.

We remained in camp one day, then took up our line of march for the seat of war and moved by easy stages to Warrenton Junction where we arrived on the 30th of April and remained until the morning of May 4. On that morning the reveille sounded at 4 o'clock and after breakfast I went to the camp of the First Sharpshooters where I had a brief but most pleasant interview with three of my Battle Creek friends--Major Piper, (killed in the battle of the Wilderness), Captain Rhines (killed at Petersburg) and Lieut. Knight (killed at Petersburg). We marched at 7 o'clock and Gen. Cutcheon describes the event so well that I adopt what he says concerning it.

"Could we have foreseen Spettsylvania, Bethesda and Petersburg, there would have been many heavy hearts that morning.

"The apple orchards around Warrenton were bright and sweet with bloom as we struck our tents and marched away toward the 'Old Wilderness' for the death-grapple with the forces of the Confederacy. We all knew that battle and danger for all, and death for many, were before us, yet this regiment marched away as light-hearted and as full of courage as they had ever been."

May 4 we marched about fifteen miles, crossing the Rappahannock shortly before night, and bivouacked near Rappahannock Station. On the following morning reveille sounded at 3 o'clock and at daybreak we marched, making about ten miles

that day. At about noon we crossed the Rapidan on pontoon bridges at Germanna Ford, moved to the right through dense woods about two miles, then formed in line of battle, halted and there remained until the following morning, sleeping on our arms at night. Our division was the extreme right division of Grant's army, the remainder of our corps and the whole of the Army of the Potomac being at our left. Although there was light skirmish firing at our left all the latter part of the afternoon it was not until nearly dark that the Battle of the Wilderness opened with a vicious attack by a part of Lee's army on Warren's corps so far to our left that only subdued echoes of the fighting came to us through the dense woods.

The Battle of the Wilderness was, as stated in the entry in my diary for May 6, 1864, "one of the most terrible battles ever fought in the world" up to that time, and I am not sure but that the statement would be true even now. The fierceness of the fighting and the terrific slaughter on both sides were not equaled in the same space of time in any other battle of the Civil War except Antietam. It was not in any sense a decisive battle and for that reason has been overshadowed by Gettysburg and by other conflicts of that period. Gen. Cutcheon, on pages 103, 104 and 105 of his work gives a tactical description of the forces engaged and their movements, which is interesting and in the main correct, although inaccurate in some of the details. But as this narrative is a personal one, I shall attempt little more than to give, as well as I can, an account of the events that came under my own observation during the battle.

To one who was engaged in the Battle of the Wilderness, Gen. Cutcheon's description of our part in it seems tame and spiritless. The reason for this was that Gen. Cutcheon wrote his book for soldiers, many of whom took part in the battle and knew as well as the general the different features of the conflict. And soldiers invariably and strongly dislike what General Pee used to call "slush", that is anything that sav-

ers of flattery or even praise, and this led Gen. Cutcheon to make as tame as possible all his accounts of battles in which the Twentieth took part.

General Cutcheon truthfully says, "No man ever saw the Battle of the Wilderness." And no man saw more than a very inconsiderable portion of that battle. It was fought by hundreds of thousands of men in woods of pine and undergrowth so dense that no brigade commander could see the entire length of his command and few regimental commanders could see the whole of the men of the regiment if the number exceeded three hundred. This fact made the battle an infantry conflict, it being impossible to use sufficient artillery to cut any real figure in the contest.

At two o'clock in the morning of May 6, we were quietly awakened and before daylight had eaten a hasty breakfast and were on the way down the Germanna plank road toward our left. It was a lovely spring morning, a few stars were still shining, the woods were ringing with the songs of birds and not a sound of war could be heard in any direction. We moved on for what seemed to me to be several miles, halted, formed columns of divisions closed in mass, moved forward to Wilderness Run and deployed at just about the time when the crashing sound of musketry on our left and right and front announced the opening of the battle. And from that sunrise hour during nearly all the long, bloody day, it is no exaggeration to say that the almost continuous roar of thousands upon thousands of army rifles and muskets was louder than any thunder that ever shook the earth and the sky. We pushed eagerly forward ~~thru~~ through a small clearing and into woods so dense that it was difficult to make our way through the thick undergrowth, until a volume of smoke and the ripping, rattling sound of musketry fire told us that we had struck the enemy who had been advancing to attack us. We at once threw ourselves upon the ground and opened fire although there was nothing at which to aim except smoke and sound, the woods effectively hiding the combatants from each other. This state of af-

fairs continued for an hour or more and then came a command to advance and, partly crouching, partly crawling, we slowly made our way forward, firing as we advanced, the enemy slowly retiring, stubbornly contesting every rod of the ground, but unable to stand before the fierceness of our attack. In this way we drove the enemy more than half a mile when heavy volleys poured into the right flank and rear of our brigade compelled us to retire. In my diary I say that we "fell back with heavy loss." But the loss was in other regiments of our brigade--not in our regiment. Gen. Cutcheon tells of a battery by which "we were vigorously shelled." He is doubtless right, but I have no recollection of the fact and in any case the rifle fire was so much more in evidence than the shelling that the latter was of little comparative importance.

After we had alternately advanced and retired for an hour or so we were ordered to take position on the right of the road on which we had advanced in the morning. This we did and built low, defensive works in front of our line, consisting in their construction of logs, rails, branches of trees or anything else that we could find. Behind these works we remained until about two o'clock in the afternoon, then moved by the flank for some distance toward our left and were ordered to halt. There was a delay of over four hours here and then we were again put in motion by the flank toward the left. Soon an aide came dashing down the road from toward the front and after a few words from him to the brigade commander the command was given to us to proceed in double quick time. We must have gone several miles at this pace and were thoroughly exhausted when the command came, "On the right by file into line," and in line of battle we plunged into dense woods. After proceeding perhaps a half mile we came to the edge of a part of the battle-field where a most sanguinary encounter had taken place only an hour or so before, and as far as we could see in front of us the ground was strewn with the human and material wreckage of a battle-field, dead bodies of men and of

horses, wounded men groaning in agony, rifles broken or thrown away, parts of uniforms and accoutrements, of almost everything that goes into or is carried into a fight. At that point the battle had gone sorely against our men--a part of our line having been hopelessly shattered and our brigade having been sent for in hot haste to fill the breach. It was then after sunset and the battle smoke still hung heavily among the trees, and peering through the gloom I could see flickering flashes of flame, showing that the weeds in our front were on fire.

And at that moment there came to my ears from a far distance in our front the familiar "Yee-yee-yee" of the rebel yell, revealing to us the fact that a charging line or column of the enemy was on the way to strike us. And I must confess that for a little time my heart sank almost to my army shoes. There we were, a single, short line of men, prone on the ground from utter exhaustion after a march of many miles at double quick, on a hot day and carrying our heavy burdens until it seemed as if weary nature could do no more. And now we must meet a charge by fresh troops inspired by success and confident of victory. All this went through my mind a thousand times more quickly than it could be told or read.

But at that instant a man sprang out of the weeds in our front, carrying a flag. At first glance I thought him a Confederate and had half raised my rifle to my shoulder as I lay on the ground, but the next instant I saw that the flag he carried was the Union flag. He came a few paces nearer, halted, planted the flag by his side and in a loud voice called out, "Ho, men of the Seventeenth Maine,* this way!" A moment passed and there was no response and no one appeared.

* Gen Cutcheon refers to the regiment as the 109th N.Y., but the recollection of Captain Allen (afterwards Rev. Dr. Allen of the Detroit M.E. Conference) agreed with my own and with that of others of our regiment, that it was a Maine regiment, though of the number I am far from being certain.

I bet it was "yee yee yee" was so yee yee yee
(I believe heard in "yee yee yee"?)

But again came the appeal of the color-sergeant, in tones clear, commanding, strong, "Ho, men of the Seventeenth Maine! This way!" And from somewhere a man came running toward the colors, then another and another, until perhaps fifty or more had sprung from the earth like the men of Rhoderick Dhu and aligned themselves on the colors, facing the enemy. And then they began to sing:

"We will rally 'round the flag, boys,
 Rally once again,
 Shouting the battlecry of freedom,
 We will rally from the hillside,
 We will gather from the plain,
 Shouting the battlecry of freedom.
 The Union forever, Hurrah, boys, hurrah,
 Down with the traitor, up with the star,
 While we rally 'round the flag, boys,
 Rally once again,
 Shouting the battlecry of freedom."

No one who did not witness that scene could possibly imagine it--the battlefield with all its desolation, gloom and horror, the sulphureous smoke, the gathering darkness, the flaming forest, the rebel yell growing nearer and clearer every moment, and that devoted little band standing in the path of the charging hosts of the enemy, singing "Rally 'round the flag."

But before two lines of the second stanza had been sung, the ponderous voice of our brigade commander, Col. Christ, rang out, "Attention, brigade!" And every man was on his feet in an instant. "Shoulder arms! Right shoulder, shift, arms! Forward, guide center, double quick, march! Go in, boys, and give them hell!" And such a yell of exultation as we raised seemed almost enough to awaken the dead lying all about us. Gone was every trace of weariness as we sprang forward in line, our only feeling being one of delight that instead of resisting an attack we were going to meet the charge of the enemy by a counter charge. "And then," I thought, exultantly, "we'll see what will happen."

We had only fairly started when Dave Bidwell, the sergeant on my right in the line of file-

closers, turned to me with the remark, "That was a queer thing for Christ to say," pronouncing the name of Col. Christ with a long i instead of pronouncing it correctly. Which remark was an illustration of the fact that no matter how serious or even tragic the surroundings may be, a soldier never misses an opportunity to perpetrate a joke.

Into our line we gathered the little detachment in our front and with them swept on, every man eager and exultant, as fast as the entangling weeds would allow. In a very short time we struck the enemy's skirmishers, the Ninth Alabama, and flung them out of the way as if they had been so many grains of chaff. A few of them were killed, more wounded or captured, but the greater number fled to their main line with our line close upon their heels. We struck the main line of the enemy, like a ponderous hammer striking red hot iron, with the flash and crash of rifle volleys from both sides, but although the enemy outnumbered us the impact of our charge compelled his line to give way and he fell back steadily, though contesting every foot of the way, for nearly a mile, and until utter darkness prevented our farther advance. Then we threw ourselves down where we stood and were asleep almost as soon as our bodies reached the ground. The battle of the Wilderness was over.

I wrote in my diary that we lost many men on our side, which was true, but the chief losses were in other regiments of our brigade, the casualties in our regiment being very few.

Tactically the battle of the Wilderness was--as Gen. Cutcheon says--a drawn game. Strategically it was a victory for the Confederates, as it thrust their army between ours and Spettsylvania Court House and thus blocked the way to Richmond.

That night was a sleepless one for Grant in his tent in the rear of our lines and General Horace Porter relates that once during the ~~the~~ night he heard something like a sob from the direction of the couch where Gen. Grant was lying. And this was not surprising. Upon the ability of the commanding general to interpose his army between

another brigade and lay on our arms all night. I noted in my diary: "Face black and blistered with powder and feel generally used up physically, but ready to try it again."

About two o'clock in the morning of the 8th we were awakened, fell in noiselessly, and moved back quietly to a point near the Old Wilderness Tavern, where we arrived before daylight and there we remained until about eight o'clock. We then set out on the road leading to Fredericksburg, our regiment and the 50th Pa. forming, with one section (two guns) of Roemer's battery, the rear-guard of the army, our regiment at the right and the 50th Pa. on the left of the road. The enemy's cavalry followed closely and several times we went into line of battle to repel an attack, which was each time beaten off by one or two well directed shots from Roemer's guns. We were still in the Wilderness, the way on each side of the road was tangled and difficult and the marching hard. Just before the Wilderness battle we had drawn rations for several days but in the excitement of the conflict I had foolishly thrown away the larger part of my hard bread so as to give greater freedom to my movements, and so to the difficulties of the march from the Wilderness Tavern to Chancellorsville there was to me the added discomfort of hunger almost to the point of faintness. We arrived at the ruins of the Chancellor House late in the afternoon, according to my diary (though Gen. Catecheon says that it was before noon). On the way we passed over a part of Hooker's battlefield of one year before. Over a vast number of acres, in the dense woods, were the skeletons of hundreds who had been killed outright or had been wounded and had miserably perished in the flames that swept over that part of the field. And these skeletons with, as Gen Catecheon says, "fragments of guns, bayonets, haversacks, parts of uniforms, broken canteens and everything of the kind" going to make up the debris of a battlefield, formed a more gruesome picture than one could possibly imagine.

At this point in his narrative Gen. Catecheon

refers to Grant's wagon train, consisting of over four thousand wagons, with about 24,000 draft animals, chiefly mules, forming a train which, as Grant asserted, would reach from the Rapidan to Richmond when the wagons were drawn as closely to each other as possible. This train formed by far the greater part of the impedimenta of the army during the entire campaign.

Our division left Chancellorville at some time before sunset in that same afternoon of Sunday, May 8, marched about two miles and bivouacked-- Gen. Cutcheon says near Alrich's, my diary says near Perry's, both probably correct. In my diary it is recorded that I "slept like one dead all night."

Within or near Spottsylvania County, Va., the Mat, the Ta, the Po and the Ny rivers rise and unite to form the Mattaponi which flows in a southeasterly direction and finally unites with the Pamunky River to form the York. Grant's plan of the 1864 campaign in Virginia was--as has been stated--to cross the Rapidan to the right of Lee's army, cross the streams forming the Mattaponi near their headwaters and seize the high ground at Spottsylvania Court House. This would place his army between that of Lee and Richmond and enable Grant to conduct an offensive-defensive campaign on the way towards Richmond and thus, by superior numbers, destroy Lee's army or drive it to the west of Richmond, capture the capital of the Confederacy and end the war. But this plan was, as has also been stated, wholly ruined by Lee's vigorous attack upon the flank of the Union army, thus arresting its progress and enabling Lee to throw his army forward in the direction of Spottsylvania C.H. Both Burnside and Hooker, when their plans had been thwarted at the beginning of offensive operations, had retired their armies across the Rappahannock and abandoned the campaign. It has been asserted--with how much truth I know not--that the same course was advised by Grant's corps commanders in the night following the day of the battle of the Wilderness. But Grant de-

cided that he would move his army by the left flank and make a determined effort to gain the Spottsylvania heights before they were occupied by the enemy. Our movements on Sunday the 8th of May were a part of the carrying out of this plan. How near it came to succeeding in a way quite different from what Grant had planned, will be told in this chapter.

At about three o'clock in the morning of May 9, we were awakened, ate a hasty breakfast (mine consisting of coffee, two or three pieces of hard bread, begged of a comrade, and some fresh beef issued during the night) and at daybreak we were on our way. But we had gone only a short distance when Sheridan's cavalry corps broke into the road ahead of us and delayed us for more than an hour. This was the beginning of Sheridan's great Richmond raid and the only time that I remember seeing that famous general. He was riding with his staff at the head of his corps, not mounted on Rienzi but on a fine horse; a man who could not be called inferior looking but who was more decidedly common looking than his pictures show. He was so short of stature as to be little more than a dwarf and in that regard he was in all respects the reverse of Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln had a rather short body and excessively long legs; Sheridan's body was of good length but his legs were almost comically short.

After a brisk but easy march of a few hours we arrived at the Ny River about the middle of the forenoon and before night our division had fought a battle which, had the result been followed up, would have changed the entire campaign. Gen. Cutcheon, with his unfortunate tendency to minimize everything done by the Twentieth, lest his narrative should be thought to be boastful, really misrepresents the magnitude of the encounter and the severity of the fighting. It is true that it "was not a great battle" like the Wilderness or Spottsylvania, but it was fully as great as many that are classed in history as important engagements. It was fought by our division of two brigades against a regiment of cavalry and two brigades of infantry belonging to the best disciplined corps of any army in the Civil War

--Longstreet's. And it is not true that the Confederate brigades were "small", as Gen. Cutcheon describes them. The brigades in the Confederate army were almost invariably much larger than those of the Union army, and I know from personal observation that either one of the brigades we fought at the Ny River was almost as large as our entire division of two brigades, so that we were greatly outnumbered in the fight. Gen. Cutcheon's account of the battle is also quite inaccurate in many of its details. I shall relate what I conceive to be the essential facts just as they occurred.

Shortly before we reached the banks of the Ny General Willcox rode to the head of the column and ordered a halt. We were then on an eminence from which we could plainly see Spottsylvania Court House on the crest of a ridge between the Ny and the Po rivers and about two miles distant. Away to our right we could hear the thunder of cannon and the ripping, rattling roar of rifles where Warren's gallant boys of the Fifth Corps were desperately fighting their way along the Brock Road, driving the enemy slowly before them but still three or four miles from their objective--the Court House. In our front was the Ny, a narrow, shallow, swift stream, with no enemy in sight on either bank except a regiment of dismounted cavalry, forming a strong line of skirmishers (not a "picket" or "outpost" as Gen. Cutcheon describes the force) on the opposite bank. The orders to Gen. Willcox contemplated our remaining where we then were, the intention being that our division should form a protecting force to guard the left flank of the Army of the Potomac, while that army--the 5th, 6th and 2nd corps--should capture the heights at Spottsylvania Court House.

But Gen. Willcox, after consultation with his brigade commanders, decided to go beyond his orders and cross the river and take possession of the ridge on the farther side. This would bring our division within a mile of the Court House, at least two miles nearer than the nearest forces of the Army of the Potomac, and with no known

body of the enemy in any considerable force between us and the Court House. Accordingly the column was put in motion, the Sixtieth Ohio in the lead, the 20th Michigan following. As we ~~near~~ neared the river the 60th moved to the left of the road, the 20th to the right, both regiments forming in line on the march. When within a few rods of the river Wheelock's battery in our rear opened fire on the enemy, but instead of retreating "precipitately toward the Court House," the enemy retired in good order to the crest of a low ridge not far from the bank of the river and opened fire on our line. The fire was continued during the whole time of the advance of our men. We--the 60th Ohio and 20th Michigan--charged across the river with a yell, holding our rifles above our heads, and gained the opposite bank in spite of the fierce fire of the foe and pressed slowly forward, firing as we advanced. Other regiments followed, crossing the river in column, deploying into line when the farther bank was reached and taking position on our right and advancing with us up the slope of the ridge. All this time we were receiving the fire of the enemy and replying to it to the best of our ability, while the battery in our rear was firing over our heads, the shells striking or exploding on or near the crest of the ridge. This stage of the battle lasted for an hour or more and during that time the Confederates (who had retired for a short distance from the crest but kept up a brisk firing) were reinforced by a brigade of Longstreet's infantry and a battery of artillery. The battle now raged with redoubled energy, both artillery and infantry taking part on both sides. It soon became evident that the Confederate troops engaged were so much superior in number to those engaged on our side that the right of their line extended to a considerable distance beyond the left of ours, so our regiment was hurriedly moved to the left along a road running nearly parallel with our line. Behind a very low bank at the side of this road we threw ourselves down and continued firing upon and receiving the fire of the enemy, and this stage of the battle continued for at least an hour more

according to my recollection. In the mean time the First Michigan Sharpshooters had crossed the river, were formed in line and advanced to the top of the ridge. Hardly were they in position when another brigade of Longstreet's corps reinforced the troops with which we had been contending, so that the forces opposed to us consisted--as has been stated--of two brigades of infantry, a regiment of dismounted cavalry and a battery of artillery, largely outnumbering the entire Union force that had crossed the Ny. Immediately the enemy raised the rebel yell and charged our position in full force and the storm of battle greatly increased in fury all along the line, the guns of the artillery and the rifles of the infantry being worked with all possible speed, the battle roar swelling and deepening until it sounded like continuous thunder close at hand.

But as soon as the charge by the enemy had fairly developed, the Sharpshooters, who were in a most advantageous position for defense, broke and ran to the rear like a flock of scared sheep and were not fully ~~re~~ rallied during the entire progress of the fight. The flank of the 60th Ohio being thus left exposed, that regiment retired for a short distance but slowly and in good order and a part of the 50th Pa. was forced to fall back a few feet below the crest, but continued fighting.

Gen. Cutcheon, in his meager account of the battle, says, "Things now looked critical." Perhaps they did, but I failed to realize it. I could not help knowing that the retreat of the Sharpshooters had left a bad gap in our line at a most unfortunate time--when the enemy was making a charge on us--but somehow I had no fear of the loss of the battle. And at that juncture Lieutenant Lounsbury with Company I of our regiment--only 24 men in all--who had been fighting on the left of the Sharpshooters, deployed his handful of men so that they occupied all the space abandoned by the Sharpshooters, and walking up and down the line, exhorted his men to hold their ground, which they did in gallant style and

thus prevented a rush by the enemy who continued to advance, but deliberately.

The breaking of our line at our right had no unfavorable effect upon our regiment and we continued to load and fire as regularly as before and as rapidly as possible. I had again loaded my rifle, after firing it I know not how many times, took aim and pulled the trigger, but there was no discharge of the weapon, it having become so fouled that the powder would not ignite. I uttered a mild cuss-word and looked about me helplessly, not knowing what to do. Just then Col. Christ dashed up from an effort to rally some of the men of the brigade, and shouted in a voice that could be heard above the clangor of the contending armies, "Twentieth Michigan, attention!" and we all sprang to our feet. "Shoulder arms! Right face! Forward, double quick, march!" We rushed down the road and that movement took us somewhat below the crest. As soon as the left of our regiment had cleared the right of the 50th Pa. the command came, "By the left flank, march," immediately followed by the command, "Brigade forward, guide right, march," and our regiment, with the 50th Pa. advanced to the crest and re-occupied the line abandoned by the Sharpshooters and the 60th Ohio, Company I falling in on the left of our regiment. The 60th Ohio also moved forward and took its place on the left of the 50th Pa., the 17th Michigan, of the First Brigade, came up the slope in fine style and took the place we had vacated, while the 79th N.Y. also joined the movement farther to the left. Gen. Cutcheon in his official report of the battle--written several months after the event--states that in this advance the right wing of the 50th Pa. charged "with the bayonet." I saw nothing of the kind and don't believe that it occurred. In all my army experience I never once, that I can now recall, saw the bayonet used in actual combat.

Our line being thus restored, the firing on both sides was continued with the utmost vigor, we answering the fierce rebel yell with equally fierce yells of defiance. Shortly before we

reached the crest I saw a soldier of the 60th Ohio who had been wounded in the leg, sitting on the ground and clasping his leg with both hands to stay the loss of blood. As I saw his gun lying by his side I approached him and shouted in his ear, "Pard, I'd like your gun. Mine's no good." To which he replied, haltingly and with a grimace on account of the pain, "All right, pard, take her along." I threw my gun down and took his. Whether I afterwards exchanged that rifle for another I do not now recall.

It is my recollection, though not very clearly, that while the battle was still raging one or more regiments, besides the 17th Michigan, from the other brigade of our division came over the river and took their places in the line and joined in the conflict. However that may have been, the charge of the enemy at first slowed down under the withering fire from our line and then halted altogether. Seeing this, General Willcox ordered an advance and we charged the enemy with determination, and after a heroic and stubborn resistance their line retired for more than half a mile, giving us the possession of the field and the victory.

General Willcox in his report--written more than four months after the battle--states that the fighting ended by noon. But in this his recollection was wholly at fault, as I am positive that it was not earlier than two o'clock in the afternoon. As soon as the enemy had disappeared behind a curtain of woods in our front we halted, the regiments of our division that were present were re-arranged and the lines reformed, but I have no remembrance of any "intrenching" which Gen. Cutcheon says was done. In less than an hour the First Division came up and went into camp on the other side of the river but our division remained in line of battle. And there we stayed during all that bright afternoon, listening to the sounds of battle some miles away, where two corps of the Army of the Potomac were valiantly but vainly trying to drive the enemy from their way to the Court House. And that Court House was before us in plain view, less than half a mile distant, and our division alone

could have captured it easily with the heights on which it stood, within two hours! Had we done so we could not have been driven from our position by any force the enemy could have brought against us and the Confederate army, thus caught between the Army of the Potomac as the upper and the Ninth Army Corps as the lower millstone, would have been compelled to get out of the way or be ground to powder.

General Grant in his Memoirs says of the result of the operations of our division:

"Burnside on the left had got up within a few hundred yards of Spottsylvania Court House, completely turning Lee's right. He was not aware of the importance of the advantage he had gained, and I, being with the troops where the heavy fighting was, did not know of it at the time. "

" * * Burnside's position now separated him widely from Wright's corps, the corps nearest to him. At night he was ordered to join on to this. This brought him back about a mile, and lost to us an important advantage. I attach no blame to Burnside for this, but I do blame myself for not having had a staff officer with him to report to me his position."

But I do blame Burnside most severely. Had he been, as Grant was, "where the * * * fighting was," instead of indolently staying miles in the rear with the Second Division which was remaining idly in its camp near Chancellorsville, and had he simply permitted our division to advance to the Court House while the other divisions of our corps came to our support, the frightful slaughter of so many of the noble boys of our regiment, brigade and division three days later would never have occurred, the first step in Grant's plan of the campaign would have been accomplished, the plan itself would have been a success instead of having to be abandoned as it was later, and it is more than probable that the war would have ended very soon after Sherman captured Atlanta. This was one of the inexcusable errors committed during the war which resulted in the loss of tens of thousands of precious lives, among them those of many of my dear-

est, best and noblest friends.

For the culpable omission which I have pointed out Gen. Willcox was not in the least degree responsible, as his orders--as has been stated--did not contemplate the crossing of the Ny by his division at all. But Willcox, alert, able and efficient commander that he was, saw at once the great advantage that might be gained by going beyond his orders, and at once gave the order to cross the river and engage the enemy. So that the "turning Lee's right" and "the advantage thus gained", to which Gen. Grant refers, were due wholly to Gen. Willcox and not in the least to Gen. Burnside. But this advantage was not secured because no one was on the ground with authority to follow it up on that May afternoon ~~and~~ after we had fought an important battle and won a really decisive victory. Had our corps done ~~done~~ no more than intrench and retain the position our division had won, it being in the rear of the right of Lee's army (thus "turning Lee's right" as Grant expresses it) the position of ~~Lee~~ Lee's army would have been untenable. Why we abandoned ~~the~~ position we had won and fell back across the Ny--as hereinafter related--was due to Grant's order to close up on Wright, as stated by Grant in the extract quoted from his Memoirs. But no such order would have been made had Burnside been on the ground, attending to his business and had he been possessed of Willcox' acumen and aggressiveness.

Gen. Cutcheon makes a suggestion of the lame excuse for the failure to order the capture of the Court House by our corps, that it may have been due to the absence of the Second Division when the battle ended in a victory for us. But, as has been asserted, our division was abundantly able to capture the heights without help and we had with us the First Division, which was almost or quite equal in numbers to our own.

But although the men of the rank and file of our army had not then been enlightened concerning Grant's plan of the campaign, and did not fully realize the importance of the capture of Spottsylvania Court House, still some of us--I at

vision in constructing the fortifications which Gen. Cutcheon erroneously states were built on the preceding day. There were no hostilities in our front, but a little to the right of our regiment was a deserted house of which some of our men took possession and opened fire on the enemy about half a mile away. From the upper part of this house it could be seen that the entire Confederate army had retired to the heights on which the Court House stood and was there in full force, the men of that army busily engaged in building strong earthworks--works in front of which our men, only two days later, were to go ~~down~~ down like grass before the scythe of the mower. The golden opportunity which was ours on the preceding afternoon was gone forever.

At some time in the afternoon of the 10th we received orders to be ready to move at a moment's notice, and shortly before six o'clock orders were given to advance and attack the enemy. We left our works and advanced in line of battle, the whole of the 9th corps taking part in the movement, which contemplated an advance by all the forces under Grant's immediate command, desultory fighting having taken place all along the line during the day. In the morning grand old John Sedgwick, in command of the Sixth Corps and one of the ablest and most beloved of the corps commanders, had been killed and at about noon Gen. Stevenson, commander of the First Division of the Ninth Corps, was mortally wounded while sitting under a small tree in the rear and a little to the right of our line.

Hardly had the men of our division left their works when we were assailed by a storm of shell, shrapnel and bullets from the enemy in our front. This did not delay our progress for an instant, but we went forward rapidly, firing as we advanced, our artillery taking part also. The contest rapidly assumed almost the proportions of a pitched battle. When but a few rods from our works a shell exploded in front of our regiment, killing a sergeant and seriously wounding Lieut-Col. Cutcheon. Major Barnes at once assumed the command and our advance was not checked for a moment. Soon afterwards Col. Christ was also

wounded and the command of the brigade devolved upon Col. DeLand of the First Sharpshooters.

We found the Confederates in large force in our front and a vigorous resistance was put up by them, but such was the force and persistence of our attack that the enemy slowly fell back before us until they had retired within their works and darkness put an end to the conflict. We hastily constructed light, temporary works, lay down behind them and slept on our arms during the night.

The engagement on the 10th was not, so far as our division was concerned, what could properly be called a battle, but was much more than a skirmish. It was what would most accurately be termed an "affair", in which severe fighting was done by both infantry and artillery, but in limited numbers and for only a brief period of time.

The 11th day of May was noteworthy for nothing in our part of the line except hard work in constructing fortifications and almost equally tiresome work in moving aimlessly back and forth across the Ny river. In the morning I was detailed to take charge of a fatigue party of about twenty men under two corporals and to us was assigned the task of constructing a line of trenches and a small earthwork for field guns. The day was hot and rainy and the work hard. I pitied the men so much that occasionally I would relieve some poor fellow by wielding his pick or spade while he took a rest of a few moments. As soon as the works were finished we were ordered to abandon them and fall back across the river, which movement we executed late in the afternoon during a downpour of rain. By this time I was almost too tired to walk, so as soon as we were ordered to bivouac for the night I gladly drew some rations, ate my supper, lay down and fell asleep, only to be called up within a few moments because of orders to move at once, which we did, recrossed the river and again lay down, shelterless, in the rain, soon after midnight. Just why these contradictory orders and aimless movements were made was never explained and can only be inferred from what Grant says concerning his orders to Burnside to join his corps with that of

Wright--the Sixth--on our right.

The morning of Thursday, May 12, 1864, dawned fair but before midforenoon a heavy rain began falling. At about noon the rain ceased for a time but began again in an hour or so and continued falling heavily until well into the night. I state this fact so that one of the adverse conditions under which the battle of Spottsylvania was fought may be understood at the outset. We were called up at three o'clock in the morning, after having slept less than three hours, and ordered to move at once. There was no time in which to build fires and prepare breakfast, so those of us who could do so devoured a few mouthfuls of food while putting on our accoutrements and forming in line. None of us was at all rested from the labor and marching of the preceding day, but there was little grumbling. Joking, and in some cases hilarious, comments on our condition were the predominant expression of the real or assumed feelings of both officers and men. Had we known how many there were of our little company and small regiment who would not see the light of another morning, our manner would, I think, have been quite different.

Before it was fairly day, our division again recrossed the Ny, moved towards the front, then to the left and halted until after daybreak, then formed in the rear of the First and Second Divisions of our corps, (ours being the Third). The entry in my diary that Col. Humphrey took command of our brigade is correct as to the fact but is not recorded in its proper place as the event did not take place until noon or after noon.

During nearly the whole of the night of the 11th the Second Corps was marching in the darkness and storm and through difficult and tangled ways for many miles from their position on the right of the army and by a circuitous route to the extreme left of the Army of the Potomac and immediately on the right of our corps. Arriving in position shortly before daybreak, wearied almost beyond endurance by their long march and want of sleep, the men of the 2nd Corps were or-

dered to charge the works of the enemy at day-break. This they did most heroically, taking the enemy by surprise, breaking his line for a considerable space and capturing nearly an entire division of Confederates. Through the gap thus made the men of the Second Corps went forward for some distance and had the advantage gained been followed up, the ruin of Lee's army must have followed. To quote, as nearly as I can remember it, the language of the author of "The Cannoneer," "For a little time it looked as if the Army of Northern Virginia had only about two hours to live." But there were no reserves at hand to complete the victory, the men of the 2nd corps were in no condition to sustain any farther effort, and had become somewhat disorganized in the struggle for the possession of the works they had captured. Reinforcements for the Confederates were rushed forward, Gen. Lee leading them in person, and the troops of the 2nd Corps were forced back to the line which they had taken from the enemy when the attack was launched. This line they held during the entire day, the desperate fighting in that part of the field giving to the place where it occurred the name of "The Bloody Angle."

At about the same time that the Second Corps made its attack, the Second Division of our corps, supported by the First Brigade of our division, moved forward and engaged the enemy on our right, apparently in aid of the attack by the 2nd Corps. This movement was without any evident result, which led to the statement in my diary that the charge by the other divisions of our corps was "repulsed." But the movement of the First Brigade of our division revealed the fact that a large force of Confederates was in position on our left and so disposed as to enfilade our line whenever we should advance. This should have been ascertained before the disposition of our troops was made that morning. But no proper effort had been made to learn the position of the enemy, our so-called "reconnaissance in force" on the 10th disclosing nothing more than the fact that the enemy was in our front in force. Before the Battle of Antietam, and before almost every

battle in which the Army of the Potomac was engaged while it was under McClellan's command, Gen. McClellan reconnoitred the enemy's lines personally, on foot and practically unattended, at great peril to himself. Grant did substantially the same thing before the battles of Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain. No general officer could justly be criticized for not following these examples of McClellan and Grant (which were so hazardous as to border on recklessness) but a strong detachment from each division of our corps should have carefully reconnoitred the position of the enemy in our front not later than the afternoon of the 11th. For the omission of this precaution our division was to pay a fearful penalty in human lives before the close of the 12th.

At the Battle of Spottsylvania our brigade consisted of only three instead of five regiments, the 79th N.Y. having been withdrawn to be mustered out of the service by expiration of the term of their enlistment, and the 60th Ohio being temporarily detached for service with another command. At about nine o'clock in the forenoon our brigade was moved toward the front and farther to the left and there formed with the Sharpshooters on the right, the Twentieth in the center and the 50th Pa. on the left. In the position we were then placed we remained until afternoon, all the time within easy range of the enemy and under fire, but very little firing going on at any time.

From the time when Col. Christ was disabled on the 10th, our brigade had been under the command of the ranking colonel (that is, the senior in point of time) Col. C.V. DeLand. But Gen. Willcox was greatly dissatisfied with Col. DeLand, believing, rightly or wrongly, that he was, through incapacity, largely responsible for the failure of his regiment to hold its ground at the Battle of the Ny. Therefore not far from noon of the 12th Gen. Willcox ordered the Second Michigan transferred from the First Brigade to our brigade, which made Col. Humphrey the ranking colonel of the brigade and its commander. Not many days afterwards Col. DeLand resigned his commission

and returned to his home in Jackson, Mich., and did not re-enter the service.

I write of Col. DeLand's practical removal from the command of the brigade with regret, as in some respects I esteemed him highly. I first met him in 1861 or 1862, when he was a captain in the 9th Michigan Infantry where he made a fine record. The occasion of my meeting him was his return home on furlough and calling at the office of L.C. Rhines, with whom Capt. DeLand was on intimate terms. When the First Sharpshooters regiment was organized, Capt. DeLand was appointed its colonel. L.C. Rhines had raised a company for the regiment which was designated Company A by Col. DeLand, so as to make Capt. Rhines the ranking captain and the first to be promoted to the rank of major. In later years Col. DeLand was one of my warm personal and, to some extent, political friends although he supported Capt. Cahill in preference to me for the office of Justice of the Supreme Court in 1895. The reason for his so doing, as stated by him to my friends, was that while he preferred me for the office, yet, as Col. Grant was then one of the Justices of the Supreme Court, he thought it discriminatory to have, as members of that tribunal, two members of the Twentieth Michigan.

I think that the officers and men of our regiment were much pleased by the change of brigade commander, as we had served under Col. Humphrey in East Tennessee and knew his qualities as an able and heroic brigade commander, to which reference has been made in an earlier chapter of this work. Our brigade still numbered only three regiments in line, the 2nd Michigan having been assigned to the support of a battery.

Very soon after Col. Humphrey had assumed command of our brigade, an order came for our division to charge at once, and the advance of the First Brigade under Col. Hartranft began immediately, the time then being about two o'clock. But that brigade had gone but a short distance when it entered a zone of fire not only from the front but also from a large body of Confederates on the left, making progress under an enfilading fire of that magnitude an impossibility and the

line of the First Brigade melted away like snow under a summer sun. Then came the order for our brigade to charge and at about half past two o'clock we rushed forward. Gen. Cutcheon quotes from a letter written by Gen. Humphrey shortly before his death, as follows:

"The regiments went in with a vim that would have carried them over the enemy's works had the ground between us and the works been clear, as we had a right to suppose it was. I had no time to look over the ground, and in the mind of General Willcox to charge and at once was the main thing. He did not know, nor did any of our people, that the woods in front of our left sheltered counter-columns of attack, nor of the obstructions in front of the right. There had been no pickets in our front. The woods covered the movements of the enemy completely, and we went it blind."

It is true, as stated by Gen. Humphrey, that the men of our brigade charged with the greatest imaginable bravery, the Sharpshooters, under command of Col. DeLand, vying with the other two regiments of the brigade in heroic daring. But we had gone forward but a few rods when we encountered a veritable feu d'enfer of shells, canister and bullets, which speedily decimated our ranks. This did not cause our regiment to pause for an instant but we went on unfalteringly until it became evident that we were considerably in advance of the regiments on our right and left, there being an open space in our front while the way in front of the other regiments was tangled and difficult. So we were ordered to halt and lie down in an open field, with a field of growing corn at a little distance in our front. There may have been, as stated by Gen. Cutcheon, (who was not in the battle) a "dead furrow" in our front, though I do not remember it, and if there was one it afforded us not the least protection from the fire of the enemy.

In "Through Stress and Storm" I used my best efforts to describe a few features of the Battle of Spottsylvania, but the attempt was a sorry failure so far as conveying to the reader any idea of the battle was concerned. Indeed no hu-

man language could possibly do this, as regards that or any other great battle. As an illustration of a single, but by no means the most important, element in that battle, I will relate that while we were lying on the ground, with the rain pouring upon us, the lightning struck and shattered a large tree not ten rods from our line. Ordinarily the crash following the stroke would have been at least startling. But it was wholly lost and indistinguishable in the tremendous volume of sound that was roaring, thundering and crashing above and all about us. To speak or write of "the thunder of battle," is one of the weakest of similies. No possible combination of thunders that ever shook the earth and the sky could equal the tempestuous, thunderous roar of a great battle. Nor would it be possible to portray the psychological condition of those who are carried away, they know not whither, in that maelstrom of tumult and wounds and death--a great battle. A mere hint of this is given in "Through Stress and Storm," but it could be no more than a suggestion, as anything like an analysis or portrayal would be an impossibility.

I have wandered so far from my account of my observations and experiences at Spottsylvania that I may as well take the time and space to state that the incident related in the volume just mentioned, of "Captain Mason" was an actual occurrence as known to myself. While we were lying in line of battle, as I have stated, a shell struck the knapsack of a soldier and at that instant exploded, killing four men and wounding others. The grief of Captain Carpenter of our regiment and his death in the battle followed as told. The incident of the bird was an adaptation of an incident that occurred in the experience of Major Rhines of the Sharpshooters in the same battle, as related by the major himself in a letter to his brother-in-law, Rev. Dr. Perrine. The battle and that incident wrought a decided change in the mind, heart and life of Major Rhines. From being utterly indifferent in regard to all religious matters he became an out-

speaking christian. In the letter to Dr. Perrine just referred to, after relating the incident mentioned and after telling of the change that had taken place in his feelings, he wrote in his characteristic way: "I'd like some religious books. I wouldn't care for any army regulations for old soldiers of the cross; but if you've any books of tactics for a raw recruit in the army of Jesus Christ, send them along." He fell, while in command of the Sharpshooters, in the assault on Petersburg, June 17, 1864. He had a decided premonition that he would not survive the battle and just before the charge said to his regiment, "Boys, this will be to some of us the last charge but let's do it bravely." He died a christian as well as a military hero.

How long we ^{lay in} ~~line~~, exposed to the fire of the enemy, I could form no accurate judgment, but presume that it did not much exceed half an hour. All this time the deluge of shells, canister and bullets pouring upon us was more than terrific--it was blasting, withering, overwhelming. And through it all our boys were outwardly as calm as if on drill, loading their pieces automatically and firing whenever an opportunity offered, which was seldom as both the artillery and infantry opposed to us were protected by strong earthworks, the same we had seen them building only a few days before. A little in the rear of our brigade Col. Humphrey sat on his horse, both he and the horse seemingly as unconcerned as on parade except that the nostrils of the horse were frequently distended, showing that he was snorting with excitement as if he "smelled the battle" not "afar off" but very near. How both escaped in that tempest is one of the inscrutable mysteries of battle. Still farther in the rear and near the center of our division Gen. Willcox had dismounted and was seated on the ground, calmly smoking a cigar, while shells were falling and exploding more thickly where he was than in any part of our line--it being a well known fact in gunnery that missiles are more apt to go beyond the point at which they are aimed than they are to stop ~~stop~~ at the place aimed at. Once a comrade by my side shouted in my ear,

"The General's gone," and looking around I saw that the general had disappeared in the smoke of a shell which had apparently exploded where he had been very shortly before. But the next moment the form of the general could be seen through the smoke as he raised himself from a recumbent to a sitting posture and again puffing away at his cigar. He had thrown himself on his back to avoid a shell which had burst just beyond him.

After a time, our line having been reformed by the advance of the regiments on our right and left, an order was given, by signs more than by words, for us to go forward and we obeyed with alacrity. The attempt to capture the works in front of us would, possibly, have succeeded if we had had no troops to contend with except those in our immediate front. Under the conditions as they really existed the effort was worse than hopeless. One of the Confederates serving in one of the batteries that was firing on our regiment on that day, said to a captain of the Twentieth several years after the close of the war, "You Yanks had about as much chance that day as a cat in hell without claws." However much the form in which the fact was stated might be criticised, the comparison was a very accurate one. For, wholly unknown to us who could not be expected to know, and equally unknown to those whose duty it was to know, two brigades of Confederate infantry had all the time been lying in wait on the left of our division, formed at right angles with our line and hidden from our view by the woods. While we were advancing the Confederate brigades charged our left flank and rear, capturing about half of the 17th Michigan with its colors and commanding officer and about one hundred of the 50th Pa., the regiment next to ours on the left. The storm of missiles which smote us from the rear while we were facing those coming from the front, revealed the situation and the imminent danger we were in of destruction and capture. It was impossible for any command to be heard but Major Barnes, in command of the regiment, ran rapidly to the left of the line, seized one or two men, faced them to the

left and rear, shouting commands into their ears, then motioned to the others to follow. The men of the Twentieth were too well disciplined not to understand at once what was to be done, so we moved by the left flank into the woods, then filed to the left and towards to rear, faced to the right, went forward at double-quick and met the charging brigades of Confederates with a counter charge and cut our way through their line, "using," as stated in my diary, "bayonets, muskets, clubs, or any weapon." Of course many of our men were killed, wounded or captured in the melee and many Confederates suffered the same fate. As stated by Col. Cutcheon in his report:

"Major Barnes behaved with the most reckless bravery, exposing himself where it seemed impossible for a man to live, encouraging and steadying his men, regardless of danger. * * * The regiment at large did all that men could do under the circumstances and most of them were at some stage of the fight prisoners, and some were captured and recaptured several times."

During the hand-to-hand struggle in the woods Sergeants Bidwell, Chadwick and I had become separated from our company, as indeed there was no order, nor formation of the men, it being a case of "every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost." I had fired my gun and was loading it as well as I could on the run, Chadwick had fired his rifle but was making no attempt to reload. Suddenly we three were confronted by a Confederate who presented a loaded gun and demanded our surrender. The case seemed hopeless for us, as the first movement of attempted resistance by any one of our number would result in his instant death. There was not a second of time in which to deliberate and Chadwick's gun was already slipping from his shoulder to the earth in token of surrender. But I had several months before resolved never to be taken prisoner while there was a possibility of escaping alive. So in less than an instant I had determined to swing the butt of my rifle around in a desperate and manifestly hopeless attempt to strike the muzzle of the Confederate's musket aside before he could pull the trigger, rush past

him and try to get away before he could bring me down. The plan presented about one chance of escape to n/ine hundred and ninety-nine of death. But before I could attempt its execution Bidwell dropped on one knee, thrust his gun between Chadwick's legs and shot the Confederate dead in his tracks. It will never be possible for me to forget the expression on the face of that Confederate when he saw the approaching doom which he could not avert.

Our regiment went into the fight that afternoon with nearly three hundred members all told --less than one hundred gathered in the road in the rear of our lines when for us the fighting was over. A few were not with us who had escaped but had not yet found their regiment. The losses in the Twentieth that day were 4 officers and 16 enlisted men, total 20, killed; 2 officers and 102 enlisted men, total 104 wounded; missing 19; total loss 143, the greatest loss numerically that the regiment suffered in any battle in its entire history. In Company C Maud, Maynard and Owen were killed, Hblee, Knox and Mulheron were wounded and Booth, Casey and Orwig were taken prisoners.

Scarcely had the shattered fragments of our regiment assembled, every one so wearied with the hard fighting that it seemed as if we must die of exhaustion, when Gen. Burnside and staff came down the road and I could see by the expression on the general's face that he was disappointed or displeased about something. I was not near enough to hear much of the conversation between the general and Major Barnes, but I heard the general say, "But why didn't you stay there?" I could not hear all that Major Barnes said in reply but I heard him say, with some asperity, "We will go back, general, if you say so," to which the general evidently made a placating reply which I did not hear. And with measureless indignation I thought, "If you had been where we were, you old villain, you would have found out why we didn't stay." And then I thought further "What a mass of injustice and ingratitude to us who are engaged in it this whole war is. Here

is an officer who has just performed one of the most able and brilliant achievements of the war in rescuing his regiment from destruction, and in so doing has displayed the highest heroism as well as skill, and his reward is to be virtually condemned in the presence of his men, and that by the man of all others most responsible for the disaster that has befallen our division today."

Of course Gen. Burnside had no idea of what had occurred in front of our division, but it was his business to know. And his implied reproof of Maj. Barnes was contrary to military rules and usage. He should have asked an explanation of the division commander, if any was needed. But if he had done so in the manner or language in which he addressed Maj. Barnes, the reply of Gen. Willcox would have been worth going a long way to hear. I surmise that it would have been more decided than military. Within a few months Gen. Burnside was himself to suffer a great, notorious and cruel injustice at the hands of the commander of the Army of the Potomac. My sympathies were naturally greatly aroused in Gen. Burnside's behalf, and I could never think of his misfortune as retributive justice, but rather as a piece of unmitigated injustice.

To return to our regiment. As stated by Gen. Cutcheon, "Conrad Noll, Co. D, afterward received the 'Congressional Medal of Honor' for distinguished bravery in this battle, but, as was true at Horseshoe Bend, there were scores who merited it." Noll was the leader of a few men of the regiment who rescued the colors when in danger of capture.

As to the conduct of the other regiments of our brigade, to quote farther from the work of Gen. Cutcheon:

"The regiments all behaved with great gallantry, and the Sharpshooters proved themselves worthy comrades of the veteran Michigan regiments, and never afterwards fell below that high standard."

After night had fallen, putting an end to the conflict of that fearful 12th of May, a solitary horseman approached the rear of the Union lines at the "Bloody Angle." The rain was still fall-

ing, heavily, drearily, as he looked out over a part of the field where the conflict had raged with uninterrupted ferocity from daybreak until nightfall, but had now ceased except for an occasional cannon-or rifle-shot from one or the other of the combatants. Except for the lurid glow of a few smouldering fires the scene was one of unrelieved blackness, darkness and desolation. The horseman was General Grant and for more than half an hour he sat upon his horse, without moving, in the darkness and rain, looking out over the stricken field.

"His thoughts I scan not, but I ween

That could their import have been seen," it would have been manifest that they were not of a pleasant or cheerful character. For on that day all his carefully formed plans for the campaign had been expunged from the pages of possible history, amid the flowing of a vast quantity of the best blood of the nation; the Confederate army was impregnably intrenched between the Union army and Richmond, and the object of the campaign could be attained only at the close of long months of desperate fighting, with the advantage all the time with the Confederates and by the sacrifice of an appalling number of lives. And thus darkly ended the Battle of Spottsylvania.

I conclude this chapter in language employed by Gen. Cutcheon in his account of the battle-- language in part expressive of my convictions at the time and in part expressing accurately my feelings for many years past:

"So far as immediate results were concerned, our losses seemed in vain. * * * Nothing but a complete success by crushing the enemy's line and breaking his power of immediate resistance, could have compensated for the fearful losses of the 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th of May, 1864. No more terrible fighting was ever witnessed anywhere in the world, and on the 12th it continued all day. But we cannot tell that story.

"The grass now grows green where that most bloody tragedy was enacted, and many of the scars of war have healed, and a reunited nation rejoices in its renewed strength and in its increased

power and glory. But if we could enter into the secret life of the mothers, wives, sisters and friends of the men who fell at Spottsylvania, and could count the pains and life-long sufferings of the wounded, we would gain some conception of the fearful cost at which this nation was saved."

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CHAPTER XIV.

BATTLES OF THE NORTH ANNA, BETHESDA CHURCH AND
COLD HARBOR.

In the evening of May 13, 1864, the day following the Battle of Spottsylvania, I made the following entry in my diary:

"Raining in the morning. Arose at daybreak, covered with mud, and formed line and stood in the rain till nearly noon, then moved out towards the skirmish line and began building works. At work in the trenches all day. Sharp skirmishing and some artillery in our front but no serious engagement."

Our division was engaged in constructing defensive works for two or three more days, but on the 15th I was taken ill with fever, caused by over-exertion in the battle and afterwards, and for a few days I was unable to sit up, but the enforced rest quickly restored me to health. Before four o'clock in the morning of the 19th we left the trenches, moved about two miles to the left and again built earthworks. On the 21st after sunset, we moved to the rear, then toward the left and after marching all night we reached Bowling Green--near Guiney Station--early in the forenoon of the 22nd. Halting for about two hours for breakfast and rest, we again pushed on and arrived at Bethel Church, where army headquarters were, late in the afternoon after marching more than thirty-five miles in a little less than twenty-four hours. The night of the 22nd I was in command of a picket post so passed a second consecutive night without sleep. At 5.30 in the morning of the 23d we resumed our march, going first toward Jericho Bridge for a few miles.

then toward Ox Ford on the North Anna river, where we arrived late in the evening. That evening I made this entry in my diary: "Nearly dead from fatigue and want of sleep."

After his defeat at Spottsylvania, Gen. Grant took the only course which was practically open to him by moving his army by the left flank and endeavoring to cross the North Anna ahead of Lee and thus compel Lee's army to assail the Union army while the latter was strongly intrenched behind the North Anna, or to fight in the open. But, as was destined to be the case in every movement of the armies during the entire campaign, the purpose of the Union commander was foreseen by the Confederates and when we arrived at the North Anna the Confederate army was already ready on the south side of the river and well intrenched. Gen. Grant did succeed in throwing a part of his force across the river, some above and some below the Confederate army, but the position of that army was in the form of a triangle with the apex at Ox Ford, and thus the two parts of the Union army were hopelessly separated with no possibility of a combined or co-ordinated movement. The only hope of success lay in breaking through the salient at Ox Ford, which would require the fording of a shallow but wide stream and an assault on a large force of infantry and artillery, behind elaborate intrenchments and in a position which, as described by Gen. Cutcheon, "was itself a natural fortress, the banks being high and rocky, and thoroughly screened with woods." It was apparent to us at first glance that in an attempt to carry the position by storm the chances of anything but death to the assailants were so attenuated as to be invisible.

On arriving at Ox Ford our division relieved a division of the Second Corps and before daybreak on the 24th we moved down to the ford, skirmishing with the enemy over a large part of the way, while the artillery on both sides was engaged at times with more or less activity. After we had forced a passage to the river bank we remained in line of battle for several hours, engaging the enemy on the opposite bank with both artillery

and rifle firing although little of our firing could have had any effect on account of the dense woods by which the position of the enemy was concealed. Soon after noon, however, the order came to form the division for the intended assault.

To our division had been assigned the task of forcing a passage of the ford and assaulting the works on the farther side, and the 20th Michigan had been designated to lead the assault which was to be made in column of divisions, (a division of a regiment being two companies) left in front, and our regiment was formed in this manner for the assault. Major Barnes, acting as Lieutenant-Colonel, was in command of the regiment, and Captain Grant was acting as Major. The formation placed Maj. Grant just behind the leading division, while the place of Col. Barnes would be in the rear of the column. And I have more than once since the war heard Col. Grant tell how Barnes left his station, came to the front and ~~he~~ took his place by the side of Grant, and on Grant saying to him that he ought to keep the place to which he was entitled, in the rear of the column, replied, "No, Major, I know what this assault means to all of us, and I'm going to stay with you."

In this formation and position we remained for a number of hours, our feelings meanwhile being very much like those we experienced on that Sunday morning in December, 1862, when our corps was massed in column of regiments preparatory to ~~storming~~ ^{the} the heights at Fredericksburg. But in ~~case~~ ^{this} case, as in that, wiser counsels prevailed and ~~the~~ the contemplated assault was abandoned. Had it not been, the frightful and useless slaughter of the men of our regiment at Spottsylvania would have been more than duplicated and in all probability this account of the battle would never have been written. Toward sunset we formed in line, fell back a short distance, and the battle of the North Anna was over so far as our division was concerned. The losses in the division I do not know. In our regiment three men were killed or mortally wounded and two wounded. In Company C one was wounded--Perry Manchester.

During the night of May 24, we lay on our arms in line of battle and before daylight in the

morning of the 25th our line was advanced to the position we had occupied on the preceding day and earthworks were constructed--instead of this being done on the 23d as stated by Gen. Cutcheon. In these works we lay during the two following days, engaging the enemy in our front with both artillery firing and sharpshooting, while the Army of the Potomac was engaged in a determined but vain struggle with the Confederates on the two sides of the angle on our right and left front.

By nightfall on the 26th it had become evident that the attempt to dislodge Lee's army from its position was a hopeless one and Gen. Grant accepted the inevitable and the only alternative --a farther movement by the left flank and another attempt to interpose the Union army between the Confederate army and Richmond at or near Cold Harbor. The Army of the Potomac was in a most perilous position at the North Anna, divided into two parts with a hostile army between them, neither part able to support the other and a considerable river in the rear of both. But through the skilful planning of Gen. Grant and the still more skilful execution of the plan by his subordinates--especially by Gen. Warren of the Fifth Corps--that army was safely withdrawn to the north bank of the North Anna and the movement towards Cold Harbor was begun. I think that it was of this withdrawal of the Union army from the North Anna that Gen. Grant afterwards wrote in his memoirs that Lee could have destroyed the Union army had he taken advantage of the opportunity. But Grant believed that Lee would not dare to make the attempt and this belief was justified by the event.

At the battle of Spottsylvania and afterwards, the inconvenience and disadvantage of having the army operating under Grant in Virginia divided into two independent commands became so evident that Gen. Burnside suggested to Gen. Grant that the Ninth Corps be incorporated with the Army of the Potomac. This could not be done except by the consent of Gen. Burnside, as Gen. Burnside was superior in rank to Gen. Meade. But Gen. Burnside generously and patriotically offered to

waive the privilege of rank in order that the movements of the Union forces in Virginia might be accomplished more smoothly and efficiently. The 9th Corps was accordingly incorporated with the Army of the Potomac on the 24th day of May. Gen. Burnside's generosity and patriotism were recognized in a way that will be stated briefly hereafter in the chapter telling of the Battle of the Crater.

At about four o'clock in the morning of the 27th of May we received orders to be ready to move at once and within an hour were on the way. We marched due east then south, making about 25 miles that day and that night. In my diary it is stated that we crossed the Mattaponi, but this may be an error. We crossed a considerable stream which I was told or assumed was the Mattaponi, but it may have been some other river. On the 28th we marched at six in the morning, marched about twenty-two miles, crossed the Pamunky River at about midnight, went about a mile beyond the river and bivouacked. Gen. Cutcheon--who was not with us--says that "This was one of the hardest day's marching the regiment ever had." The day was intensely hot and the marching exceedingly hard, but, as I remember it, no harder than on the preceding day. In my diary it is stated that I went bathing in the Pamunky before lying down. After being allowed to sleep until daybreak--about 3.30 o'clock--we were called up and moved forward two or three miles to a point near Hanover town. There our division went into battle formation but remained inactive and under arms all day. That night--as noted in my diary--although skirmishing was going on in our front all night, I had the first really good night's sleep since our arrival at the North Anna.

The next day, May 30, we again arose at daybreak and at five o'clock our corps moved forward in line of battle and engaged the Confederates then in force in our front and drove them over the Totopotomoy (a small river) and for some distance beyond and to a point near Haw's Shop. There we halted at about seven in the morning, and during the rest of the day and until well into the

night we were constructing earthworks, while constant skirmishing was going on in our front.

At about that time the effect of the frightful slaughter at Spottsylvania, of the failure at the North Anna and of the hard work of the campaign in fighting, marching and intrenching, began to be very manifest in the depressed spirits of the men of our division, myself included, although at no time did I give expression to these feelings nor was I at any time so disheartened as were many others, even among the officers. But on that night of the 30th, wearied to the point of exhaustion in consequence of the help I had given the men who were working under me, with weary nerves, aching muscles and a severe headache, I entered in my diary the following complaint:

"Do not understand why we don't go on instead of stopping here. Could go into Richmond (now only a few miles away) if they would let us, but some one seems to be anxious to prolong the war as much as possible."

I could not then foresee that the war would come to an end after a time, that I should live to see the end of it, and that for a number of years whenever the day and month of that entry in my diary came around I should have the honor and the privilege of pronouncing a eulogy of the heroic men who were then dying all about us, some in battle, others from wounds or disease or because of the hardships, labor and suffering incident to the service. Nor did I then know that at about that time the Confederate army had arrived at Cold Harbor in force and was again between our army and Richmond. Some inkling of my feelings may have reached Gen. Grant in some way for two days later he essayed to force a passage to Richmond by ordering an attack by the Second Corps on the enemy's position at Cold Harbor. The result was a fearful, useless and wicked slaughter of the men of that corps. Always thereafter Gen. Grant deplored the giving of that order and freely expressed his regret on account of what he regarded as a serious error on his part in ordering the attack. We had no part in that particular battle, but we were destined to share in the effect of it on the same and the following day.

During the two days that followed--May 31 and June 1--our brigade supported other troops, and while sharp skirmishing was constantly going on in our front we took no active part in it. The greater part of the time we were engaged in building and strengthening light field works, chiefly rifle pits, which, I may or may not have explained, were simply trenches about two or three feet deep and of the same width, with the excavated earth thrown out on the side of the ditch toward the enemy, so as to form a sort of parapet on which to rest our rifles. In these pits or trenches the men were aligned and found them of much protective value.

Late in the afternoon of June 2 we received orders to march, and with the rest of the corps we moved a short distance to the vicinity of Bethesda Church. This movement was the beginning of one that was intended to be for the relief of the Second Corps which in an attack on the enemy's works that morning had been repulsed with great slaughter. But as soon as the movement had fairly begun the Confederates came out of their works and attacked the rear of our corps with great impetuosity. This attack fell upon our regiment just as it was deploying into line at the junction of two roads. The attacking force was so much stronger than ours that any effort on our part to hold it back was doomed to failure from the beginning. Nevertheless we came into line with promptness and precision and remained in our place and fought the enemy for more than two hours alone and unaided, our regiment receiving and repelling the onslaughts of a line of skirmishers and two lines of battle. But the loss of men in our ranks and the overwhelming superiority of the enemy in numbers finally compelled us to retire after our ammunition was reduced to less than two rounds per man. We fell back a short distance to the protection of the reverse side of a line of rifle pits constructed by the Confederates two years before. These were of little value as protection but we rallied behind them and lay there and with the help of reinforcements we continued the fight until after midnight, when the withdrawal of all our

supports compelled us to leave the ground, which we did in good order and as silently as possible. And as we were hopelessly separated from the rest of our brigade and division, we marched several miles and until nearly morning, when we found the Second Division of our corps (ours being the Third) then threw ourselves on the earth and slept the sleep of utter exhaustion under a drenching rain that had been falling during the whole of the engagement.

In his report, made up according to information obtained afterwards, Gen. Cutcheon said:

* * * "Major Barnes displayed his usual bravery and coolness, and by his prompt dispositions when the attack was first made, did much to prevent unfortunate results. I cannot but feel that considerable credit is due the regiment for maintaining their ground when their support had been withdrawn from both flanks and their ammunition exhausted."

The losses in our regiment in this battle were three killed outright, 19 wounded (several mortally) and 13 captured. In Company C Sylvester Lewis was killed, Barney and a recruit named McCall were mortally wounded, Powles wounded and Matthews, Monk and Powles taken prisoners.

At daybreak in the morning of June 3, after sleeping about three hours, we started in search of our brigade and division, which we found in a short time and early in the morning were attacked by the enemy in strong force and the engagement thus begun lasted during the entire day, every charge made by the Confederates being repulsed with frightful slaughter, compensating in some degree for the havoc wrought in the ranks of the Second Corps on the preceding day. During nearly the whole of the day of the 3d of June, our brigade supported the First Brigade of our division, but the losses in our brigade were quite severe. Towards night our division charged, driving the enemy before us for some distance, then retired to our former position. Soon after dark our brigade relieved the First Brigade, so that for us the engagement continued during practically the whole of the night. The conclusion of the entry in my diary for that day was

as follows:

"Nearly dead from fatigue, hunger and want of sleep. Sharp skirmishing and heavy cannonading nearly all night."

In that battle at Cold Harbor our regiment lost one killed and sixteen wounded, several of the latter being mortally wounded. Of the members of Company C, Andrews was killed and Bidwell mortally wounded. I was afterwards told that when Barney and Bidwell saw each other at the field hospital to which both had been carried, Bidwell said to Barney, exultantly, "You've only a furlough wound, but I've got a home wound." The reason for this statement was that Barney had only a flesh wound, while the wound that Bidwell had received made the amputation of his leg necessary. The wounds of both proved to be mortal.

In concluding his account of the fighting at Bethesda Church and Cold Harbor, Gen Cutcheon says:

"By this time the regiment had been reduced by its severe losses to less than one-half of the number of men it had at the opening of the campaign. Sergeant Arnold, Company D, records in his diary under date of June 3: 'We now stack 140 guns.' But the regiment had honored every demand upon it, and had won the admiration and praise of General Willcox and of all who commanded it. Major Barnes had repeatedly distinguished himself, and all, officers and men, had acquitted themselves gallantly."

CHAPTER XV.

THE ASSAULT ON PETERSBURG.

Notwithstanding his declaration to the War Department of his "purpose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," General Grant was too able a military leader not to recognize the truth that after the repulse at Cold Harbor his plan of the campaign had thus far been the reverse of successful in its execution, that it could be pursued only at a fearful cost in human lives and a needless expenditure of time and money, and that the sooner it was abandoned the better it would be for his own reputation and for the interests of the nation. But a fixed principle governing his conduct in all his life up to that time, and his promise to President Lincoln forbade any turning back, so after mature consideration he decided to change the base of operations to the James River (as General McClellan had done under similar conditions two years before), capture Petersburg and thus compel the evacuation of Richmond. McClellan had always contended that the proper approach to Richmond was by way of the James, but in this had been overruled by Stanton and Halleck, who insisted that a large Union force should at all times be between the Confederate army and the national capital. Grant, having authority to do as he pleased, did not even consult the authorities at Washington but proceeded to put his intentions into execution. And the movement thus planned was a superb piece of strategy, very similar to that which Grant employed in his campaign against Vicksburg in 1863. And I may add that, in spite of delays and disappointments, the success of the military operations in Virginia dated from the change of base to the James and the beginning of the campaign against Petersburg.

On the 4th day of June, the day following our fight at Cold Harbor, we moved to the left and took possession of some works that until a short time before had been occupied by a part of the Second Corps. From that time until the 12th we were engaged in trench warfare with the Confed-

crates who occupied works a short distance in front of us, artillery firing, picket firing and sharpshooting going on practically all the time, with short and irregular intervals of quiet. At times we changed our position slightly, at times advanced or retired our line a short distance and nearly all the time were strengthening our works. On the night of the 6th I was in command of a picket post and on the 7th we had a lively skirmish with the enemy while advancing our line about a quarter of a mile, I being in command of part of the skirmish line. In this uneventful way the days and nights went by until the evening of the 12th when we left our works with the utmost caution and as silently as possible, this movement taking from about nine o'clock in the evening until midnight. As soon as we were fairly out of the trenches we took our course toward Tunstall's Station (noted in the 1862 campaign) and marched all night.

My remembrance and record of the events of the march from Cold Harbor to Petersburg agrees in some respects with the accounts quoted by Gen. Cutcheon in his "History" and disagrees in others, and these accounts differ in some respects from each other, each agreeing with mine in some instances and disagreeing in others. In short, there are four or five imperfect or inharmonious accounts of the same events. I shall therefore give my own version according to my recollection and the entries in my diary, without regard to the other accounts to which I have referred, without claiming that my version is in all ~~regard~~ regards absolutely correct.

At about 9 o'clock in the forenoon of June 13, we reached Tunstall's Station where we rested for some hours, then pushed on towards White House Landing, (Gen. McClellan's base of supplies) until we were within a few miles of that place, then turned to the south and marched all the remainder of that day and until late at night, making about thirty miles after leaving the trenches near Cold Harbor, crossing the Chickahominy River at Jones' Bridge. The object in taking us to Petersburg in this roundabout way was to deceive the enemy as to our inten-

tions. This purpose was accomplished and for some days the Confederates were so mystified as to the purposes of Gen. Grant that they did nothing to oppose the march of the Union army until a part of it had arrived in front of Petersburg. Then followed a repetition of the old story--hesitation and delay on the part of Grant's subordinates, compelling a bloody struggle of months to accomplish what ought to have been accomplished within a few hours.

June 14, we were aroused at 4 in the morning, marched at five and after marching about fifteen miles we arrived within about a mile of the James River and there halted to wait for the laying of the pontoon bridge across the river and the passage of other troops. The work of laying the bridge was not completed until at some time on the following day. At 7.30 o'clock in the evening of June 15, we started towards the river but it was after eleven o'clock before the troops in advance of us were out of the way so that we could cross the river, which we did about midnight.

Several years ago I wrote for an ephemeral publication, a true story of an incident connected with our march on the night of the 15th and the crossing of the James. The story is quite too long to be repeated here even in an abbreviated form and I greatly prefer that it should be read as it was written and appears somewhere in my "Writings" but in which volume I do not now recall. I will explain that the three soldiers referred to in the article were Crowell of Co. K and Larkin and myself of Co. C of our regiment.

We arrived in front of Petersburg at about or a little after noon June 16. Our brigade formed on the extreme left of that part of the army then on the ground, the line of the brigade extending from where Fort Steadman was afterwards erected to the future site of Fort Morton. On the preceding day--the 15th--the 18th Corps had captured the enemy's works from the Appomattox for a considerable distance to the left. Hancock's Corps--the 2nd--arrived toward evening on the 15th. Up to that time the Confederate force in Petersburg was negligible and the 2nd and

18th corps, or the 2nd corps alone, could have taken the city with ease had one or both of these corps advanced against the works that evening, and thus the siege lasting nearly ten months, and the great loss of life suffered in the repeated attempts to take the city by assault would have been wholly obviated. But Gen. Hancock, claiming afterwards that he did not understand that he was to do more than bring his corps before the city and there await the arrival of the rest of the army, allowed the golden opportunity to slip by, and during the night Confederate reinforcements were poured into the city and by the time of our arrival a large part of Lee's army was in the works in our front. Gen. Hancock was one of the ablest generals of the Union army, but on that occasion he failed to follow the fine example of Willecox at the Ny and go beyond the letter of his orders when the conditions plainly required such a course. In a military leader the prime qualifications are alertness and audacity as well as ability, and for every military failure that happens through too great aggressiveness, at least ten are the result of over-caution, hesitancy and military timidity.

After arriving near Petersburg we rested for a few hours, then formed in line in the rear of the First Brigade but made no advance during the remainder of that long afternoon. There seemed to be no concert of action by the troops that had arrived and the consequent delay was wholly to the advantage of the Confederates and fatal to Grant's purpose to effect a speedy capture of the city. Shortly after dark our division was moved to the right and in front of the Second Corps, the First Brigade on the right, ours on the left, and there we lay on our arms all night. There was a little desultory firing a few times during the night but not enough to prevent me from sleeping for the greater part of the time.

At daybreak on the morning of the 17th we were called up, moved to the left, and while awaiting orders prepared and ate a hasty breakfast. At about that time the Second Division of our corps assaulted and carried the works somewhat to our

right, capturing two strong earthworks, several pieces of artillery and many prisoners. All the Confederate works at Petersburg could have been captured in the same way on the preceding day had an attack in force been made.

Orders to move came at 7 o'clock, but the movement did not begin until after eight. We then moved forward in line of battle to a ravine, there halted and formed for the charge, our brigade in the rear of the First Brigade. But no order to assault came until noon. We then charged with the vigor, the determination and the steadfastness that had characterized the men of the Third Division in every battle of the campaign in which they had been engaged. But by this time the greater part or the whole of Lee's army was in Petersburg, the works in our front were fully manned and from their rifle pits and batteries a murderous storm of shot and shell was poured upon the leading brigade and to some extent upon our brigade. And to make the situation vastly worse for us, the wrong direction had been given so that our advance was nearly at a right angle with the works which we were directed to assault. This subjected us to an enfilading fire by which the First Brigade was practically destroyed and our brigade sadly depleted in numbers. We therefore halted, lay down, and under a fierce fire from the enemy's works dug shallow and narrow excavations with our bayonets, throwing the earth in front of us with our tin cups and plates. With only this wholly insufficient protection, we lay there until after six o'clock then moved to the left of the First Division and with that division we again charged on the works of the enemy. But the only success achieved in that charge was a temporary one by the First Michigan Sharpshooters on the extreme left of our division and of the army, who stormed and carried a line of the Confederate works, taking many prisoners and arms and a stand of colors. But the enemy was immediately reinforced, made a counter attack, recaptured the works and took a large part of the Sharpshooters as prisoners. It was in this charge that Major Rhines was killed. We continued fighting until after dark, then

built breastworks and lay behind them on our arms all night. During the night the rebels abandoned their works in our front and retired to and fortified a much stronger position in their rear.

Early in the morning of June 18, (the anniversary of Waterloo) we advanced through a belt of pine woods and into a field of grain where we reached the rebel works that had been abandoned during the preceding night. There we halted under fire from the enemy's batteries and remained until well towards noon, when we advanced across an open field under a destructive fire for nearly half a mile and drove the Confederates from the railroad cut of the Norfolk & Petersburg Railroad back into their works. But this advance was attended with frightful losses in our ranks in both killed and wounded, among the mortally wounded being Major George C. Barnes, acting as Lieutenant-Colonel in command of our regiment. He was shot through the lungs and died two days later. As we were charging across the field I heard some one cry out, "The Major is killed," and I supposed it to be true until the following day. But I could not even look around. I simply shouted to the boys just in front of me, "Never mind, boys, never mind! Go on!"

Gen. Cutcheon is right in saying that the fort which was afterwards erected almost on the spot where Major Barnes fell should have been named "Fort Barnes" instead of "Fort Morton," the latter instead of the former name being given to it because Maj. Morton was a member of the staff of General Burnside.

Reaching the railroad cut we threw ourselves into it only to receive an enfilading fire from the earthworks of the enemy which struck our men down by scores. The rank of commanding officer of our brigade was transmitted from one to another three times while we were in the railroad cut, Colonels Christ, Raulston and Travers being successively wounded and compelled to relinquish the command and leave the field. Several times we attempted to advance, but each time so many of the men who succeeded in climbing to the top of the cut were at once killed or wounded that the

attempt had to be abandoned. So for a time all that we could do was to lie close to the ground or hug the side of the cut and return the fire of the enemy as best we could. But at dusk a planned and concerted movement was made by which we succeeded in getting beyond the railroad. Then under a terrific fire of shells, canister and bullets, and without any chance to get in proper formation, we charged the enemy's works. But the severe losses we had suffered left our force wholly inadequate to the task of breaking the enemy's line, but we went on until we found that our brigade was considerably in advance of the troops on either side of us, thus breaking our line by its own momentum. We were now within 150 yards--less than 30 rods--of the enemy's works, the nearest approach made by any part of the army during the assault. We could go no farther, so threw ourselves down and, under a wasting fire, with bayonets, tin cups, tin plates and our bare hands we threw up a flimsy shelter in our front and then, too tired to do more, we lay down on our arms and kept up a lively skirmish fire until a little before daylight on the following day, when we were relieved by other troops and fell back to a point near that from which the assault was launched on the 18th. The little ridge of earth which we threw up at the point of our farthest advance was enlarged and strengthened on the following day and became the famous "Horseshoe" of the siege, the toe of the shoe being the point nearest the enemy on any part of the long line of earthworks and the point attained by our brigade in the desperate assault on the enemy's lines on the 18th of June.

Three army corps, the 2nd, 5th and 9th, were engaged in the assault that day, but to our brigade belongs the honor of having fought its way against overwhelming odds nearer to the enemy's line than did any other part of the army.

Our losses in the assault on Petersburg were appalling. In our regiment the loss in killed and wounded was more than half the number engaged, being thirty killed or mortally wounded and sixty-two wounded. In Company C Barnes, Hicks

No fighting being contemplated for a time by our army, I obtained a pass to City Point on the James--our base of supplies and about ten miles from the front as near as I can now remember. I went there accompanied by John Larkin and on our way back we met W.W. Woolnough (the editor of the Battle Creek Journal of which I was an occasional war correspondent) and Doctors Cox and Slater, all good friends of mine from Battle Creek. They had been sent by the citizens of that city to do all that could be done to recover the bodies of the dead and attend to the comfort of the wounded who were from Battle Creek. For Battle Creek had been sorely smitten by the carnage of those two awful days of June 17 and 18, among the fallen being some who were her best citizens in peace as well as among her noblest and bravest in war.

After dark on the evening of the 22nd I went on picket, in charge of a short section of the line in front of our regiment. The night was spent largely in enlarging and strengthening the detached works that protected the pickets, while picket firing and occasionally artillery firing was going on during the whole of the night and of the day following. We were relieved by other pickets soon after dark on the 23d and returned to the main line. And that night and day were typical of those that followed on the picket line during the whole of the siege, the detail of officers, non-commissioned officers and men for picket being changed every evening. And on the main line the men were engaged in enlarging the works day after day for several months and to some extent during the whole nine months of the siege. In all parts of the main line they were under artillery fire night and day, and on many portions of the line rifle shots were frequently exchanged between those occupying the main works on the Union and those on the Confederate side. And thus the long, hard, weary and anxious days of mingled working and fighting came and went, day after day, week after week and month after month until the end.

On the 24th of June our position was moved to the left of the Suffolk Road and on the main

line where, as on all other parts of the line that we occupied at any time during the siege, we were constantly engaged in fortifying and fighting and, as Gen. Cutcheon says: "Few days passed that some one in the brigade was not killed or wounded."

On the 24th of June I fell ill as the result of the fighting, exposure, weariness and mental suffering of the preceding week and was obliged to be off duty during the whole of the following day, but on the 26th was enough better to go on duty again. On the 28th of June I was ordered to report to Lieut. Emory of the 36th Mass., then the Commissary of Subsistence of the First Brigade of the Fourth Division of our corps. This was a division of colored troops and Lieut. Emory had been detailed as commissary of one of its brigades either at the beginning or soon after the beginning of the campaign. Being in need of help, from some cause not now remembered, he had asked that I be sent to his assistance. I have already described my work as a clerk in the office of a brigade commissary, which in the present instance was in no particular different from that which I had done with white troops. My duties consisted chiefly in going to the base of supplies for the army at City Point on certain days, receiving subsistence stores, going to the front with the wagons and turning these stores over to the commissary sergeants of the different regiments of the brigade a little to the rear of the lines. On other days I was engaged in making out returns of commissary stores that had been issued, requisitions, and other papers of that nature. A detailed account of the events of each day in which I was concerned, may be found in the diary which I kept during the time when I was thus employed. The respite from the hard work of the line was a good thing for me, as the rigorous work of the campaign and my sorrow over the loss of friends had greatly impaired my strength and spirits. I was not what we used to call in the army "demoralized," only worn out with labor, care, anxiety and sorrow.

With my time employed in the way I have indicated, the days and weeks went by, and it was

while I was on detached service that the Battle of the Crater occurred. I was not in that engagement so it was no part of my army life. But I record here a very brief account of the events connected with the battle because it is due to the memory of the boys of the Ninth Army Corps who have departed that the survivors of that heroic body of men should take every opportunity to tell the story of those events as they actually occurred. And what I here write concerning them is the absolute truth, not only according to what I learned at the time but also as was abundantly proved by the testimony taken before the Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War.

The point on our lines that formed the toe of the "horseshoe" to which our brigade fought its way on the 18th of June, was nearer the enemy's lines than any other place on the line and was directly opposite a Confederate fort which formed a salient in the enemy's line. The topographical situation was such that it occurred to Col. Pleasants of the 48th Pa., a very skilful engineer, that it would be a feasible plan to mine the Confederate fort referred to and thus open a way through the enemy's lines. Gen. Burnside approved the plan and it was submitted to the army headquarters. Had it been heartily adopted by the army authorities the siege of Petersburg would have ended in July, 1864.

But unfortunately for the enterprise Gen. ~~Meade~~ Meade had a very strong feeling of antipathy toward Gen. Burnside, dating back to the battle of Fredericksburg. Meade was never a great general but a very ordinary one. He was not the equal of Hancock or Warren and not to be compared for a moment with Sherman or Sheridan or Thomas. Grant found him in command of the Army of the Potomac and left him there, which was just as well, as the movements of that army were to be ~~not~~ under Grant's immediate direction during the campaign, Meade having only to arrange the details of the movements ordered by Grant. And Meade was no greater as a man than he was as a general. He had a narrow mind, a jealous spirit,

and an irascible and ungoverned temper. Meade had been ill used at Fredericksburg, but the blame should have rested on Franklin more than on Burnside. But Meade was bitter towards Burnside on account of it and was also jealous of Burnside because of President Lincoln's liking for Burnside, and also because in the fall and winter of 1863-4 while certain operations of the Army of the Potomac had brought the reverse of credit to Meade, Burnside had won laurels in East Tennessee.

So when the project for mining the fort was presented at Meade's headquarters it was scouted and declared to be wholly impracticable. But in some way leave was obtained to undertake the work of sinking the mine and it was proceeded with, though under great difficulties, owing to the attitude of the authorities at army headquarters. So petty and mean was this attitude that Gen. Burnside was refused the use of instruments with which to make the necessary triangulations, and Col. Pleasants had to use an oldfashioned theodolite for that purpose. The use of the wheelbarrows at army headquarters for wheeling out the earth from the mine was also refused and the boys of the 48th Pa. had to nail handles to hardboard boxes and carry the earth out by hand.

In spite of these and other discouragements the work of mining proceeded until it was finished and nothing remained to do but explode the mine and make the assault. And for this assault Gen. Burnside made the most skilful and careful preparations. Gen. Humphrey, then commanding our brigade, told me after the war how Gen. Burnside took him up in a lookout and pointed out to him the place and work of his brigade in the assault. And Gen. Burnside's plan was the best possible one and as certain of success as any battle plan could possibly be. As soon as the mine was sprung the Fourth (colored) division of our corps was to rush through the gap, the leading brigade to wheel to the right, assail the Confederate line in the flank and rear and clear the line as far as possible, while the other colored brigade was to wheel to the left and execute the same

movement and purpose in that direction. While this was being done the other divisions of our corps were to pass through the enlarged gap in the enemy's line and, being in no danger from an enfilading fire, go forward and seize the crest of a slight eminence in the rear of the Confederate works. This would effectually break Lee's lines and compel the evacuation of Petersburg and Richmond, as happened in the following April. And this outcome of the assault would have been greatly facilitated by the fact that Grant, by ~~by~~ sending a single corps of his army across the James and in the direction of Richmond, had lured a part of Lee's army across the Appomattox. I have been at the Grater and over the ground in that vicinity since the war, and it is plain to anybody with any knowledge of military science that had Burnside's plan been carried out the success of the movement would have been assured.

But after all the preparations for the assault had been made Meade awoke to the fact that the success of the plan would redound to Burnside's credit. To prevent this Meade concluded to himself assume the direction of the movement which up to that time he had done nothing but disparage. So he sent for Burnside and on ascertaining his plans peremptorily ordered him to change them and have a white division, instead of the colored division, lead the assault. This order was without reason or excuse and brought about the failure of the movement. The colored division was especially qualified for the work of leading the charge, as they were new troops and --like the 17th Michigan at South Mountain--~~would~~ would have gone into the fight with all the ardor and enthusiasm of men who have never been in battle. When they were finally sent into the fight, too late to be of any service, they did better fighting than was done by any other ~~division~~ division on that disastrous day, as they had been impressed with the idea that the credit of the colored soldiers in the war depended on them. Besides this, they had been for some weeks drilled in the evolutions they were to make in the attack, and no white division had been thus prepared, so that it was not possible at that late

hour to substitute any white division for the colored troops and carry out the plan of attack. Burnside was unfortunate in his selection of the division that was to lead the assault, but it was wholly his misfortune and not his fault. The division chosen was as good as there was in the corps, but its commander was incompetent and cowardly and did not even go with his command, so that when the men had reached the Confederate works they were without a leader. And every attempt to advance to the eminence in the rear of the Crater was stopped by an enfilading fire from the right and left (which would have been prevented by the colored troops had Burnside been permitted to carry out his plan) making any advance a military and moral impossibility.

As I took no part in the battle I shall not attempt to describe it. Gen. Cutcheon has done so at length and while his description is inaccurate in a few details concerning things he did not see, it is on the whole correct and gives an accurate account of the part taken by our brigade, as well as by our regiment, then numbering only 125 men. All our brigade and division behaved nobly with the single exception of the 46th N.Y., (a German regiment in which all the commands were given in the German language.) That regiment failed miserably but their failure had little or nothing to do with the failure of the attack which was doomed when Gen. Meade forbade the carrying out of the plan of Gen. Burnside. And Gen. Cutcheon is right in saying: "The attack did not fail from want of courage or sacrifice on the part of the men. The men were brave, and there was a superabundance of sacrifice." This is attested by the fact that the losses in our corps were nearly 3,500 men. The failure of the assault was due solely and wholly to the pernicious interference with Gen. Burnside's plans by Gen. Meade.

In our regiment six were killed, 27 wounded and 20 were made prisoners, among the latter the color sergeant and the regimental colors. Of Company C Terrill was killed, Chadwick, M.B. Bevier, (a recruit) Bushnell and Wm. J. Lewis were wounded and David Demott and Witter were captured.

Gen. Cutcheon is very mild in his comments on

the bitter feeling and "acrimonious discussion" that followed the battle of the Crater, the farcical court of inquiry called by Meade and appointed by Meade for the manifest purpose of clearing him from the blame which he justly deserved for the disastrous outcome of the enterprise. But Gen. Cutcheon is wrong in saying that General Burnside was relieved of his command as a result of the findings of the court, as he had resigned the command and gone home to Rhode Island not long after the battle, filled with righteous indignation on account of the treatment he had received and bitterly denouncing those who were guilty of it. The Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War devoted much time and pains to the matter and arrived at a conclusion quite different from that of the alleged court of inquiry. Grant in his memoirs holds Burnside responsible for the failure, but this was on a par with his treatment of Warren at a later period of the war. In upholding Meade and Sheridan, Grant displayed the same tendency manifested by Taft and Wilson and others--to approve of what is done by a near subordinate without regard to the quality of the act in question. In the cases of Burnside and Warren, Grant's action showed that he was devoid of that sense of justice which every man should possess--a lack that was painfully evident in Grant during his later career in civil life.

On pages 147 and 148 of his "History," Gen. Cutcheon pays a deserved tribute to General Burnside, closing thus:

"After the close of the war he became Governor of the State of Rhode Island for several terms and then was elected to the Senate of the United States, of which he remained a member until the time of his death.

"It may be that there will never be a consensus of opinion as to General Burnside's place as a soldier, but there can never be any question as to his unfaltering patriotism and his entire devotion to duty."

CHAPTER XVII.

WELDON RAILROAD, PEEBLES' FARM, HATCHER'S RUN.

The disaster to our corps, and especially that which befell our regiment in the Battle of the Crater, filled me with a strong desire to return to the ranks. And this desire was heightened by the fact that before the battle above named Lieut. Emory had been promoted to the rank of First Lieutenant and had joined his regiment. His place as Brigade Commissary had been filled by the appointment of Captain Gregory, a Commissary of Subsistence, with whom I had only official relations. Accordingly on the 6th of August I made a written application for leave to return to my regiment. This I placed in the hands of Capt. Gregory and it was duly forwarded through military channels to the headquarters of the brigade, division and corps.

By proclamation of President Lincoln August 4 was observed throughout the country as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer. Religious services were held in nearly all the regiments of the army and at the headquarters of our division.

On the 8th of August I received orders from the corps commander, Gen. Burnside, to report to the commanding officer of the 20th Michigan, which I did in the evening of the same day and again took up my duties as a sergeant with one of the companies of the regiment, which then numbered only one hundred men and had been divided into three provisional companies, there being only enough commissioned and non-commissioned officers of the regiment for that number of companies.

It was at about this time (but at just what date I never knew) that the officers of the 20th Michigan prepared a petition to the Governor of Michigan, asking that I be commissioned as First Lieutenant in the regiment. I never saw the petition and did not hear of its existence until a long time afterwards, but when I did learn of it I was told that it was very laudatory in its expressions concerning me. It was signed by all the line officers present, Major Grant, the only

field officer except the regimental commander, being absent on recruiting service. But when the paper was presented to the commanding officer of the regiment, Lieut.-Col. Cutcheon, he refused to sign it, but added a statement and request in which he endorsed all that was said in the petition concerning my services and qualifications and also recommended my appointment to a first-lieutenancy "in any Michigan regiment except the Twentieth Infantry." He excused this action on the ground that there were other sergeants in the regiment whose appointments preceded mine in time and that it would be unjust to them to promote me out of my turn. But this was only a pretext, the real reason being his ill will towards me because of events that were related in an earlier part of this work.

When I returned to the regiment it had been withdrawn from the front line and was lying a short distance in the rear and a little to the left of the "horseshoe." On August 13, I received four months' pay at the rate of 17 dollars per month for March and April and \$22 per month for May and June, the difference being due, if I remember aright, to the provisions of an Act of Congress increasing the pay of those in the service. On the night of August 14 and during the day of August 15 I was in charge of a picket post. On being relieved after dark on the 15th I was unable to find my regiment, as the brigade had been moved on the evening of the 14th to the front line and to the left of the "horseshoe," and not far from the Jerusalem Plank Road. So I slept on that night of the 15th behind some works in our former camp, and the next morning found our brigade. In the position where the brigade then was "The old order of things," as Gen. Cutcheon says, "was resumed--the daily firings, the occasional artillery duels, the nightly alarms, a man killed now and then, and some one hit almost every day."

At 2 o'clock, A.M. on the 19th of August we were awakened and ordered to be ready to move at once. After eating a hurried breakfast we moved at 3 A.M. to the rear of our lines and to the left several miles to reinforce the Fifth Corps.

That corps, under Gen. Warren, had fought a sanguinary battle on the 18th and had won an important victory, capturing a large section of the Weldon Railroad, one of Lee's chief lines of supply. But great numbers of the enemy were being massed against Warren, and our corps, then under Gen. Parke, was sent to Warren's support. We arrived on the field of operations about noon and after a hasty dinner our division was formed in order of battle and advanced. We soon became heavily engaged, but fortunately sustained slight loss, the chief losses being suffered by the First Brigade on our right. But the hardest fighting was in our front and a little toward the left where the enemy by massing a strong force and by a tactical movement described by Gen. Cutcheon, succeeded in taking a part of the line held by the Fifth Corps. So after being under fire for some hours and returning the fire to some extent, and after being moved about from place to place until late in the afternoon, our brigade was moved to the left about half a mile, formed in line of battle and ordered to advance and retake the line that had been taken from a brigade of the Fifth Corps.

Gen. Cutcheon, following the usual course pursued by him in his "History", describes the battle that ensued as if it were a small affair, although in fact it was a very serious engagement in which both infantry in considerable numbers and artillery to the extent of several batteries participated on both sides, the engagement lasting for not less than three hours. It was late in the afternoon when we moved forward into the woods in our front where we were met with a tremendous storm of artillery and musketry fire which we at once returned and went forward, or attempted to do so, as rapidly as the strong resistance would permit.

For about an hour we made little progress. But after a time the vigor and persistence of our attack which admitted of no denial, began to tell on the Confederates and their line slowly and stubbornly began to give way. And Gen. Cutcheon fails to mention an incident of the battle which took place at about that time. On the 4th of

August, the day of fasting and prayer, Lieut.-Col. Cutcheon--as I was afterwards told, not being present myself--assembled the men of his regiment and in the absence of the chaplain gave the boys an exceedingly fine address, exhorting them to follow a religious life, to shun all wicked habits especially the use of profane language. At the close of the address he offered a fervent and feeling prayer. In the battle of the Weldon Railroad, just as the enemy was beginning to give ground and we were feeling jubilant over the prospect of victory, an order was brought by an aide that we halt where we were. We afterwards inferred that this was merely to allow other parts of the line to come up on a line with us, but at the time we understood that we were to halt and intrench, and this filled us with great indignation and anger. And Col. Cutcheon at once broke forth into the most blasphemous imprecations, swearing like the veriest trooper and profanely calling down all the possible curses of heaven upon whomsoever might be the originator of that order. And all the while the men of his regiment, including several future Doctors of Divinity, stood there in the battle smoke, blackened and grim, breathing heavily from the exertions of the fight and also breathing a silent but fervent "Amen" to every word their commander was saying.

But after a few moments the command "Forward" was given and we moved on. Again the enemy put up a stubborn resistance, but was forced to retire while we followed with what the late R.G. Smith would have termed "accelerated velocity," until the retrograde movement of the enemy became a retreat, when we set up a savage yell, charged on the double quick, swept over the works held by the enemy, with great slaughter of our foes and some loss on our side, capturing prisoners, small arms and equipments in large quantities and winning the battle. We remained in the trenches we had recaptured during the night, in mud and water, with a heavy storm of rain falling on us, while the enemy made repeated attempts to retake the works but was each time repulsed with severe losses in killed and wounded, while our

losses were very slight. Before noon of the following day--August 20--we were withdrawn from the trenches and sent to the rear and within a few minutes our regiment was sent back to hold the entire line captured by our brigade on the preceding day. The position was a perilous one, but fortunately no decided attack was made on us and on the morning of the 21st we were again relieved and went to the rear. During that day heavy fighting took place in our front in which we took little part. When the day closed the ~~an~~ enemy had been everywhere repulsed and Warren's hold on the Weldon railroad was secure. And this was the first of a series of events that resulted in the fall of Petersburg.

The losses in our regiment in the battle were exceedingly light considering the severity of the fighting at times, the total being six wounded. In Company C Frank M. Howe was severely wounded. Howe was my bunk-mate for a considerable time during the war and was the collector of the photographs of members of the company which came to me after his death by his direction while he was living.

From August 21 to August 25 we were engaged in the construction of earthworks across the line of the Weldon R.R. On the latter day at five o'clock, A.M., we were ordered to move at once to the relief of the Second Corps. Gen. Grant in his desire to extend his lines still farther to the left, had sent Gen. Hancock with his corps past the position occupied by Warren's corps to take Ream's Station and fortify it. Hancock did this but had been attacked by a large force of the enemy and a part of our corps was needed to reinforce the Second. Snatching a few mouthfuls of food, we set out and after a march of about 12 miles and after many delays we came to the vicinity of Ream's Station where the battle was still raging. Here we began to meet a considerable number of the members of the Second Corps retiring in disorder from the field and for a time we were, as requested by Gen. Hancock, employed in halting these stragglers and attempting to rally and re-organize them. In this we

were only partially successful and soon an order came to abandon that work and move to the front at once to cover the retirement of the Second Corps. Hancock, not so successful as Warren, had been badly defeated and his corps driven in disorder from their works and from the field. We at once started for the front, our regiment leading the division and Gen. Willcox and staff riding on front of our regiment. We had proceeded not more than a mile or so when we met Gen. Hancock and a few of his staff coming from the field. On meeting Gen. Hancock Gen. Willcox inquired with much solicitude, "General, how are matters going?" "Licked like hell," was the terse reply. And indeed, as Gen. Cutcheon truthfully says, "The battle of Ream's Station was almost as disastrous as, and much more disgraceful than, the battle of the Crater." But as Meade was as friendly to Hancock and his corps as he was malevolent towards Burnside and his command, the disaster at Ream's Station evoked no criticism from army headquarters or elsewhere.

Our division formed in line and covered the retirement of the Second Corps until between midnight and morning, then returned to our camp.

After the battle of Ream's Station and until the latter part of September, our time was occupied chiefly in building a system of earthworks which was the strongest of any that up to that time had ever been constructed in this, or, perhaps, in any other country on this globe. During and after the Civil War these works were studied by experts in military science in this country and from Europe. And from the knowledge thus obtained the elaborate system of army fortifications in use at the present time has been gradually developed.

In addition to the military work I was doing at about that time I spent some time in reading Shakespeare and other works of like character, and in my diary I find the fact noted that August 28, I spent some hours during the evening in scanning the heavens in a vain search for the planet Mercury, that not being the first nor by any means the last time that I have had a like experience.

In September the Ninth Corps was re-organized and our division became the First instead of the Third Division of the corps. New recruits coming to our regiment and company in September, I had to do my share of the work of instructing them by drills and otherwise, but all the time the major part of my work was the directing of details of men at work on the intrenchments. At times I felt weary of the work and find an entry in my diary which gives expression to this weariness, but also expresses the feeling that if we could dig the rebels out of Petersburg like woodchucks out of their holes, I should be content. At times I was called upon to assist the brigade commissary or to do other clerical work, but this was not often as there was a feeling among the officers of the regiment that as little as possible of extra duty should be asked of me.

Soon after midnight, September 29, orders came to us to be ready to move at 4 o'clock in the morning. At 3 we were up and at 4 were on the way to take part in another movement to extend the Union lines to the left. But after proceeding about two miles and before it was fairly daylight, we were ordered to halt and remained under arms all day and then bivouacked for the night. That afternoon we received two months' pay, and as the period for which we were paid included the close of another year of service, I received a considerable sum for clothing allowed me for the year and not drawn.

On the morning of the 30th reveille sounded at 3 o'clock, but we had no orders to move until ten o'clock when we marched towards Poplar Spring Church on our left, crossed the Weldon railroad and, proceeding slowly and cautiously, arrived at the church at about noon. Soon after noon we formed in line of battle and advanced to Peebles' Farm where we halted for a short time. In the mean time the Fifth Corps under Warren, which had preceded us in the morning, had turned to the right, moved forward rapidly, assailed the enemy and won a brilliant victory, the sounds of battle coming to our ears from the battlefield but a very short distance to our right. Soon after our arrival at the Peebles' Farm our regiment

was detached and went to the left of the line and up the road about half a mile on a reconnaissance, but returned within an hour. Almost immediately after our return our brigade, under Gen. Hartranft, (Gen. Humphrey having been mustered out of the service that morning) moved by the flank to the right for some distance, faced to the left, bringing it into line of battle, and advanced through a dense thicket and swamp under a heavy artillery fire.

Of this battle off Peebles' Farm, Gen. Cutcheon --writing many years after the event--gives a very imperfect and inadequate account, telling almost nothing of the fighting by our regiment and brigade.

In spite of the difficulties in the way of our advance and the fierceness of the artillery fire to which we were subjected, we made our way into and through the tangled thicket and the water, slime and mud of the swamp into which we sank nearly to our knees, pushing aside undergrowth, vines, saplings and boughs as best we could, getting through without any semblance of order, but getting through. By this time we were within musket range of the enemy and began to receive a heavy fire from the Confederate infantry, but without pausing to reform we raised the Union shout and rushed forward, firing as we advanced. For a time we gained ground, the enemy retiring before us, but after we had driven in their skirmishers and forced their main line back about a quarter of a mile, a large force of the enemy was hurried up to oppose us and our farther progress was stayed. At about this time the Second Division, on our right, was driven back, letting the enemy in on our right flank and subjecting our division to an enfilading fire from the right as well as a direct fire from the front. After a short time a retreat was ordered and we fell back a short distance and reformed. Just then an order came to our regiment and the Second Michigan to move to the left for a few rods as the Confederate line overlapped ours to a considerable distance on our left as well as on our right. We went to our new position on the double quick and this movement placed our regiment

on the extreme left of the line of the entire Union army. But we had barely time to get to our new position and face the enemy when all the troops at our right were withdrawn by a blundering order from Gen. Meade, leaving us far in advance of any other troops and being assailed by a large force of the enemy in front and on both flanks and no troops sent to our relief or support. Nothing was left for us to do but to get to the rear as quickly as possible and that we proceeded to do, each one making his way through the swamp as best he might. Once through the swamp we rallied promptly, formed a new line under fire, repulsed the enemy, held the ground until dark and lay on our arms until midnight. We then moved to the farthestmost position to the left that we had occupied on the preceding day and built earthworks until morning, while the rain was falling upon us in torrents.

I am not able to give the extent of the losses of our regiment in the battle of Peebles' Farm or "Poplar Springs Church" as it is officially designated. Our loss in killed and wounded was not great but our abandonment by the army commander to the "tender mercies" of the enemy, caused a large loss of men as prisoners. The loss in killed and wounded in the brigade was 6 of the former and 48 of the latter (several mortally) of which probably not less than one half was sustained by the 20th Michigan, and this out of a total of less than two hundred engaged. Among the mortally wounded was Adjutant Jacob E. Siebert, a Swiss, of whom I have written in a former part of this work, a warm friend of mine whose loss I greatly deplored. In Company C none was killed or wounded and but two, Wyman Dietzel and Frank A. Howe (a recruit), were captured.

During the week following the battle of Peebles' Farm, we were engaged in constructing earthworks in order to make secure the gain that had been made towards to left of the Union lines. October 7th I was in command of a guard escorting a wagon train conveying supplies from Warren Station (named for Gen. Warren in honor of his brilliant achievement August 18) on the military

railroad in the rear of our lines to the troops at the front. On the 8th our brigade took part in a reconnaissance in force along the Squirrel Level Road towards our left. This brought on a rather brisk engagement and the driving of the enemy behind their main works. After skirmishing until it was quite dark our regiment covered the retirement of our division to its camp. This was the last time that our brigade was under the command of Gen. Hartranft (a candidate for the nomination for the Presidency in 1876) and Gen. Cutcheon devotes some space on pages 157 and 158 of his work to a brief sketch of the life of this very worthy and capable officer.

From the 9th to the 26th of October our regiment remained in camp in the rear of the works we had assisted in constructing. We were not ~~xx~~ very near to the enemy's lines, artillery firing was infrequent and did little harm, so the time was largely occupied with company, battalion and brigade drills, inspections and dress parades. Of course the usual guards were maintained and a strong and fortified picket line was also established and held.

On the evening of October 26, we received orders to move at two o'clock on the following morning. The story of the part taken by our regiment in the battle on the following day is very briefly and accurately told in the entry in my diary for that day, as follows:

"Arose at 1 A.M. Fell in at 2 A.M. Moved out in the darkness and cold at about 3 A.M. and stumbled along for a few miles and halted about 4 A.M. At daybreak moved forward in line of battle, striking the rebel skirmishers on Squirrel Level Road about 6 A.M. and opening the battle of Hatcher's Run. Drove the rebels some distance under terrific fire of artillery and musketry into their works. Did not assault but halted and threw up works. Fighting and fortifying all day and strengthening works all night. Raining from early in the morning all day and all night."

The battle of Hatcher's Run was brought on by the movement of three corps of the Union army to

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOME ON FURLOUGH. BATTERY IX.

Having returned to our camp on Peebles' Farm on the 28th of October, a day or two was spent in putting our quarters, arms, accoutrements and uniforms in order and then the usual routine of camp life was resumed. On Sunday, November 6, at an inspection of our regiment I was highly complimented by the inspecting officer on the condition of my arms, accoutrements and uniform and on my "soldier-like appearance," as the inspector expressed it.

On the date of the Presidential election in 1864, the vote of the Michigan soldiers was taken in their respective camps under an Act of the Michigan Legislature. I still regarded myself as a Democrat and, following a somewhat unwise habit in my youth of taking the unpopular side of any question, I had more often talked for McClellan than for Lincoln in the inevitable political discussions in camp, so that my comrades were quite at sea regarding my real sentiments which I took pains to conceal for sheer amusement. I voted for the republican candidates but noted in my diary that I "hated to vote against McClellan." Two days afterward I wrote a letter to Gen. McClellan of which I kept no copy and have little recollection and no data from which to recall its contents, except an entry in my diary which states that this letter I wrote "that the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac loved and admired him as much as when he led them in battle, but could not express their sentiments by their votes as they felt compelled to vote for Lincoln on account of the platform of the Democratic party."

When I wrote the letter I had not the remotest idea that it would be replied to. But Gen. McClellan, with his habitual courtesy, and out of his regard for all those whom he had commanded, wrote a reply with his own hand on Nov. 28, which, to my great astonishment and delight, I received December 27, and of which the following is a copy:

"Orange, New Jersey,

"Nov. 28, 1864.

"My dear Sir:

"Your very kind letter of the 10th reached me several days ago. I assure you that it afforded me very great satisfaction, mingled it is true, with sorrow.

"I was very, very glad to learn that so many of my former comrades still look upon me as of old, but much pained to hear that they were prevented from expressing their true sentiments. But I am content with the result for I would rather be defeated & know that I retain the love of those who served with me in so many battles than be successful without having them entertain that feeling towards me.

"I thank you most sincerely for your letter and am sure that you feel & know that no circumstances nor length of time can change my feelings toward the gallant men who were with me in the heroic Army of the Potomac.

"I am sincerely your friend,

"Geo. B. McClellan.

"Mr. Geo. M. Buck."

On the 19th of November I made application for a furlough of twenty days to allow me to go home. No furloughs were then being granted except for good and sufficient reasons, so I alleged this reason which stated the facts with absolute truth. In 1862 I had loaned to Levant C. Rhines at two different times small sums of money (about \$60 or \$70 in all as near as I can remember) for which I held his notes. Major Rhines having fallen in battle, his estate was being settled, Nelson E. Sherman of Battle Creek (my antagonist in the first case I ever tried) being the administrator of the estate. Claims against the estate were to be heard at Battle Creek on either the 10th or 11th of December and I asked leave to go home to present my claim. It is true that I could have sent the notes to L. D. Dibble, a lawyer of Battle Creek whom I knew, or even to Sherman, but I did not take pains to inform Gen. Meade of this fact. My application was forwarded to army headquarters through the regular military channels and was returned in the same way November 22, approved for fifteen days. The rule in

all such cases was for the government to furnish transportation to the officer or soldier to and from his destination and deduct the cost from his pay. I received the transportation but am quite sure that no deduction was made from my pay on account of it. Why this was so I never knew. On the 26th of November I went by the military railroad to City Point and on the following day embarked on a government transport for Fortress Monroe. On the way down the James the vessel on which I was was passed by the "Greyhound," a dispatch boat having on board Gen. Butler--in command of the forces at Bermuda Hundreds--on his way to Washington. Soon afterwards it was discovered that the Greyhound was on fire and all steam was crowded on our vessel to overtake the Greyhound. But it was soon seen that this could not be done in time to take off the passengers on the doomed vessel. Fortunately an army transport coming up the river arrived in time and when our boat passed the Greyhound ~~and~~ and the transport the former was burned nearly to the water's edge and Gen. Butler and his staff were standing on the deck of the transport--the first time that I had ever seen the general, though I saw him one or more times afterwards, after the close of the war.

At Fortress Monroe I changed passage to another boat, arrived in Baltimore in the night and left that city in the forenoon of the day following--November 28--and reached Pittsburg in the night and Cleveland on the day following, November 29. I did not take a sleeping car--if, indeed, there was one on the train--but I was in a first class coach, a great luxury to me, and in my diary I noted the fact that through the night I had two very agreeable traveling companions, one a lady from St. Louis, Mo., the other a lady from Reading, Pa.

At Cleveland I took a day boat for Detroit and the memory of that trip has always been a very pleasant one to me. The day was gloomy, the wind high and cold, and the lake very rough, but I stood on the lower deck as near the bow of the boat as I could, during the whole of the day, watching the progress of the steamer as it climb-

ed and descended the waves, rolling from side to side as it crossed them almost at right angles with their course. At Detroit I took a night train on the M.C.R.R. and arrived at Dowagiac in the morning of December 1. That and the following ten days were spent in visiting my father and his family, including my brother Dempster, and a few others at Dowagiac, my brother Samuel and his family and my brother Erastus at Coloma, a number of the people near our old home in Charleston, my sister Hattie in Climax township and my sister Jennie and Aunt Elvira in Leroy township and a number of friends at Battle Creek. At Dowagiac I saw, among others, Mrs. Spencer in whose home I had lived for a few months in 1859 and Ellen Thomas--then Mrs. Clarke--whose first husband had been killed at Port Hudson in 1863. To her the sight of my uniform brought cruel memories. At Coloma I went with my brother Erastus to call on a number of his friends, one of them being a girl known as Joey Kellogg, then about fifteen years old and accounted a musical prodigy as she had played the cabinet organ in church ever since she was twelve years old. Her father had been one of the early preachers at Kalamazoo. She afterwards married a man named Howe and for a number of years she was one of my clients and it was from her that I directly or indirectly obtained the watch I now carry. I mention all this because the beginning of my acquaintance with any one is always to me an interesting memory.

My return to the army was over nearly the same route that I took on my way to Michigan, except that I went to Cleveland from Detroit by rail instead of by boat. When I finally reported to the captain of my company for duty I had overstayed the time allowed by my furlough about eight days. But as I was a privileged character in the company and regiment nothing was said about it by any one.

On returning to the regiment I found that during my absence and on the 29th day of November, the Fourth (colored) Division of the Ninth Corps had been transferred to the 25th corps at Bermuda Hundreds and the remaining divisions of our

corps had been removed to the right of the Union line, our brigade, which had been on the extreme left of the Army of the Potomac, having been moved to the extreme right of that army, the right of the brigade resting on the Appomattox River and the brigade line extending toward the left through Fort McGilvery and Battery IX to a point near Fort Steadman. Fort McGilvery was one of the larger forts on the line, a square earthwork mounting a full battery of guns and located on the right (north) side of the highway leading from City Point to Petersburg and at some distance from the road. Battery IX was on the left (south) side of the highway and a short distance from it. In this battery our regiment was stationed from November 29, 1864 to April 3, 1865, a longer period than we were in any other place during our term of service.

Battery IX was an enclosed earthwork, about one hundred feet square and mounting one section of artillery--two guns. It was on a commanding eminence a mile or so east of Petersburg and from the battery the tower of the Court House in the city could be distinctly seen. The building and tower were still standing and unchanged when I visited Petersburg a few years ago.

The part of the line which our brigade occupied was one of the worst if not the very worst on the entire line. The Confederate works in our front were very strong, bristling with guns and crowded with defenders, but the peculiar fact that made the position more perilous than others is so accurately described by Gen. Cutcherson that I adopt his language as follows:

"There were three rebel batteries situated on the north side of the Appomattox and opposite our right flank, which were extremely annoying. These were the Chesterfield battery, armed with heavy, English rifled guns, and the two mortar batteries, located on the flats opposite Fort McGilvery. These were commonly known as the 'Gooseneck' and the 'Scab' batteries. These mortar batteries had the ranges of our lines and of brigade headquarters, and frequently gave us brilliant exhibitions of their fireworks. The

Chesterfield battery enfiladed our line from the river bank to Battery X and compelled us to erect very heavy traverses and to construct bomb-proofs, but in spite of all these protections, casualties were of frequent occurrence."

The "bomb-proofs" mentioned in the preceding paragraph were merely "dug-outs" on the inside of our works, about the size of the interior of a shelter tent and heavily roofed with timbers covered with earth. They were bomb proof only against pieces of shell. A bomb from a mortar battery, falling directly on one of these structures would go through earth and timbers as if they were paper, and this was what actually happened a few times, resulting in the killing of the occupants of the bomb-proofs thus destroyed.

On the same day that I reported for duty I spent the greater part of the day in constructing a bomb-proof in conjunction with Corporal Bryant and Hiram Wilbur, the structure being for the joint occupancy of the three. This bomb-proof, like most or all the others, was narrow, low, unventilated, damp and unwholesome, the water dripping through the covering of earth whenever it rained and falling in muddy drops or streams on our bedding, clothing and everything else within the structure. And in that winter of 1864-5 cold and rainy days were much more common than warm or bright ones. But we neither whimpered, complained or allowed our spirits to become depressed on account of the dangerous, cramped and uncomfortable quarters in which we spent more than four long, weary and dreary months. On the contrary the boys were, almost without exception, not only cheerful but were jolly and seemingly almost care free, habitually talking, laughing and joking with each other and amusing themselves when not on duty as boys of that age, thrown together in a relation as close as that of comradeship in the army would naturally do under vastly more comfortable and pleasant conditions.

There was very little rifle firing on the main lines, the exchange of hostile shots being usually by the pickets on the picket line and by the artillery on the main line. The picket posts consisted of a series of very small earth-

works a few rods apart, each one only large enough to hold one man comfortably, or two if uncomfortably crowded. There was not room enough for one man to be at ease and stretch himself out at length; the exposure of a foot or hand would almost inevitably result in the offending member being bored through by a bullet at almost the same instant that it appeared beyond the shelter of the protecting earthwork. The firing was done through a porthole in the front of the earthwork. These portholes were often the marks at which shots were aimed; but comparatively few casualties resulted from this practice. At night a very scattered and deliberate firing was kept up all along the lines, lest the enemy should creep up ^{to the} posts unseen and unheard.

In front of Fort McGilvery, Battery IX and for some distance to the left, the opposing pickets were so near to each other that by raising the voice somewhat a conversation could be carried on between them. Such conversations were not frequent but were occasionally indulged in. They were not friendly as a rule. In fair weather it was a matter of frequent occurrence for some one on the one side or the other to hoist above the picket post a fabric of some sort that was or had been white, and on this being seen and responded to all firing would cease and the opposing pickets would leave their posts, assemble in groups between the lines, indulge in frivolous talk, exchange pocket knives or other small articles, exchange coffee for tobacco (the Confederates having no coffee and our boys often being without tobacco). As the pickets on each side were exchanged every day no acquaintanceships could be formed between the men of the opposing armies. After the truce had lasted for fifteen or twenty minutes or longer, one of our men would call out, "Time for school to take up, Johnnie," or one of the Confederates would give the warning, "Time to hunt your holes, Yanks," or some notice of similar import would be given, and then every man would ~~would~~ go walking or running or dancing or skipping to his place, like a lot of school-boys, and after every one was securely behind his shelter firing would be resumed for a

little time at least as notice that hostilities had been resumed.

Christmas Day, 1864, which fell on Sunday, was ~~not~~ not a very merry one to me. I have little recollection of its events, but find noted in my diary that there was an inspection of quarters in the morning and that my mates and I were ordered to make certain changes in our bomb-proof (which was done on the following day) and that a flag of truce was out in the afternoon and that there was an exchange of Christmas greetings with the rebels.

I think that it was in the month of January, 1865--though I do not remember the day or the month--that I was notified by an orderly from regimental headquarters that the colonel wished to see me and I repaired to the colonel's tent at once. Col. Grant was a man of few words and at once asked me if I would like to be promoted to the rank of lieutenant? He informed me that Lieut.-Col. Cutcheon had left the regiment permanently, having been mustered as colonel of the 27th Michigan Infantry and that he, Grant, would thenceforth be in command of our regiment and would be glad to have a commission issued to me if I desired it. He went on to say that he, with the other officers of the regiment, had observed my conduct in battle and at other times, and that all the officers of the regiment would be glad to have me one of their number.

I thanked the colonel and said to him that I appreciated the offered honor, but that if he did not insist on my acceptance I thought that I would prefer to remain as I was. That I did not believe that the war could last much longer and if I should live to see the end of it I would like to be able to say that I carried a rifle to the end. Col. Grant said that he could well understand my feelings and if he were in my place he would do just as I was doing, but he would be pleased to have me have the offered position and if I should at any time change my views on the subject, to let him know. I think that I have related in another work how, in later years, I sought occasion to recognize the obligation I was under to Col. Grant for his kindness and how

I was able to set in motion political forces which greatly assisted in starting Col. Grant on a political career which continued for many years and culminated in his elevation to a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of Michigan which he occupied for two terms. At the time of this writing Col. Grant is still living and in good health, his years numbering more than four score.

While I was home on furlough my father and some of his and my friends were desirous that I should try to obtain an appointment as Commissary of Subsistence in the army. As such an appointment would carry with it the rank and pay of captain I was quite willing to accept a promotion of that sort if it could be secured. So on my return to the front I called on two commissaries for whom I had worked and each of them willingly gave me a strong recommendation for the position. These testimonials I sent home and James M. Spencer (with whom I lived for a few months in 1859) took them to Senator Chandler of Michigan and asked him to try to obtain the appointment for me. Chandler said that there was no doubt as to my qualifications, but he did not think the chances of success good as it was unusual to appoint to that office any one below the rank of a commissioned officer. Whether Chandler ever took pains to file the papers with the War Department I never heard.

The months of January and February and the greater part of March dragged wearily by. Our position was an exceedingly hard, uncomfortable and perilous one, immured as we were in our dens in the trenches much of the time, exposed to the cold and dampness and covered with mud most of the time and in deadly peril of our lives all the time. Scarcely a day passed without one or more casualties in our brigade, and my diary during that period is an almost daily record of picket and artillery firing on our part of the line. An officer in the American army on leave of absence from his command in France, recently said in my presence that in the operations on the allied front in the present war, the troops in the trenches are kept there for only a few

days at a time, then relieved and sent to the rear to rest and recuperate for a few days before being again sent to the front. But we were kept in the trenches with all their discomforts and constantly under fire day after day, week after week and month after month for about four months. How health-undermining and nerve-exhausting such an experience is, no one who has not had it could possibly imagine.

During the time that our regiment was in Battery IX it was not an unusual occurrence for me to be asked to do clerical work for either the brigade commissary or regimental quartermaster or some other officer. At times also I was asked to go on some errand or mission to City Point or Bermuda Hundreds or to army headquarters or corps headquarters for some officer of the regiment or brigade. These errands were generally of a kind that required brains and tact to execute them properly and efficiently. And the fact that I was understood to have some knowledge of the law sometimes led to the making of requests of that kind of me. I do not remember that I was excused from other duties on account of this work, but I was very willing to comply with requests of that sort, as the work served to pass the time. I had also a number of correspondents and devoted much time to writing letters, and in spite of the danger incurred in going to or from the shelter of our works at any time of the day or night, calls were not infrequently exchanged by me with friends on the lines or in the rear of the lines. Among those with whom I thus exchanged calls, I find in my diary the name of George T. Herrick of the 17th Michigan, a fine singer and a musician and music dealer in Grand Rapids after the war.

Early in February--the weather for a few days being favorable--Gen. Grant again attempted to extend his lines to the left. The burden of doing this was, as usual, placed upon Warren. But a furious storm of rain, wind and sleet, which came on just as the movement began, utterly defeated it. While the operations were pending we were, as a matter of precaution, ordered to stand at arms in the rain, cold and sleet during the whole

of one night, and after being on the alert during the following day we lay down at night with our accoutrements on and our arms within reach.

It was under conditions such as I have imperfectly suggested but am wholly unable to describe that the long, weary and dreary winter of 1864-5 was endured by our regiment and brigade. We all longed for winter to pass away, hoping that with the coming of the spring active army operations would take us away from our uncomfortable and distasteful surroundings. In one of the entries in my diary I recorded the fact that I was "tired of burrowing in the ground like an animal." And although the vernal equinox failed to bring really spring weather, we continued to live in hope, until an event occurred which for a short time took our minds wholly away from everything else. That event will be the subject of the first part of the following chapter.

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CHAPTER XIX.

FORT STEADMAN.

The common soldier who served in the ranks of the Union army in the Civil War was very far from being a mere machine. As a rule he was very intelligent and at least fairly well educated--in many cases more intelligent and better educated than many of the field and line officers of the regiment in which he served. And in the early spring of 1865 it was as evident to the men of the rank and file as to the officers of high command that the armies of the Southern Confederacy were doomed and that with the coming of weather suitable for military operations the Union armies would capture or disperse their antagonists, unless by some event bordering on the miraculous a decisive victory could be speedily won by the Confederates. And this was also becoming evident to the men as well as to the officers of the Confederate armies. Desertions in considerable numbers from their ranks in our

front were of nightly occurrence, the deserters all telling the same tale of hardship and hopelessness. Gen. Grant, in order to encourage such desertions and to further cripple the Confederates by the loss of arms, caused copies of a proclamation to be disseminated among the Confederates to the effect that any Confederate deserting to our lines who would bring his arms with him, should receive the value of such arms in cash. After that proclamation was issued deserters almost invariably brought their arms into our lines.

The situation being such as has been briefly described, General Gordon of Georgia, one of the ablest generals of the Confederacy, conceived a plan by which he believed that a decisive victory could be won by the Army of Northern Virginia and the failing fortunes of the Confederacy could be retrieved. This plan was, in brief, to capture Fort Steadman--the first considerable earthwork to the left of Battery IX--not by assault but by a stratagem, throw a large force through the breach thus made in our lines and while a comparatively small force should push forward, capture Meade Station on the military railroad and secure a great quantity of stores accumulated there, the bulk of the attacking force should be divided into two parts, one to turn to the left, assail and capture in turn Battery IX, Fort McGilvery and Battery V, thus capturing or destroying the entire right portion of our lines, while the other column should turn to the right, attack and take Fort Hascall and roll up the Union lines in that direction in the same manner as those towards the Appomattox were to be disposed of. This would raise the siege of Petersburg and it would be weeks, perhaps months, before the Army of the Potomac could resume the offensive.

This plan, which appeared to be not only entirely feasible but almost certain to succeed, was heartily approved by Gen. Lee and the execution of it was committed to Gen. Gordon. Accordingly after dark in the evening of March 24th a movement of the Confederate troops in Petersburg began and not long after midnight nearly the whole of the Confederate army was massed

in front of Fort Steadman. And shortly before daybreak in the morning of the 25th there appeared at each picket post in front of Fort Steadman two Confederate soldiers with their arms, claiming to be deserters coming into our lines under the terms of Grant's proclamation. But as soon as each Union picket was off his guard he found himself confronted by two of the enemy with arms and was ordered to surrender. The Confederate forces were then put in motion and Fort Steadman was occupied by the enemy ~~with~~ without resistance and without anything that could be called an alarm being given, and the guns of the fort were turned upon our lines. A strong force of the enemy then pushed on in the direction of Meade Station, while the remainder, a large army, in two columns, at once attacked Fort Hascall to the left, and Battery IX to the right of Fort Steadman.

On the evening preceding these events Gen. Meade had done a most negligent and unmilitary thing by leaving the army and going to City Point without turning over the command or even announcing his intention to any one outside his own staff. So for nearly an hour the Army of ~~the~~ the Potomac was engaged in a fierce battle without a commander. After a time the adjutant general notified Gen. Parke, our corps commander, that he, Parke, was in command of the army of the Potomac. Parke at once assumed the command and gave the proper orders, but not until everything necessary to meet the situation had already been done.

For the Army of the Potomac was made up, principally, of intelligent, brave and experienced officers and men who did not need to be told what to do when an unlooked for emergency arose. So when suddenly assailed without warning by an ~~en~~ overwhelming number of the foe, they instinctively made the proper disposition of themselves and resisted the attack with a degree of skill, heroism and steadfastness of which only the men of that army were capable. The capture of the fort was effected before daylight, but at the first intimation of trouble the 17th Michigan, numbering less than 200 men, who were acting as guard

at division headquarters, deployed as skirmishers, moved forward and vigorously assailed the column of Confederates advancing in two lines of battle toward Meade Station. The Seventeenth was an absolutely negligible factor as opposed to the Confederate column, but they attacked that column with so much vigor and pertinacity that the Confederates, in the darkness, amid strange surroundings, and apprehensive of what might be in front of them, hesitated, slowed their pace and paused to fight with the inconsiderable handful of men opposed to them, until the opportunity for capturing Meade Station had passed. Gen. Hartranft, in command of the Third division of our corps, which was encamped in the rear of our lines, several miles from Fort Steadman, on hearing the sounds of battle, at once and without waiting for any orders or even word from any one, with true soldierly spirit put his division in motion and had nearly reached the scene of conflict before orders from Gen. Parke reached him. And before seven o'clock his division was in line of battle and engaging the Confederates in the rear of Fort Steadman.

When the alarm first reached us it was still dark. At first we were skeptical as to the fort having been taken, but shells from the guns in the fort falling into our lines soon solved all doubts in that regard. And soon we could see in the dim morning light great masses of gray-clad soldiers in our front (our pickets having been driven in) and at our left both in front and in the rear of our lines.

The account of the battle given by Gen. Cutcheon could hardly have been more inaccurate if it had been made so purposely, and for the very good reason that early in March Col. Cutcheon had resigned, been mustered out of service and gone home to Michigan, so that his account of what took place afterwards was from hearsay and as apt to be wrong as right. He is not even technically right in saying that Captain Day was in command of our regiment and that Major Porter was not, and in fact the reverse of this was true. Day was one of Col. Cutcheon's unworthy favorites but was greatly disliked by the men of the regiment on account of his vicious habits and

his general characteristics. On the other hand Major Porter was disliked by Col. Cutcheon but greatly liked by the men of the regiment. Some days before the Fort Steadman battle Maj. Porter had applied for leave of absence and on the day preceding the battle I went to see the adjutant-general at army headquarters in regard to the major's leave. I was successful in my mission and before night the order granting the leave was brought to the major. When the Fort Steadman fight began Major Porter was technically on leave but he had not availed himself of it and was still entitled to the command of the regiment. He at once assumed the command of the regiment and of Battery IX and Captain Day was relegated to the background and did not give a single order to the regiment during the engagement.

Before daylight the position of the Second Michigan at our left became untenable and the members of that regiment came into Battery IX, and that regiment and ours garrisoned the battery with as many men as could work to advantage. According to military rules and precedents we should have abandoned Battery IX and retired to Fort McGilvery, a very strong work and much more capable of resisting assaults than Battery IX. But Major Porter was of a different mind. In reply to a suggestion of that nature, made, I think, by an officer of the Second Michigan, Major Porter replied, "I don't think so. I believe we ought to stay right here and fight to the last. What do you think, sergeant?" addressing me. "I think just as you do, major," was my reply. "The Twentieth and Second boys can keep the whole ~~rebel~~ rebel army and all hell besides from coming in here." And even before this colloquy, by Major Porter's order, the heavy timbers forming the gate in the rear wall of the battery had been closed and we had committed ourselves to the desperate chance of being able to hold our position. Every appearance indicated the capture of our earthwork within a short time and that would mean death or wounds or imprisonment for every one of us and we knew it. But we had no time to think of eventualities, for the battle in which

we were taking part had been raging for some time, the enemy pressing upon us in mighty waves from the front, the left and the rear of our battery and deluging our position with musket balls while Spring Hill battery, the mortar batteries in our front and all the batteries across the river were hurling shells upon our part of the line as fast as the guns could be loaded and fired. How we escaped being wiped off the face of the earth has always been to me one of the mysteries of the war. And all the while we of the infantry were firing on the foe with all the speed and energy we could muster, while Battery V, the guns in Fort McGilvery and those of the battery near division headquarters in the rear, with the two guns in Battery IX were exploding shells in the front and ranks of the enemy with almost inconceivable rapidity in that era of warfare.

And through all the tempest of fire and thunder that raged in and about our battery, Maj. Porter seemed the spirit of war incarnate. He was continually in motion, going from point to point in the battery, conferring with the officer in command of the guns, directing some of the boys here and encouraging others there in a manner that was in itself an assurance of victory. It was he and not Day who directed the fire on the enemy near Fort Steadman. Standing close by my side he shouted to the boys at my left, "See those rebs by the fort? Give it to 'em! Get two or three in line and knock 'em all over as you would so many ducks!" Then turning to me with a grim smile, he commented, "Doing d--d good work, as usual, I see, sergeant," and passed to another part of the line.

It was half an hour or more after Major Porter had decided to "hold the fort" that Maj. Lounsbury, the Chief of Staff of Col. Fly, the brigade commander, made his way from brigade headquarters to Battery IX, but found himself shut out. After a time he succeeded in making himself heard and was admitted. What communication he brought from Col. Fly I do not know as I was not within hearing distance of the talk between Lounsbury and Porter. But when Lounsbury left the battery

I felt relieved that we were not ordered to abandon our position, which would have been impossible then without losing not only the earthwork but a large part of our number as prisoners.

So enveloped was our position in dense smoke that nothing concerning it could be seen clearly from without, and at one time the commander of the battery near division headquarters, who had been looking for the capture of our earthwork from the time the fighting began, rashly concluded that that event had taken place and, trained some of his guns on us. One shell exploded in our battery, wounding one of the 2nd Michigan, another burst over our heads and one or two more fell close by before the color-sergeant of our regiment, by lifting our flag as high as possible, succeeded in convincing the officer in command of the division headquarters battery that we had so far repelled all the assaults upon us.

Some years after the close of the Civil War I wrote a brief article for the National Tribune on the Fort Steadman fight, which may be found somewhere in my "Writings." I did not attempt in that article to give any account of the battle, but barely mentioned the fact of the defense of Battery IX. This article called forth one in the same publication by the lieutenant who was later in command of the guns in the battery, in which latter article I was mentioned by name. This article is preserved in one of the volumes of "Personal Mention." In the before mentioned article by me I referred to the conduct of the fighting old Dutchman, Captain Roemer, who--not by direction of Col. Ely, as Gen. Cutcheon states, but of his own volition--took one of his guns out of Fort McGilvery and with it made havoc in the ranks of the Confederates who were assaulting Battery IX from the rear, superintending the firing of the gun personally until he was knocked down and wounded by a piece of shell; and who in the midst of the fighting on being remonstrated with for recklessly exposing his gun, his gunners and himself, replied, "O, thees is so much petter a blace as in the fort." In a previous chapter I have mentioned Roemer in connection with the fighting at Jackson, Miss. If, in a fu-

ture state of existence I should be permitted to visit some Valhalla of warriors, I should expect to see old Roemer there as eager for a fight as in the days of the American Civil War.

In an article contributed to the Century Magazine for September, 1887, George L. Kilmer told of the fight at Fort Hascall which was going on at the same time that we were defending Battery IX. In that article Kilmer stated that a friend of his used to speak of him--Kilmer--as "a man who had been in hell and had come out alive." The assault on Fort Hascall was made by no larger force and was no more vigorous and determined than that which was made on Battery IX, and the defenders of the fort were much better protected than were the defenders of Battery IX; so that all that could be said of those who gallantly defended Fort Hascall could be said with equal, even greater emphasis of the little band who deliberately refused to seek a greater measure of security for themselves and for several long hours stood unflinchingly under a roaring, thundering tempest of fire and deadly missiles, and successfully withstood a most brave, vigorous and persistent attack of a vastly superior force by which they were assailed in front, flank and rear.

I may be in error, but think that it was well towards nine o'clock, instead of the much earlier time stated by Gen. Cutcheon, when the rattling roar of heavy volleys of musketry told us that Gen. Hartranft's division was charging on Fort Steadman, and shortly afterwards the exultant yell of the Union soldiers proclaimed the success of the attack. Almost instantly the firing upon us ceased, and as soon as the smoke had slightly lifted we could see the Confederates who had been attacking us running in the utmost disorder towards their lines. "Come on, boys," shouted Major Porter, "Don't let the d--d villains get away," and as he spoke he sprang over the parapet and was followed by every one in the battery. Running rapidly towards the left and between our main line and picket line, our regiment, numbering less than 175 all told, captured more than 315 Confederates.

Thus ended the battle of Fort Steadman. It was

one of the most important of the minor battles of the Civil War and one of the most brilliant victories won by the Union arms during the war. It was also one of the decisive battles of that conflict as it took away the last hope of the Confederates that their cause might triumph by force of arms. But, as some writer has said, the importance of the battle was largely lost sight of in the stirring events that almost immediately followed it, so that it has never had the place in history nor in the public mind to which its importance and the bravery and skill of its victors justly entitle it.

The battle of Fort Steadman, like the battle of the Crater, was fought wholly by the Ninth Corps under the commanding general of that corps, no part of any other corps taking any part in it. And never was the heroism of the men of that corps more signally manifested. Had they not displayed the qualities of courage and endurance in the very highest degree, had they not by their valor and steadfastness defeated the plans of the Confederates' leaders, the volume of American History would contain a very different record of the Civil War than ~~it~~ it now does. But the fact that all the glory of the victory had to be given to the Ninth Corps, caused the engagement to receive scant attention and the victors positive injustice at army headquarters. This was, very likely, due in large part to a desire to shield Gen. Meade from criticism on account of his unwarranted absence during the engagement.

Why the casualties in Battery IX during the battle were so few, is, to me, one of the inscrutable things that happened in the war. There was not an hour in which the conflict was raging when it did not seem as if the little force in the battery would be practically annihilated. But only two were killed and they were men of the Second Michigan. In our brigade 4 were killed, & 26 wounded and 19 captured. Of our regiment none were killed, only 9 wounded, none of the wounded being members of Company C.

The losses of the enemy must have been frightful. Over the whole distance from Battery IX to Fort Steadman, the dead and wounded lay at short

front of the fort had given the impression that an assault had been made to ascertain our strength at that point. And this seemed the more likely because of the fact that on that day the forces along the entire line of our corps had been greatly depleted in order to extend our line to the left and occupy the space before then held by the Fifth Corps. But it afterwards appeared that the supposed "attack" was only a scare both in our line and in that of the enemy, each side being nervously apprehensive of an attack.

The movement of Sheridan's cavalry began March 29, and on the first of April the battle of Five Forks was fought by the cavalry and the Fifth Corps. In the midst of the engagement General Warren was removed from his command. And of the many acts of injustice and cruelty that were perpetrated during the war, this was the most unjust and cruel of all. For General Warren was one of the bravest, ablest, most brilliant and efficient commanders of the war. If the victory at Gettysburg was due to any one man more than to any other, that man was Warren. And his conduct on the occasion of his removal was wholly above criticism. The excuse for his removal was that he had been slow in bringing up his corps. But there was not the slightest ground for this accusation. The rains that had been falling for days had reduced the roads to a quagmire, making a more rapid movement of either infantry or artillery than that made by the Fifth Corps a physical impossibility. The real reason for the removal was that Warren was not as tactful as he should have been and by a too free expression of his opinions to Sheridan and Grant in regard to military plans and movements had incurred the ill will of both those generals. And the former, a hot tempered Irishman, acting under a false belief as to the real situation, and impelled by his dislike of Warren and--it is not at all unreasonable to infer from what is known of Sheridan's habits--too frequent libations, issued an order depriving Warren of his command. This order reached Warren immediately after he had led a successful attack by his troops, and his horse

had been shot under him as he went over the rifle-pits of the enemy at the head of his victorious men. The removal of Warren and the subsequent refusal of both Sheridan and Grant to make any amends for the cruel wrong, by a frank admission of error, will always be an ineffaceable stain on the record of both those generals.

The rain that began in the night of the 29th of March continued during the greater part of the next three days. From a far distance to the left came the sound of artillery telling of the fighting going on there, and the nature of the orders we received indicated that important movements against the enemy were in progress and in contemplation, in which we might be called upon to take part. Naturally the question arose in our minds whether this part would consist in an attack by us on the works in our immediate front. And no little fear was felt by all of us, and expressed by some, that such would be the case. I was one of those who were careful not to express any apprehension of that sort, but I probably felt it as much as any one. And the thought of such an attempt was one which might well fill the stoutest heart with dread. For the works in our front were fully manned and were as strong as human art and labor could make them and were protected in front by chevaux-de-frise, absolutely insurmountable and which it would cost many human lives to remove. So there were many among our men who did not hesitate to declare with apparent sincerity and with all possible emphasis that they would never take part in an enterprise so foolhardy and impossible of success. I smiled inwardly when I heard such assertions, doubting much whether they would stand the test of actual trial. But no doubt of their sincerity was left when, just before night on March 30, a ration of whiskey was sent to our regiment to be issued to us as we were all drenched by the rain and shivering in the cold. Many declared that they would not touch the liquor as they believed that its issue was only a prelude to an order to assault the works in our front. While the matter was being discussed, ~~XXX~~ "Crazy Charley" of Company I ran forward crying, "Shiver and freeze, shiver and freeze" (chevaux-

de-frise) and giving the kettle which contained the whisky a kick, spilled the contents on the ground.

Few of my memories of the war are more distinct than that of the midnight that marked the division between the first and second days of April, 1865. Not many of us tried to sleep that night, and shortly before midnight I was standing near the center of the battery viewing the heavens. It was a warm, clear night and the moon was low in the west when the stillness was broken by a single gun in Battery V, followed by one in Fort McGilvery. The gunners in Battery IX sprang to their posts and with one gun sent their usual compliments to Spring Hill. Fort Steadman took up the tale, Fort Hascall continued it and so the line of sound moved on to the extreme left of our corps on the Weldon Railroad. There was no reply by the Confederate artillery, and our line again lapsed into silence. Shortly afterwards I went to my bomb-proof for a sleep of less than three hours.

At 3 o'clock in the morning of April 2, we were called and directed to take our places along the front parapet of the battery. We well knew what that meant, but awaited developments. We did not then know that on the evening before, General Grant had ordered Gen. Parke to make an assault on the enemy's works at some point in front of the 9th Corps at 4 o'clock that morning and that Gen. Parke had selected Fort Mahone as the object of attack, the assault to be made by Harri-man's brigade of our division, supported by the other divisions of our corps. In order to prevent any reinforcement of Fort Mahone, Gen. Parke ordered Gen. Willcox "to demonstrate heavily" on his front at 4 o'clock, and it was this strong demonstration that our brigade was about to make. But everything indicated that we were about to assault the works in our front. Day was faintly flushing the east when a low order was passed along the line, "Twentieth Michigan, forward, guide left," and in an instant every man was over the parapet and eagerly pressing forward to the expected assault. As I have sometimes said in telling of this scene that partook of both the ludicrous and the tragic, "Not one of those

men could have been kept back with a hickory club." Just in the rear of our picket line the 2nd Michigan, which had moved out ahead of the 20th, halted and lay down and we did the same at a close supporting distance in the rear of the Second. At some distance to our right the First Sharpshooters and the 46th N.Y. were formed in the same way.

It must have been several minutes before the appointed hour when the sounds of battle broke forth at some distance to the left. At the same instant the demonstration in our front began, the Second Michigan moving forward and opening fire on the enemy, which fire was quickly replied to by the Confederate infantry, while the artillery on both sides opened all along the line. We followed the 2nd Michigan, but of course did not fire. After a short time the 2nd Michigan fell back to our picket line and we kept in their rear. The infantry firing in our front then ceased, but the artillery firing continued. The First Sharpshooters had advanced at the same time as the 2nd Michigan, but, overcome by the excitement of the advance, charged the works in their front, capturing a part of the main line next to the Appomattox and holding it until ordered by the brigade commander to retire, losing in the affair 41 killed, wounded and missing, among the severely wounded being their commanding officer, Col. Nichols, who died several years later as an indirect result of his wound.

After half an hour or so, or perhaps longer, our regiment moved to the right and to the Union picket line in front of Fort McGilvery, where we opened a brisk skirmish fire on the enemy, which was responded to so vigorously that we were convinced that no troops had been withdrawn from that part of the enemy's line. In about an hour or so we were withdrawn through a covered way to Battery IX where, if my memory is not at fault, we arrived between 7 and 8 in the morning.

While the events on our part of the line that I have mentioned were transpiring the gallant boys of the other brigade of our division had heroically stormed Fort Mahone and captured it. They were followed by men of other divisions of

our corps who at once set to work to reverse and strengthen the works they had captured. And as the fort commanded the city, its permanent loss by the enemy would compel the abandonment of Petersburg by Lee's army. So had Sheridan lost the Battle of Five Forks and had the Sixth Corps failed to capture Fort Gregg, the brilliant victory won by the Ninth Corps in the capture of Fort Mahone made the evacuation of the city by the Confederates inevitable.

Just as we entered Battery IX I saw the lieutenant in command of the two guns looking intently through his fieldglass at a signal station at some distance to our left and rear from which signal flags were sending a message to corps headquarters. Presently the lieutenant lowered his glass with a half-cheer, half-chuckle. "What does he say," I asked, eagerly. "We have taken Fort Mahone," was the reply in a tone of exultation.

But we all knew that the contest was not over so we watched anxiously the several efforts made by the enemy to retake the fort, seeing the successive struggles as in a picture. But the final, most desperate assault by all the troops the Confederates could muster for that purpose, ended in a complete repulse and before ten o'clock in the forenoon several immense columns of of thick, black smoke arising over the city told us that the Confederates were burning their stores of cotton and tobacco in Petersburg. And this was an unmistakable indication that the city would be evacuated at some time during the coming night. And from that hour, during the whole of that long, warm, bright, Sabbath day in spring, we did nothing but rejoice that the end of the war was in sight and we were going home. And no one but we, with our experiences during the years that we had been in the war, could have the least apprehension of what that meant to us.

A few years ago I was in St. Paul's church in Richmond, Va., and was shown the pew in which Jeff Davis was sitting on that Sunday morning of April 2, 1865, when an officer on the staff of Gen. Lee came to Davis in the midst of the services, bearing a note from Lee saying that his lines at Petersburg were broken and that Richmond must be evacuated as soon as possible. I can easily im-

agine that the feelings of the Confederate President on receiving that message were the reverse of our emotions at the same hour.

I slept none during the night of April 2, and question whether many of the men of our brigade did. Picket firing by the enemy was continuous until just before daybreak, then suddenly ceased. All night long we had heard the rumbling of artillery wheels crossing the bridge over the Appamattox and shortly before morning a heavy explosion in the direction of the Chesterfield battery told of the destruction of that deadly engine of war. Between 3 and 3.30 o'clock our brigade advanced along the road to Petersburg, the First Sharpshooters in the lead, our regiment third in the column. The Sharpshooters well deserved this honor but there was another reason for their selection. Captain Day was in command of our regiment and when a commission as Lieutenant Colonel came for Major Lounsbury, Day withheld it so that he--Day--could retain the command. Lounsbury learned of this and resolved that this low trick should not give Day the honor of leading the first regiment to enter Petersburg and so Lounsbury, as Chief of Staff of the brigade, gave the honor to the Sharpshooters. I have this from Lounsbury himself. And I will dismiss Day from these pages by saying that after our regiment was mustered out of the service he had no farther association with it or with its members in any way, never attended a single reunion of the regiment and was never thought of as being connected with it. No one regretted this, for, except Col. Cutcheon, I do not know of one friend that Day had in the entire regiment.

We had proceeded perhaps half the way from our works to the center of the city when we met a party of citizens on horseback, consisting of the Mayor and two others, representing the City Council, who formally surrendered the city of Petersburg to Col. Ely of the 8th Michigan Infantry, in command of our brigade. On taking possession of the city the flag of the Sharpshooters was unfurled on the Court House, that of the Second Michigan on the Custom House and our flag on the Court House after that of the Sharpshooters. The

Twentieth was immediately given the post of honor, that of provost guard of the city, and all day long we patrolled the streets in small squads, searching the houses of the citizens for Confederate officers and soldiers and turning such as we found over to the guard at division headquarters. Marching orders came in the evening of the 4th and on the following day we moved to near Sunderland Station on the Southside railroad, about 15 miles from Petersburg. We had scarcely arranged our quarters in good shape on the 6th when I was requested by the Brigade Commissary to assist him, which I did that evening and on the four days following, being excused from duty with the regiment for that purpose.

News of the surrender of Lee reached us on the 10th of April and the evening of that day was given over in our camp to celebrating the event with illuminations, martial music, speeches and general rejoicing. As it was evident that we were to do no more fighting, all strictly military work, such as drills, parades and reviews, was discontinued. And ~~xx~~ I then consented to comply with the request of the commissary and take the position of receiving clerk in his office. Accordingly an order to that effect was issued by the brigade commander on the 11th of April and on the same day I began the performance of my duties by going on horseback with a wagon train to Wilson's Station, about 15 miles away, after commissary supplies, returning at about nine in the evening.

Word of the assassination of President Lincoln came to us April 15th and caused the most profound sorrow throughout the entire army. On the morning of the 20th we received orders to move at 11 A.M., but did not get started until 2 P.M. I went with the commissary, of course, instead of marching in the ranks. That afternoon the ~~xx~~ troops marched about 14 miles and at night bivouacked near the former headquarters of Gen. Lee. On the 21st the march was through Petersburg to City Point where we embarked on the river transport Columbia and at 4 P.M. left the wharf and steamed down the James to a point some distance above Fortress Monroe, and there the steamer an-

chored for the night. On the 22nd the vessel steamed past Fortress Monroe, entered the Potomac at dark on that day and tied up at Alexandria, Va., on the morning of the 23d. We went ashore, moved out of the city several miles, halted near Fort Ellsworth for a few hours, then went on to a spot near Fort Lyon and near to the place of our first regular camp in Virginia in early September, 1862. And it does not need to be told that the memories awakened on that ground were inexpressibly sad as we recalled the more than a thousand blithe and happy boys who formed our regiment at that earlier time, and then looked at the very few who remained of all that magnificent array of noble young men and heroic patriots.

In the morning of the 26th of April, while I was in Alexandria receiving commissary stores, orders came for the brigade to move at once and this order was obeyed. On returning to camp I found the brigade gone, so I returned the stores and followed the troops up to and over Long Bridge and through the city of Washington northwardly to Tennallytown (now called Tenleytown) where our regiment made its last camp while in the service.

In that camp we remained until the first day of the following June. And during that period my duties were far from being onerous, and those of most of the men of the regiment were even lighter than mine. I first obtained from the quartermaster a large, strong, fine-looking gray horse with an expressive eye and as good a disposition as a horse could possibly have; a horse absolutely sure-footed and almost as fleet as a deer. Almost every weekday morning I would ride that horse from camp through Georgetown, over the bridge spanning Rock Creek at what is now M street, then to the office of the post commissary, present my requisition, see to the loading of the stores, turn the wagons over to the wagonmaster to be taken to camp, then either return to camp or take my horse to a government stable and leave him there for the day while I was about the city amusing myself as I liked, as my pass took me anywhere in the District of Columbia at

any hour of the day or night. Before midnight, and generally before ten o'clock, I would go to the stable, get my horse and ride to camp. Not long after I obtained the horse it developed that he was superior in speed to any horse in the division except one, and as racing on the highway was a thing of almost hourly occurrence, I had many requests to return the horse to the quartermaster and take another, one officer going so far as to offer me twenty-five dollars or more if I would make it possible for him to have my horse. To all such offers I turned a deaf ear and kept the horse until the day we started for home and I could keep him no longer. And I am absolutely sure that he and I parted from each other with mutual feelings of regret.

Whenever I spent an evening in the city I usually attended the theatre. Although there were few actors of note in the city at the time, I saw some who were of fair ability and in fairly good plays.

May 22, I returned to my regiment of my own volition in order to take part in the Grand Review. On the morning of the 23d we were called up at one o'clock, A.M., marched at two and arrived at the Capitol at three. On that day the Army of the Potomac marched from the Capitol down Pennsylvania Avenue past the White House in front of which a platform had been erected and from this platform the army was reviewed by President Johnson, the members of the cabinet, ministers of foreign nations, prominent army officers and other dignitaries. This review was doubtless the finest military spectacle ever witnessed on this continent to the present time. I saw the review of Sherman's army on the following day but the men of that army lacked much of being equal to the men of the Army of the Potomac in discipline and soldierly appearance, though the equals of their comrades of the Army of the Potomac in every other respect. As my position on the second day was in LaFayette Square, directly opposite to the reviewing stand, I plainly saw the entire review and also the scene of which so much was made at the time, when Gen. Sherman refused to take the proffered hand

of Secretary Stanton.

On the 30th day of May, 1865, our regiment was formally mustered out of the service of the United States and we were no longer under military authority. But we still retained our organization for the purpose of being returned home by the government. On the 31st I attended to my duties as receiving clerk of the subsistence department of our brigade, as usual, and that afternoon was relieved from duty and returned to my regiment. At 3.30 o'clock in the morning of June 1st, we arose at the sound of the last reveille that would be sounded for us in the army, and at 5 A.M. the regiment, under command of Lieut.-Col. Lounsbury, started for home. We marched to the old B. & O. railroad station on C street in Washington and there took cars at once for Baltimore, but did not arrive at the latter city until 4.30 P.M. Changing to the Northern Central Railroad we arrived at Harrisburg at daybreak in the morning of the 2nd and at Pittsburg at midnight. As our regiment was one of the first--and I think the very first--to be mustered out of the service, much was made of us all along the way to Michigan, the time foretold in the song "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again" having arrived. At that midnight hour at Pittsburg we were met by a great concourse of citizens headed by a brass band, conducted to the City Hall, given a feast of good things prepared by the Soldiers Relief Association of the city, conducted to the station of the Cleveland and Pittsburg R.R. and sent on our way rejoicing.

We arrived at Cleveland at 11 A.M. on the 3d, were given an excellent dinner prepared for us by the ladies of the city, then embarked on the steamer "Morning Star," one of the two vessels required to carry our regiment from Detroit to Cleveland in September, 1862. Now the entire regiment did not furnish half the number of passengers that could have been carried easily by one boat. The steamer left the wharf at 10.30 in the evening and the trip was a delightful one. The water was as smooth as glass, the sky clear and the moon bright. I spent nearly the whole of the night on the upper deck and enjoyed to the full the beauty of the lake and of the

sky. We landed in Detroit at about eight ~~xxxxx~~ o'clock on Sunday morning, June 4, and as the 20th was the first Michigan regiment to return from the war, it seemed as if more than half the people of the city were at the pier to welcome us. We were first given a bountiful breakfast, prepared expressly for us by the ladies of Detroit, then addressed by U.S. Senator Jacob M. Howard and others in eloquent speeches and were then thronged upon and welcomed by the populace with words and demonstrations of unstinted admiration and praise. We managed to extricate ourselves at about 11 o'clock, A.M., boarded cars on the M.C. R.R. and arrived at Jackson at about 3 P.M. There we were quartered in barracks within an enclosure called "Camp Blair" which was occupied by a detachment of the Veteran Reserve Corps, commonly called the "Invalid Corps" and made up of soldiers who had proved to be incapable of performing active service. Before we were dismissed an order issued by the commandant of the camp was read to us prohibiting any of the inmates of the camp from leaving the same without a pass. As we were no longer in the service we were not subject to any orders of that nature, so to show their contempt for the order nearly all the members of the regiment at once walked out of the camp, roughly handling both the sentinel at the gate and the officer of the guard. But at the request of Col. Lounsbury every man at once went back within the enclosure and there remained until the order was revoked, which was within a half hour. After that we went and came as we pleased.

We remained in camp at Jackson until June 9, waiting for our payrolls to be made out and our accounts with the government to be settled. On the 6th of June the citizens of Jackson staged an immense demonstration in our honor, with a parade, a fine four o'clock dinner and speeches by Ex-Gov. Blair and others. On that day we turned over our arms and signed our final payrolls and on the 9th the members of the regiment were paid off and the several companies went to the towns where they were raised.

I went to Battle Creek on the evening of the 7th and used the 8th for calls on friends in the

APPENDIX.

LETTER OF COLONEL JACOB.

Westpott, Oldham Co. Ky.
Feb. 4, 1885.

Major Geo. M. Buck,
Dear Major:

I am glad to hear from you. Often of late I have been thinking of the 20th Michigan, and have scanned the columns of the National Tribune Washington City, the Soldiers' paper, in the hope that I would see something from them, but have failed. It gives me great pleasure to write you my recollections of the fight we had at "Horse Shoe Bend." The rebels call it the "Greasy Creek fight." I think the first is the right name. It is a little singular that I had remarked to some of my officers when we were on our way to Monticello after Pegram, that here was the very place to fight a "Buena Vista" fight. One of your captains had asked me to let him beat up for a hundred volunteers of the different regiments to break up a thieves' nest a few miles off. Both Union & Confederate men approved of it. I consented on condition that he should strike and fall back at once. He promised, but failed to fulfill it. The consequence was, that before he got away he was attacked by what we supposed at the time by a gathering of men of that class, but proved to be the advance of Morgan under Capt. Chenault. Our men were cut in two. One half falling back towards us. The other half towards the Cumberland river. The majority escaped after a very gallant fight, killing Chenault. I was informed of this and immediately crossed the river with a few officers and galloped towards the half retreating towards us, ordering a large force to follow me. My Lt. Col. Jno Boyle hearing that Morgan was trying to cross below, thought best to send only your regiment and about two hundred of the 12th Ky. cavalry. I justified this in Boyle. Amongst the 12th Ky. Cavalry one company under Captain Wilson, were armed with the Henry rifle & played a very important part in the fight next day. * *

After a most uncomfortable night with nothing to cover me except a gum blanket one of the soldiers handed me and nothing to eat from dinner the day before, I was glad to purchase some hot coffee, bread and meat brought in by some citizens. * * The citizens wanted to go through the enemy's lines but I would not let them and sent them back to our rear. Afterwards one of them was led in by some of your men, pale as a ghost, with the collar of his coat cut off and scared nearly to death. * * I thought at first, in common with others, that we were only dealing with thieves or guerillas, and not willing to lose valuable lives on such trash, I said "Boys, we will bushwhack them until night and then cross the river." After fighting awhile, I remarked to some officers, "These men we are fighting are not what we have supposed them to be but are evidently regular soldiers. This could not have been much later than you say you spoke to me. I then sent for a piece of artillery to develop what they were. This piece, for some unaccountable reason at the time did not reach us until 15 minutes past 4 in the afternoon. If it had come as it should, say by two o'clock, we ~~want~~ would have bagged Cluke's and Chenault's regiments. We had no idea whose forces we were meeting. Thought probably Pegram, as we had fought him ten days before, or, rather Carter had.

The captain of the artillery came over evidently very much alarmed for fear we would lose gun. I think this was what caused the delay. I said to him, "If I do I will give you another." I did not then know at the time how near the truth he was. And yet, without this gun we would all have been bagged or had very desperate fighting to have got out. I had the cannon covered with a blanket and run up on a commanding position and masked by men in front. As soon as I had the cannon fired I ordered the charge of your regiment and the 12th Ky. Cavalry. * * I told the Lt. commanding the gun not to take time looking what to shoot at, but just load his gun and while he was doing that I would scan the field and would then direct him where to aim it. This made the firing very active and effective.

It has been hard for me to make the enemy believe since that we did not have more than 500 men in the fight. * * Certainly the Union men had great cause to be proud of the result. The very thing that they did not push us proved that they were demoralized. Here was an enemy 8 or 10 to one that not only did not push us but fell back to Monticello that night, 12 miles off. * *

A good Union man said he heard Morgan say to his surgeon, "Dr. Have you anything for the nerves? I must confess that d--d cannon shook mine." This Union man is a good friend of mine and it was at his house that Morgan stayed the night after the battle.

The gun was fired 22 times in 45 minutes. You made your charge most gallantly and would have forced the two regiments to surrender as they had run out of ammunition. Just at that time Morgan arrived on the field with his whole force except his artillery just in time to save his two regiments. His whole force was ten regiments against your 292 and say 100 of the 12th Ky. Cavalry. The enemy came down like black-birds, covering the whole field and completely overwhelming the small force we had. * * The lieutenant of artillery said to me, "Colonel, I will limber up and get to the river, and get both guns in position and have all the men ready to help you when you get back." Seeing that this would not do, I answered, "We will all escape or all go up together." He said, "All right." He was a very brave officer. I then told him to break their column of attack and the shells went shrieking through them with terrible effect, making the enemy stagger and break again and again from the fire of the gun and your fire and that of the cavalry. If we had had grape we could have destroyed the enemy much as he outnumbered us. Early in the fight the enemy took possession of a log house and was making a fortress of it but I hated to fire at the house that I knew had women and children in it, but seeing the effective use they were making of it, I at last reluctantly ordered the lieutenant to fire on it and he did so and the enemy came tumbling out. One shell did not explode or it would have kill-

ed the woman and child and slaughtered the men in the house. I ordered to lieutenant to fire at a group of officers and it came near killing Morgan. It cut a branch over his head and a piece of the shell disemboweled a young man by the name of Graves as cleanly as if it had been done by a butcher. One shell killed seven horses besides men.

When we left the field I expected some hard fighting before we should reach the river but the enemy was so demoralized that they had no stomach for it. My intention was to get back the best way we could and form the men under the river bank and fight from there while the artillery fired over our heads. And I felt confident we could whip them. On the way to the river I passed your men and noticed that they marched as slow and in as good order as if on an ordinary march. When we got to the river Lt.-Col. Holman of the 12th Ky. Cav. came up and told me a flag of truce had come from Gen. Morgan demanding our surrender. I felt angry at this demand not thinking the condition of things warranted it, so I replied, "Send word to Gen. Morgan that I don't belong to the breed of surrendering dogs, and if Morgan wants us to come and get us." When Holman went back he found the flag of truce gone, so Morgan never received my answer. In the mean time the men all safely crossed the river. Lt. Col Boyle of the 9th Ky. cavalry brought the men I had left as a rear-guard safely in, so we did not lose one man to the enemy except those left dead on the field.

Now to sum up the results. We had less than 400 men in the fight against ten regiments of the enemy, with probably not less than 2500 men. Our fight stopped Morgan from making a raid into Kentucky. It was six weeks before he recovered from his fight with us, then he made his trip into Ohio where he was captured.

God bless all you men of the 20th. Remember me to those you see. I shall be sincerely glad to see you if you ever come to Louisville.

Yours very truly,
Richard T. Jacob.

(Note) There was nothing in my letter to Col. Jacob indicating that I was an officer.)

RALPH

McGILL

The Answer Is Sherman

Two letters asking different questions, end up with the same answer

William ("Cum p") Sherman, whose memory is not too popular here and there. One of them asked



what Civil War general was greatest. The other asked if any man had ever really refused a nomination for the presidency of the United States.

The answer to that is, "not officially." But one day Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman received a telegram saying the GOP convention of 1884 was ready to nominate him if he would allow it. He would have almost certainly been elected. He replied: "If nominated I will not accept. If elected I will not serve."

He was a great individualist was William T. Sherman, an almost fanatic constitutionalist, and, to be sure, a little careless with fire.

If we base military estimate on strategy and tactics, we see he was about 75 years ahead of his time and was, in view of results, not merely the greatest general of that war but of all our military history up to the Second World War.

Gen. Lee

In considering the generals of that war the great and noble **Robert E. Lee** comes first to mind, regardless of one's background. He left a heritage of character and of personal example which stand like a great monolith of purest, symbolic marble in the desert of expediency and compromise with principle.

And assuredly, his battle

And assuredly, his battle campaigns were magnificent in concept and in execution. Had not the old Sir Galahad cavalry concept of his time taken **Gen. J. E. Stuart** away on a fruitless, unordered sweep, the Gettysburg outcome might have been reversed.

But, largely because of the narrow vision of **Jefferson Davis**, encouraged by the incompetent **Braxton Bragg**, **Gen. Lee** was never given an opportunity to apply his talents in the full arena. We know he had greater ideas. But he was not the type to protest or to use political approach. Duty was the word by which he lived.

So, Jefferson Davis kept him, until the closing months of the war, in command of the army of Virginia, with orders to defend Virginia. Few Southerners themselves realize that **Gen. Lee** was given command of the Confederate armies only when all was lost. He was really badly used—and knew it. None was more bitter than he about the bungling of the cabinet.

So, we will never know how great a general he might have been.

Jackson

The same is true of **Gen. Thomas (Stonewall) Jackson**. He was very much like the red-bearded Sherman in personality and in concept of strategy. Both were lonely men, happiest in the field.

Jackson was almost Cromwellian and worshipped an iron Cromwellian God. **Sherman** was Cromwellian, too, but the Constitution and the Union of the United States were his Gods.

Both knew the value of raids and of appearing where the enemy thought it impossible to be. Each was aware of the fact that capturing cities and garrisoning them in enemy territory did not win wars. But **Jackson** was attached to the Army of Virginia and death took him too early.

From them one moves to **Sherman** and **U. S. Grant**. It was the irascible, impulsive **Sherman** who pounded desks and wrote letters to the effect that the war would be won at Vicksburg, a Chattanooga and Atlanta; that the Mississippi valley was one of the keys.

It was he who encouraged **Grant** into the Vicksburg campaign. Once there, **Grant** invented and carried out tactics which rank among the more brilliant ones of military history. The boldness of concept

